





A BROKEN PAST  
LORD DERING KEPT POSSESSION OF HER HAND.

# *A Broken Past.*

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER, Author of "*Bootles' Baby*," "*The Soul of the Bishop*," "*A Man's Man*," &c. &c.

## CHAPTER I.

TWO men were standing in the wings of a country theatre, talking. It was that kind of theatre where the management was loose and where visitors, of various descriptions, were freely permitted to wander behind the scenes at their own sweet will. In Muddlehampton, it was, among the gilded youth, considered rather a swagger sort of thing to be on such terms at the theatre, as would admit you on the other side of the curtain. It was an excitement which, to the gilded youth of that ancient historic town, meant "seeing life." And so it was seeing life, a very hard and laborious one; one strongly in contrast with the fixed and easy circumstances of most of the local patrons of the theatre.

Both the men were in evening dress. One of them a mere boy, handsome, and with a fine air of being used to everything; the other, a man of nearly forty years old, strong, keen, alert and thoroughly alive; a man with the form of an athlete and the glances of a hawk. The one a boy whom you would not trust, because he knew so little; the other a man whom you equally would not trust, for the reason that he evidently knew so much.

"Lovely woman," said the boy, standing with his hands in his pockets, and regarding a young lady on the stage, who was enacting the brilliant part of Frou-Frou. "Lovely woman, ain't she?"

His companion, who was resting one shoulder against a rather rickety bit of scenery, looked at her carelessly.

"Yes, she's a pretty girl," he replied carelessly. "Where does she live? Do you know?"

"No; I don't know," the boy admitted. "You see that brute, Damarel, always takes her home."

"The deuce he does! and won't have a third, I suppose?"

"He has not encouraged me to walk

home with her," said the boy, with a feeble little chuckle. "I only wonder that Miss Alleyne submits to it."

"Why does she?" said the older man, with his eyes still fixed on Miss Alleyne.

"I believe they are engaged," said the boy.

"Oh, which is Damarel? Is that him?" indicating the man he meant by a nod.

"Yes, that's him — awful brute," answered the boy. "He is supposed to be a budding genius; can't see any signs of it myself — full-blown brute, anyhow," with another chuckle at his own witticism.

"Ah, I see."

Lord Dering suddenly moved from his lounging position and pulled himself straight, so as to allow Frou-Frou to sweep off the stage without collision. He contrived somehow (it was a gift of his) to make her look at him as she passed, and the look seemed somehow to thrill her very soul, and she went on to her dressing-room which, by-the-bye, she shared with two others, with her heart beating a little more quickly than usual. Lord Dering, after a moment or so, went off to the apology for a green-room.

"Ah, how do you do, Hill?" he said affably, to a stout, middle-aged, common-looking man, who was reading a newspaper by the fire. Mr. Hill jumped up.

"Ah, my lord, I am glad to see you. You have not been behind for some time."

"No, I have been away. I have only just come back. I say, Hill, who's the star you've got to-night?"

"Miss Alleyne? Oh, Miss Alleyne's quite clever, quite a star, Lord Dering — bound to make a big name sooner or later."

"I should like to be introduced to her," said Lord Dering quickly.

"I shall have very much pleasure," said the manager of the theatre, whose business it was to make things pleasant for his most important patron, "and I am sure Miss Alleyne will be very pleased



indeed. Miss Alleyne, one moment; my friend, Lord Dering, wishes to be introduced to you."

Under the circumstances, Lord Dering swallowed the distinction which Mr. Hill conferred upon him, and bowed in a most deferential manner to the beautiful young actress.

"I saw you standing in the wings," she said, holding out her hand to him; "I do wish you would go round to the front; it irritates me and annoys me to have anybody watching me from the wrong point of view. I cannot imagine why Mr. Hill allows all you gentlemen to come trooping in and out of the theatre as you like. They don't do it in London, Mr. Hill."

"Well, this isn't London," said Mr. Hill goodnaturedly.

"But I don't like it," Miss Alleyne persisted.

Lord Dering kept possession of her hand.

"Tell me why you don't like it," he asked in his suavest accents.

"Well, because I like you to see me at my best, and my best is not at the wings; my best is in front. I would much rather feel that you were in front, than criticising me from the wrong point of view."

"You have only to express a wish for me to carry it out," said Lord Dering, with a great air of deference. "I will go back to my seat the moment that you are on the stage again. But you will let me come round and see you between whiles, won't you?"

It was, perhaps, natural that the girl should be flattered by this. At all events, she was enormously flattered, because on previous occasions, when she had been acting at Middlehampton, she had strongly and stoutly inveighed against

what she considered this tiresome practice of allowing the gilded youth of the town to meander aimlessly on either side of the curtain.

"You know, Mr. Hill," she had said, on the occasion of her last visit, "one of these days you'll be having one of these Johnnies walking on to the stage, that's what will happen, and then what will you do?" And now to feel that she had only to express a wish to this nobleman, to have him promise to go straight back to his seat, was as pretty a bit of flattery as could possibly offer itself to her.

Just then Damarel, the principal actor, came into the green-room. He was tall and slight, with a dark, strongly-marked face, eyes as grey as a tabby cat's and with a hungry, unsatisfied look, which singled him out among his fellows. He

came and stood by the fire, glancing darkly under his brows at Miss Alleyne and her companion, and only answering by a sort of grunt when the manager spoke to him.

"Miss Alleyne," said the call boy at the door.

"Coming," answered the girl.

She turned towards the door and Lord Dering turned likewise.

"I am now going back to my seat," he said, "until the end of the act. You would like me to take young Cresswell with me?"

"Yes, I should," she answered; "I should very much."

"And I may come round again between the acts?"

"Oh, yes; but I don't have much time; I have to change."

"I shall come on the chance of a word with you," said Lord Dering, lowering his voice so that the others might not hear.

As Miss Alleyne's skirts vanished from



CONTRIVED TO MAKE HER LOOK.



the doorway, Damarel turned abruptly to the manager.

"Who is that fellow," he asked of the manager.

"That *fellow*," said the manager pointedly, "is Lord Dering, of Dering Park, one of our most important patrons ——"

"Patrons be damned," put in Damarel, in rather a vicious voice.

"From your point of view, I have no doubt, Mr. Damarel," said the manager, with an air of forbearance; "from mine, I very much prefer that the patrons are not damned; they are most necessary to the well-being of a theatre, and Lord Dering is a very good friend of mine ——"

"Of course," Damarel interposed.

"And, therefore, I don't wish to hear anything in disparagement of him or his class," the manager continued, with much dignity. "As I said before, he's a very good friend of mine, and I have known him for a good many years. I have never seen anything about him to warrant his being called a 'fellow.'"

"Well, he is a fellow, isn't he?" said Damarel. "Who introduced him to Miss Alleyne?"

"My dear Damarel," said the manager, patting the actor kindly on the shoulder, "you allow your affection for Miss Alleyne to make you do things which are a pity. I know that Miss Alleyne is engaged to you, and that you naturally are engaged to Miss Alleyne; but, my dear boy, take the advice of a man who has been in the profession for forty years, and you get married to Miss Alleyne—at once. Then you won't be so absurdly and confoundedly jealous, and when noblemen are introduced to her, you'll allow and even be proud of it, without seeing a possible rival."

"I never said I was jealous," said Damarel. But he was, all the same.

"No, my dear boy, you never said it, but you looked it, and you look what you are. You don't deceive me, my dear boy. I know the ways of the stage, and I know the ways of love."

"I'm sure you do," said Damarel, looking at him with a half smile.

"I do," said the manager, not perceiving the sarcasm.

"Mr. Damarel," said the voice of the call boy.

"Coming," said Damarel.

I don't think that it improved Damarel's temper when he discovered, as he did

immediately on his return to the stage, that Miss Alleyne was acting that evening in her most electric manner. She was a wholly impressionable artiste. The knowledge that a couple of men were watching her from the wings was enough at any moment to send her into a state of nervousness which made her jerky, bad to act with, without self-control and unsympathetic. It was natural that a nature which could be so affected would as easily be affected by the knowledge that some particular person was in the audience; and the knowledge that Dering, in



"MISS ALLEYNE," SAID THE CALL-BOY.

obedience to her request—or, rather, her mandate—had gone back to his seat as meekly as a school-boy, and perhaps the remembrance of his lowered tones and his pointed looks, all served to send her spirits fluttering up and to make her act as if she were actually living the scene, and not as if she were merely playing a part. It comes to all actors and actresses at times.

"We go on for a month as a duty," a great actress once said to me, "and then there comes an evening when one *acts*, when one feels that life is worth living for. One feels that that one hour is worth

all the drudgery of the past—that is what we actors live for.”

The effect upon Damarel was most disastrous. He, too, was a highly nervous and impressionable actor, a man who felt that he was born for great things, and a man who had a feeling that one day he would stand at the very top of the tree. A man with all manner of new ideas, in direct opposition to the old canons of art, and, more than that, with the courage to act up to his opinions. As a rule, when Olive Alleyne was electric and full of sympathy, he was spurred on to act as only a genius can do; but on this evening, the knowledge that her unusual fire and vivacity was not for him nor her art, but for that fellow who had been talking to her in the green-room, only served to fling him into the most wretched depths of despair and misery.

“What is the matter?” she whispered angrily to him. “Why don’t you act up to me—you’re killing me?”



“YOU CAN GO HOME TO-NIGHT,” SHE SAID CURTLY.

“I can’t,” he answered wretchedly.

There was no time for more. The act ran its course—she all full of life and go, he playing like a mechanical figure, and making more than one person in the front of the house say to themselves or to others, “How can the girl act as she does with such a stick as that?”

“You spoiled my part,” she exclaimed to him as soon as they got out of the theatre that night; “you ruined me. What do you mean by this sort of thing? Can I not be introduced to a man—a man who is likely to be useful to us; a man who is a patron of the theatre, with whom the manager has got to be on good terms—but you must needs go and spoil everything by your ridiculous jealousy? You make me very angry, Damarel, very angry.”

“You make me very wretched,” said Damarel moodily.

“Cannot you trust me any better than that?” she went on. “Am I so insincere, so untrustworthy, that you cannot even let a man be introduced to me and speak a dozen civil words to me? You must have seen that I sent him round to the front at once; that I told him at once how I loathed having men hanging about the wings. And yet, when I am feeling in form, you must needs go and spoil everything by your temper. Oh, I haven’t common patience with you.”

He did not attempt to refute her words. He walked on in moody silence, feeling that he had been wrong, and yet not willing to add fuel to the flames either by explanation or by saying what was in his mind.

However, when they got to the door of the actress’s lodging, she turned upon the steps so as to bar his entrance.

“You can go home to-night,” she said curtly. “If I am not fit to be trusted to speak to an ordinary acquaintance, I am not fit to entertain you in my rooms to-night. You can go home and have your supper by yourself. I am very angry with you.”

Now Olive Alleyne’s temper was a very different one to Damarel’s. When she was angry there was no mistake about it.



She blazed out with everything that was in her mind; she did not let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on *her* damask cheek; neither did she sit like patience on a monument. No, she just poured out in plain, nervous English exactly what her thoughts happened to be at that moment. With Damarel, on the other hand, anger was a different thing. You see, he felt that he had been in a measure wrong, and usually that is not calculated to make a man feel penitent: it is much more likely to make him feel haughty and aggressive. It did so with him then. He was a man who seldom quarrelled, but he had an ugly trick of retiring into himself when things went wrong, especially such as he was deeply interested in. I say ugly because it precluded the possibility of explanation and, so to speak, shut the door upon opportunity.

"Then, good-night," he said coldly. And without waiting for the door to be opened, he turned upon his heel and left her. Olive Alleyne stood looking after him with a feeling that was something between anger and dismay. She had not quite intended him to take her so literally. She had not thought that he would turn on his heel in that curt and uncompromising way and leave her, without even suing for grace and pardon. It was true that she had tried him before; she had driven him almost to desperation many times. She had borne with his rhapsodies about art patiently and sweetly, although he had often bored her unspeakably. She understood the swing and spell of acting, but beyond that her art was nothing to her—she had no sympathy with or knowledge of art for art's sake. She understood flinging herself into her character, and being that person for the time; but as to the scholarly reading of one and the educated interpretation of the other; the idea of evolving some totally new method of origination—some practice absolutely in contradiction to all the accepted canons of dramatic art—that was all as a closed book to her. She understood none of it, she sympathized with none of it, and she had listened by the hour together to Damarel, not out of sympathy for his art, but out of affection for him. And he had left her without even saying good-night—at least, you could not look upon his leave-taking in the light of a "good-night," considering their circumstances.

Well, the door opened, and the comfortable and rather grubby face of her landlady appeared out of the doorway.

"I thought it was you, Miss Alleyne," she said, with a welcoming tone; "I am glad you're not late. You're supper's just ready; will ye 'ave it now or will ye wait for the gentleman?"

"He's not coming to-night, Mrs. Brown," said Olive, in a studied, careless voice.

"Isn't 'e? Well, I'm sorry for that. I've got tripe and onions for you and they're cooked to perfection, though I say it as shouldn't. What a pity to 'ave to sit down and eat it by yourself."

"I won't," said Olive eagerly. "There's little Miss De Courcy in the next street, I'll go and fetch her; I don't believe she has such very good times. I won't be a minute, Mrs. Brown. I'll run round and fetch her."

"Eh," murmured Mrs. Brown, to the night air, or the stars, or the other side of the way, as she watched her lodger's slim form flitting up the street, "but there's that about theatrical people I do like—they're so goodnatured."

She stood there till the girl had disappeared round the corner and then turned back into the kitchen again, leaving the door open. And five minutes' later, Olive, with her guest, re-entered the house, to find a steaming dish of tripe and onions, cooked, as she proudly said, to a turn, set out upon the neat little suppertable.

"The idea of your asking me to supper like this," said Miss De Courcy, who was an unconsidered little person, and played the maid's part, getting fifteen shillings a week for doing it, "and how good it does smell, Miss Alleyne."

She eyed the dish so longingly that Olive helped her with a plentiful hand.

"Little one," she said to her, after they had been silent for five minutes, "little one, I don't believe you've found doing the provinces all beer and skittles."

"Skittles without the beer," said Miss De Courcy promptly.

"I was afraid so," rejoined Olive. "And when one has got three pounds a week oneself, one is apt to forget that others have only got one."

"I don't get one," said Miss De Courcy, "I only get fifteen shillings."

"And you live on it?"

"Yes."

"But how?"



"Not much beer about it," said Miss De Courcy.

"You poor child! And we've been together all these months and I've never asked you to supper before."

"I never expected you to, dear," said Miss De Courcy, expanding as only such a girl can do, and changing her tone of comparative awe for one of familiar gratitude; "I never gave a thought to such a thing. You see, I always thought you had Mr. Damarel to supper."

"I do sometimes," said Miss Alleyne indifferently.

Now it happened that little De Courcy, as everybody in the company called her, had, in spite of her poor circumstances, a far better conception of her art than the leading lady, and she, poor little soul, possessed the wildest and most unreasonable admiration for the moody and little-understood actor.

"Now, I do call him an actor," she said, holding her plate for some more tripe and onions; "he isn't one of your walking gentlemen, that stumble through their parts with a crutch and a toothpick, not a bit of it. He can act—he's an artiste."

"He's very clever," said Miss Alleyne, picking out the best pieces of tripe with great care.

"I should think he is clever—he's what I call a genius. Shouldn't I like to play lead to him? Shouldn't I just like to play Lady Macbeth to his Macbeth, or Catherine to his Wolsey——"

"Or Juliet to his Romeo," said Miss Alleyne drily.

The girl on the other side of the table looked up with eyes on fire.

"Oh, yes! Oh, shouldn't I just. But

I never shall," her tone fallen again. "I never shall."

"No, my dear, I don't suppose you ever will. If you do, I wish you joy of it. I don't want to play in that sort of pieces; they don't pay."

"When they do pay, they do pay," said little De Courcy, with a wise air.

"But you are too small to play such parts as those," Miss Alleyne exclaimed. "You ought to play light comedy—Mrs. Bancroft's sort of parts—they would suit you down to the ground."

"Not a bit of it," said the other; "I can play light comedy at a pinch—at least, I could if I had the chance—but my heart's not in it. I want to play Catherine; I want to play Camille; I want to play the pieces Sarah Bernhardt plays; I want to play big things."

"H'm. Well, it's very praiseworthy," said Miss Alleyne, "and I'm sure I hope you'll succeed in doing it. For my part,

I must say, I am content to make my ambition something much less ambitious. I find Frou-Frou quite as much as I can manage."

"I dare say you do. You played awfully well to-night."

"I didn't think so; however, I am glad you did. It is real good of you to tell me, anyway."

So the two girls sat up for an hour, talking of their own profession, and then little De Courcy, warmed and cheered by a better meal than she had enjoyed for many a day, went home, feeling that Olive Alleyne was one of the least stuck-up leading ladies with whom she had ever been associated.

And Olive went to bed and cried herself to sleep.



FLITTING UP THE STREET.

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN morning came Olive Alleyne's resentment had by no means died out, and apparently neither had that of Damarel, for, contrary to his custom, he had not come round to her rooms to fetch her for their usual little saunter through the town before going in to rehearsal; and after waiting a few minutes, she went out by herself. Now the shops of Muddlehampton are rather good ones and the windows thereof decidedly attractive. Miss Alleyne went slowly along the principal street, looking now in this shop now in that, and when she had walked about half way down it and was just glancing into a fashionable milliner's window, a voice at her elbow said: "Good morning, Miss Alleyne."

She looked round with a start and beheld Lord Dering, with his hat off.

"Oh, how do you do," she said, in a tone of surprise.

"What do you think of our local shops?" he asked.

"I was thinking what a pretty hat that was," she replied. "But I ought not to have been looking at all, for rehearsal is called for twelve and I must be there."

"May I walk back with you?"

"Why, yes," she replied, as most girls would have done under similar circumstances.

It was, perhaps, fate that caused them to meet Damarel, just as they got within sight of the theatre. He certainly took off his hat to Olive; but he scowled at Lord Dering in a manner that was quite unmistakable.

"Sour sort of fellow that," said Lord Dering, in a casual kind of voice.

"I don't think so," said Olive; "I have never found him so."

"Ah, perhaps it is me that he doesn't like. But what I have done to offend him I don't know—nor care."

"Of course not; why should you care?" she said, rather coldly. "Mr. Damarel is very clever; he is quite out of the common run of actors—I mean he is likely to do great things in his profession."

"I should hope so; otherwise there would be no reasonable excuse for his existence. I say, Miss Alleyne, may I call on you this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, still remembering that dark look on Damarel's face; "I shall be charmed to see you."

"I shall do so with much pleasure," he said, in a well-satisfied tone.

They parted then and Olive went on her way into the theatre. The rehearsal was soon over. She gave Damarel no chance of speaking to her, although she was not at all sure that he wished to do so, and when the rehearsal was over, she said "Good morning, Mr. Damarel," and went off by herself.

About four o'clock Lord Dering called, bringing with him a wicker basket containing some exquisite hot-house flowers.



LITTLE DE COURCY WENT HOME.

and some of the choicest fruit from Dering Park. Olive was like a child over them.

"Oh, they are lovely," she cried; "how kind of you to bring them; these luxuries don't often come in my way and I love flowers so—and I love fruit so. I shall share them with a little friend of mine, who is in the company."

"As you will," said he, with a deprecating gesture. "It will give me great pleasure to send them to you every day, Miss Alleyne."

"Oh, that is so kind of you." She



never pretended that she was not delighted at his offering. "How nice—and we are only here for three nights longer."

"And you go to —?"

"We are going to Wintham."

"And Wintham is half-an-hour by rail," said Lord Dering carelessly. "I shall find it just as easy to send you a few flowers to Wintham, as to send them here."

"And will you really?"

"Of course I will, to give you pleasure

—but on one condition," he said, pointedly.

"And that?" she asked.

"Is that I may bring them myself, instead of sending them. Fragile things, like flowers and fruit, are always better carried by hand than sent in a parcel."

"But would you come every day?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, but it hardly seems worth while, does it?"

"Very much worth while to me. And, Miss Alleyne, you know what the world is—here I can hardly ask you to dine with me without exciting a good deal of gossip, which you would not like. You see I am very well known here, but at Wintham, where I go twice a year—once a year—I can ask you to dine with me every day, if you will honour me."

"I couldn't come and dine at an hotel with you," she said, looking straight at him. "I have never done that kind of thing, and you are the last man that I should begin it for."

"Why?"

"If you don't understand," she said, "I would not care to explain it."

"Did you mention a friend just now?"

"Yes, little Miss De Courcy; the one who plays with me, you know."

"Certainly. A very pretty girl. Can you not persuade her to come and dine with me also?"

"Oh, poor little thing," she said, smiling at the idea. "She will not need much persuading, that little girl. I would not give her away, if it mattered. But do you know that little girl lives—*lives*—on fifteen shillings a week?"

"Starves, you mean," he answered.

"She came in to supper with me last night here," Olive Alleyne went on; "and I assure you that she was ravenous. I don't believe she's had a good meal for weeks."

"Couldn't you ask me to supper?" he asked.

He was not at all interested in little De Courcy, except as a means to an end.

"Yes, I could," she said.

"Well, will you?"

"I don't mind."

"May I come to-night?" he asked.

"If you like. I shall not give



"THEY ARE LOVELY," SHE SAID.



you the kind of supper that you are used to; but when you are a hard-working actress, and you live on three pounds a week, you don't have much in the way of luxuries."

"I am sure that you have everything very nice about you," he said very smoothly; "and if you will ask me to have supper with you to-night, I shall feel myself very highly honoured."

"Then come after the performance. And do me a favour—don't go behind to-night. I meant it when I said that it unnerves me and makes me unable to play as I can do."

She made a mental reservation to herself that she would certainly ask little De Courcy in to supper that night also, and when Lord Dering had gone, she rang her bell and told her landlady the important news.

Mrs. Brown received it with a grave face.

"Miss Alleyne," she said, holding her black apron by the corner and pleating it nervously, "you've lodged with me several times, and I always feel proud when my young ladies come back to me, and I get to feel like a mother to them."

"I'm sure you're awfully kind to me," said Olive.

"Well, I like you above the common, Miss Alleyne, and I hope you'll take what I'm going to say in good part."

"I will," said Olive.

"Well, Miss Alleyne, you see it's like this. I've lived in Muddlehampton all my life, and naturally I know the people of Muddlehampton itself and the neighbourhood better than you're likely to do."

"Go on, Mrs. Brown," said Olive.

"And I can't say that Lord Dering has got the best reputation that a man could have."

"No?"

"Now, Miss Alleyne, I don't say for a moment don't have nothing to do with him, because there are plenty of young ladies in your position that have married noblemen before to-day, and there's no reason that you shouldn't do the same thing; only, have a care: you wouldn't be the first, to my knowledge, that had reason to wish she had never met Lord Dering. He's a bad lot, Miss Alleyne; he comes of a bad stock. The Derings are handsome and rich and powerful, but they're bad—they're bad,



FOLDING HER APRON.

core through. And I want you to be careful."

"Mrs. Brown," said Olive Alleyne, holding out her hand—the little slim, white hand which was one of her greatest beauties—"I'm very much obliged to you for telling me this. I will be careful. When a girl has to work as I have to work, Mrs. Brown—when she has nothing but her profession between herself and let us say the workhouse—she does not throw away her opportunities as a girl better shielded may be able to do. But, Mrs. Brown, I know how many beans make five, and I promise you that Lord Dering shall not make my five beans either three or seven."

But Mrs. Brown did not immediately go away. She had something else to say and she meant to say it, so she stood there half hesitating, with apparently all her attention concentrated on her aimless task of gathering her black apron into little folds.

"If you will excuse my speaking, Miss Alleyne," she began in a cautious way, "of course, I have not had my eyes shut as to how things are with you and Mr. Damarel. I dare say the gentleman's very clever ——"

"Oh, yes, he's very clever," said Olive.

"But, you know, Miss Alleyne, I have seen a deal of the profession in my time; I have let rooms to professional ladies for five-and-forty years, and, if you'll excuse me saying so, it's a very poor business is marrying for cleverness."

"Well, yes; but do you think anybody does?" asked Olive.

"Well, not exactly for cleverness—that goes without saying—but young ladies get what they call stage-fever and think that there's nobody in the world like actors, and they very often make a mistake, Miss Alleyne. Actors aren't what I call comfortable—not as husbands; and, you know, Miss Alleyne, the actor's one thing and the husband's quite another; and I think, unless a young lady's feelings are very much touched, that she does better if she doesn't try to mix the two."

"I don't know, Mrs. Brown," said Olive, trying to laugh off the gravity of the moment. "I have never been married and have not tried. And, after all, are not all marriages lotteries? Nobody ever knows how they will turn out, until the experiment has been tried. With regard to Mr. Damarel, he is very clever and he is very nice, Mrs. Brown, and, of course, he is a very great friend of mine; but I don't think we need discuss the rest. Still, I'll not forget what you have said; I will bear in mind all that you have told me, and I thank you sincerely for your good advice, for it is—it is good—I know it is good."

With that Mrs. Brown had to be content. I will not say that she was satisfied, for the good lady was possessed of a positive loathing for the very name of Dering. Lord Dering had called many times at the neat little house on the Parade, and Mrs. Brown had given good advice to other of her young ladies beside Miss Olive Alleyne. Of course, it is one

thing to give good advice, and it is quite another thing to take it; and it is also one thing to give good advice, and it is altogether another thing to know whether it is ever taken or not. With what Mrs. Brown called "professional ladies," it is a case of here to-day and gone to-morrow—of continual chopping and changing, and coming and going—and Mrs. Brown did not know whether in former instances her wise words had been as seed sown upon good or upon thorny ground.

"I fancy," she said to herself a few minutes later, when she stood before her kitchen fire, toasting a tea-cake for Miss Alleyne's tea, "that she's got a better head on her shoulders than most of them. I don't think she's the kind to be carried away by either Lord Dering's title or Mr. Damarel's play-acting. But there, you never know, you never know; and, after all, everybody must dree their ain weird."

### CHAPTER III.

MEANTIME, Damarel was just about as wretched as it was possible for a man to be. His was a strange personality. He had come from goodness knows where—he did not know himself—a waif, a stray, homeless and alone in the world. He had been well educated, but he knew not what was meant by home; he had never known relations, or the delights of possessing a home. On leaving school he had been articled to a lawyer, and had been told that a certain allowance, quite sufficient for his needs, should be paid to him quarterly. And so, until he came of age, his life had run smoothly and uneventfully enough, but with always the same fixed and firm resolve in his own mind, that the moment he was free of his Articles, and had obtained sufficient years to become his own master, he would no longer follow the law, but would fling himself, heart and soul, into the profession of an actor.

He came of age a few weeks before his Articles had expired. Now this idea of going on to the stage was no new one, and in view of any opposition being put in the way of his chosen career, Damarel had lived most frugally during his five years of drudgery—for it had been drudgery to him, the serving out of his Articles, for he had loathed the whole business. When the day came for him to



go up for his final, he sought out the head of the firm.

"I am supposed to go up for my final, sir," he said, plunging headlong into the subject nearest to his heart.

"Yes, Mr. Damarel, you are."

"Well, I wish to tell you, sir, that I am not going."

"You are not going up for your final?" cried the head of the firm incredulously.

"No, sir, I don't mean to go up. I never wanted to be a lawyer—I don't like the law—I never mean to be a lawyer—I



"MY GUARDIAN IS NOTHING TO ME."

shall never practise, and I don't see the good of going up for the examination. I don't intend to go in for the law."

"You're not going into the law?"

"No, Mr. Hawkins, I am not."

"But your guardian?" the lawyer began.

"Well, sir," said Damarel, "my guardian is nothing to me. I have never seen him—I don't know his name; and, although he has educated me, I really don't feel that I owe any allegiance to him, or that I need particularly consider his wishes with regard to the rest of my life.

I don't suppose he would have educated me and given me a respectable allowance if he had not been obliged to do so. If he is acting for a client or a friend, he has only done his duty, and, therefore, I have nothing to thank him for. If he is acting for himself, I have still less need to consider him, because I take it that a man has no right to bring up a child to manhood, feeling himself a pariah and an outcast."

"Your argument is not without reason, Damarel," said the lawyer, kindly and sensibly. "I am not at liberty to give you your guardian's name. He is an old client of ours, and I don't know his reasons for wishing to conceal his identity from you. I don't know, I have not the smallest information as to what link binds you together; but, in a worldly sense, he has done something more than his duty by you—at least, he has done his full duty. You have been well educated; you have been given an ample allowance; you have been put into the way of taking your position as a gentleman. I am afraid it will be a great blow to him, that you propose to follow the law no further."

"I am sorry for that, of course," said Damarel carelessly; "but I have quite made up my mind, Mr. Hawkins."

"To do what?"

"To follow art," said the young man proudly.

"Art? Ah, that is a very precarious thing to follow; a man may get a picture hung on the line by a mere fluke, and then success will follow him all the days of his life. On the other hand, a man may paint pictures fifty times as well as the one that may happen to be hung on the line, and he may never get recognition. I would advise you to be very careful, Damarel, before you take to art as a means of living."

"I don't mean painting," said Damarel steadily.

"No? What branch of art, then, may I ask?"

"I mean acting," said the young man.

"Acting? Oh, I see. H'm; I'm afraid, my dear boy, that you'll find that even more precarious than painting."

"I have no doubt, Mr. Hawkins, I shall have a hard struggle; but it's in me," touching his breast, "and it's got to come out of me. I couldn't go on frittering my soul away in a lawyer's office—I couldn't do it."



The lawyer looked amused.

"Do you consider that I have frittered my soul away in a lawyer's office, Damarel?" he asked jokingly.

"No, sir, I don't. You love all the ins and outs of the business—the deeds, the wills and leases, the actions for assault and all the rest of it. I can't bear that sort of thing—I loathe it all."

"Well, I don't blame you," said Mr. Hawkins judicially; "no man, of course, can go against his nature. But it seems to me, my dear boy, that for a man who loathes the law and everything connected with it, that you have done very well. It speaks well for you that you have done your duty so uncomplainingly and so well as you really have. I feel a great respect for you, and I feel very proud of you, more so than if you had elected to go up for your final, and to continue with us in a different capacity to that of articled clerk. But I am terribly afraid that your guardian, having treated you with great liberality, will not look upon the matter in the same light as I do. I am afraid, Damarel, that he will be grievously disappointed. I am afraid that it will make a great difference to you in the matter of pounds, shillings and pence."

"I can't help that," said Damarel.

"No; headstrong youth is headstrong youth, and will be to the end of the chapter—to the end of the world. But, at the same time, guardians are apt to have equally strong wills of their own. The pig-headed guardian has been an object of derision, a stumbling-block, ever since guardians were first invented; and I am very much afraid that guardians will remain pig-headed—that they will continue to be stumbling-blocks as long as youth remains headstrong, and therefore I think it is not at all unlikely that your guardian may stop your allowance altogether."

"I am quite prepared for that," said Damarel indifferently.

"But are you quite prepared for not being able to make bread and cheese out of play-acting?"

"For a time, yes," Damarel replied. "I am quite prepared for it, Mr. Hawkins."

"Well, so long as you don't look

upon it as all *couleur de rose*, and so long as you foresee difficulties and that there are rocks ahead of you, and are still determined to go on, I dare say you'll do very well, and I shall be glad to hear it. We have always got on well together, and I shall be glad to hear that you have got on in the very unsubstantial profession that you have chosen. Then, shall I communicate your decision to your guardian to-day?"

"If you will be so good and if you think it is worth while," Damarel answered.

"I think it would be courteous. I think it is his due to have some knowledge of your intentions, and your thanks surely are due to him?"

"No," said Damarel quickly, "my thanks are not due to my guardian, whose name I do not know. The mystery and secrecy with which he has surrounded himself towards me have put any thoughts of that kind out of the question. For anything I know, Mr. Hawkins, I may have the right to much more than he has given me, out of the darkness which he does not wish me to penetrate. I particularly ask

you not to convey any thanks to my guardian as things stand at present."



"YOUR GUARDIAN MAY STOP  
YOUR ALLOWANCE."

“Within a couple of days the head of the firm again sent for Damarel into his office.

“Damarel, I have had a letter from your guardian,” he began.

“Yes, sir?”

“And he is very angry.”

“I can’t help that,” said Damarel.

“This is what he says,” taking a letter off the table:

“Will you tell my ward, that if he chooses to go up for his final and accept the post that you are willing to give him in your office, putting aside all this nonsense about going on the stage, I will undertake to make him an allowance—and what is more to settle it upon him definitely—of four hundred a-year. On the other hand, if he chooses to go on with this preposterous scheme of his, I wash my hands of him absolutely from the moment that he turns his back upon his legitimate profession.”

“Then,” said Damarel, looking straight at the lawyer with eager eyes, “my guardian is not acting for another, he is acting for himself. Will you answer him, Mr. Hawkins, for me, and say that I absolutely and distinctly refuse his bribe. Will you tell him that I have said good-bye to the legal profession for ever?”

After this, the end came. The term of Damarel’s articles was over, and he bade good-bye to Mr. Hawkins and the others of the firm, and went back to his modest lodgings.

Now, during five years, he had had an allowance of four hundred a-year but had lived on about one hundred and fifty, so that in spite of his unknown guardian’s severe edict, he was not thrown penniless upon the world to seek out his new profession. He met with some success from the very first. It is true that he only got



“GOOD-BYE, MR. HAWKINS.”

an engagement for the provinces, with a large repertoire and an appalling number of parts, at the magnificent salary of fifteen shillings a-week. Still, it was a start; and, being a young man of remarkable appearance, he very soon made himself felt in the shabby company to which he belonged. He was like all young enthusiasts: he out-Heroded Herod. He let his black hair grow down to his shoulders; he wore a turned-down collar and a broad tie of soft, brilliant silk. He worked hard and was patient to a degree; but he had all manner of new-fangled ideas which went right off the beaten track—the track of tradition, and these held him materially back.

“Oh, I dare say Damarel’s clever,” said one manager to another, “but he’s such an uncertain beggar. He comes to rehearsal and does one thing and then when

the curtain’s up, he’s totally different; you never know where to have him. And three parts of the people in front don’t like him; they can’t see that it’s clever, they think it’s only affectation. By-the-bye, it’s quite on the cards that he’ll make a tremendous hit one day, but till he does make it, he’s not worth a pound a-week.”

So, for ten years, the world wagged on. The world which consists of the audiences of theatres would not have Damarel at any price; everybody admitted that he was clever, that he was original, that there was a good deal in him; but, they added, he was so queer. Yet, in spite of all, Damarel was nothing daunted. He toiled and moiled at his work, living in the most frugal way, making few friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, living for Art and Art alone. And then, chance or fate, or both, threw him in the way of Olive Alleyne.

He had never loved a woman before.



Until the time that Olive Alleyne had played the heroine of a florid melodrama to his rampant hero, love had had no part in his life whatever. And, from the moment that his eyes first fell upon Olive, he simply fell down and worshipped her.

To Olive, his homage came as incense that was very sweet. He was so unutterably whole-hearted in his love. And, although it must be owned, she would rather have had the wild locks cut short after the approved fashion of the day, and she would have preferred the ordinary frock-coat and satin tie of a gentleman about town, or the well cut tweeds and cotton tie of a gentleman in the country, she grew very fond of him, and she firmly believed that one day he would set the whole dramatic world in a blaze. At last, he proposed to her, and they became engaged, but without any definite idea of being married for some little time. So matters stood when the company found itself at Muddlehampton, and Olive met Lord Dering in the makeshift green-room of the little theatre.

#### CHAPTER IV.

NEVER in his whole life, until that eventful day, had Damarel known or understood the pangs of jealousy. When he left Olive that night at the door of her lodging, he was literally choking with rage, mingled with despair. He felt that practically the end had come between them; he felt that they could never be on the same terms again; he seemed to see her slowly and surely slipping away from his grasp—slowly slipping into a morass, from which he had neither power nor nerve to hold her back. He was pitifully unhappy.

The events of the day that followed did not mend matters. Indeed, until they were in the train on the way from Muddlehampton to Wintham, he and Olive had practically no dealings with each other. It happened that day—for they journeyed on the Sunday afternoon—that Olive was a little late in arriving at the station, and jumped into a third class carriage by herself. Damarel, who was standing about on the platform, in reality waiting for her, saw his opportunity and, just as the train was starting, got in after her. He drew up the window, and turning towards her held out both his hands.

"Olive," he said, "you are not angry with me, are you?"

Now Olive had intended to make the fact of his attitude in the matter the ground for a parting, but fifteen miles in a slow Sunday train is a long way; and Damarel was so desperately in love, so in earnest, so abject, so full of unbounded admiration for her and of bitter reproaches against himself, that her natural liking for him, and her woman's love of coquetry, made her relent and take him into favour again long before they had reached Wintham.

"But mind," she said, holding up a warning finger, "I will not have you make yourself and me ridiculous by all this jealousy, these scowls and these black looks. It is too humiliating. You must never do it again. And unless you will promise that it shall be so, I will not forgive you—I really assure you I will not."

What could any man do under such circumstances as these? He promised anything. He swore that never again, as long as he lived, should a single jealous thought possess his mind—in short, the young man promised this and a great many other things that he really had no



"QUITE ON THE CARDS THAT HE'LL MAKE A TREMENDOUS HIT."



power to perform. Young men in love often do this sort of thing.

But he found that times had greatly changed. He was no longer on the terms which he had been on before with Olive. He felt that she was right in a measure, that he had been unreasonable and rather brutal towards her, and that it would be a work of time to get back upon that wholly friendly and sweetly familiar footing which had been his before the advent of Lord Dering. Without putting it into plain words, Miss Alleyne made him understand that he might not run in and out of her rooms at his own will—that he could come when she asked him, and not otherwise. Lord Dering, on the contrary, went every day, and Olive dined with him at the best hotel in Wintham every day also.

They dined at the regular dinner-time of actors in the provinces, three o'clock. And Damarel knew it, knew it all, for when does not ill news fly apace? But he did not dare even to broach the subject to her. In the evening, after Lord Dering had taken the last train home, she was still good to him, and used to ask him to supper, taking care never to be left alone with him. As a matter of fact, she had secured a bedroom in her house for little De Courcy, and she let her share her sitting-room without any expense whatever. The little actress had quite a festive time, for Miss Alleyne took her to lunch with Lord Dering every day, and Mr. Damarel came to supper every night. It was a pretty play, but it did not last long.

From Wintham they went on to Stockdale, another small town—they were only doing second and third-rate towns, chiefly third-rate—where Lord Dering deliberately followed them, and put up for the week at the most decent hotel in the little place. Damarel was in a frenzy of

anger and despair. He had sworn to Olive that he would never feel jealous again so long as he lived. Poor fellow! The pangs of jealousy seemed to tear his very soul open, and were ten times worse than those black thoughts which he had harboured within his breast at dull and stodgy Muddlehampton. But he never showed his feelings to Olive. On the contrary, he redoubled his attentions to her. He was more in love than ever, more full of admiration and desire to please her. And the end of it was, that after six weeks of this playing at cross-purposes, she sent for him one day and told him that all was over between them.



Damarel was frantic with rage and despair. Miss Alleyne was cold and a little contemptuous, in truth she had grown weary of his protestations and his attentions. There are times in a woman's life, you know, when she would like a man better if he did not try to please her so much. And this had come to be Olive's way of thinking. He bored her. His flowing locks looked wilder than ever in contrast to Lord Dering's well-trimmed head, the carelessness of his dress, the flowing tie, the smooth-shaven and cadaverous face, with

its deep-set eyes and frowning, dark brows, all conspired to make her weary, to make the link between them merely a hateful one. She no longer took the smallest pleasure in his admiration, she wanted the whole thing to be at an end, she wanted to be rid of him. And at last she told him so.

"But you gave your word to me," he cried. "You said you loved me—you did love me."

"Oh, I liked you—yes, I liked you," she admitted. "You were the most interesting person in the company; I could not even have spoken to the other people; but as to marrying you, my dear Damarel, it is

out of the question. I am not one of those women who marry for an ideal, who live for an ideal. My life has been hard and practical and full of common sense, and, although I believe you are very clever—I believe, indeed, that you are a genius in your way—yet you seem just as far off from making that hit as you did when I first knew you. I don't believe you will ever make a hit; you're in advance of your time. And we can't live on our salaries—it's impossible."

"We do live on them," he said, looking at her piteously.

"We exist on them, yes; but if either of us lost our engagement, what would the other one do? Oh! it would be madness to think of it, even if I were much more in love with you than I am. I would *die* rather than marry you, without two sixpences to rub together. I can imagine nothing so dreadful. I should hate you and you would hate me."

"Never!" he broke out.

"Well," shrugging her shoulders and clasping her pretty hands together, "if you didn't hate me that would be worse; because if I hated you and you hated me, we should part, and we would each go our own way; but if I hated you and you loved me still, why, ten chances to one, you would end by murdering me. No, no, Damarel, you and I have been very good friends; we have had a romance and it has sweetened what otherwise would have been a wretched time for both of us; but marriage is not for you and me—not our marriage, at least. Do be reasonable and make up your mind; don't bore me by protestations and all that sort of thing. Let us shake hands and part like good friends—like comrades as we are. My future life will be different. I am not going on in the profession. I am tired of it."

"And what profession are you going into?" he asked harshly.

"Into the most honourable profession," she replied, "that any woman can go into—that of marriage."

"You are going to be married?"

"I am going to be married to-morrow morning—to-morrow morning," she repeated. Now, my dear Damarel, you will see that it is no longer reasonable of you to continue this discussion. We might have been very happy, you and I; I don't deny it for a moment, but circumstances were against us. You may go on

and make that hit that you are always dreaming about, and I hope to heaven you will."

"And if I do?" he asked.

"If you do, that will be all the better for you, and I shall be very proud that I once took an interest in you. For the rest, your path and mine lie apart."

Damarel drew himself up to his full height and looked at her with eyes fairly ablaze in his ghastly face.

"You have not told me yet who the bridegroom is," he said, in a repressed voice.

"The bridegroom is Lord Dering," she answered.

"So! Then I am to understand that your love for me, so often expressed, is worth nothing, that mine for you is worthless to you."

"If you put it in that disagreeable way," she said coldly. "It is just here, Damarel; I liked you immensely—if you will have it so, I loved you. But I have had a very hard life, and I am not suited to a hard life. I am tired of poverty—I hate poverty—I detest all the little mean, pinching ways, the third-class carriage, and the tripe and onions. I was made for something better. If you could have given me something better, I would have been happy to have it so, but you cannot. On the contrary, you are more likely to drag me down than to lift me up. At all events, I have chosen a different path in life, and to-morrow I become Lady Dering. It is too late to draw back now, even if I wished to do so, and I do not wish to do so. So, you see, it is no use discussing this any further."

"I don't know that I had expressed any desire to discuss it further," said Damarel, still making an effort to keep calm and collected. "This interview was not of my seeking, Olive; you have chosen your own course, and I would not have thanked you to come to me as an unwilling bride. If you hanker after being Lady Dering, you are right to gratify your wish. But you will never be one of them, you know."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say, that you will never be a great lady, as the wives of the Derings have been before you. You will always be Miss Alleyne the actress. But such as your lot is, it is your choice, and I hope you will be happy in it. I hope that you will find your husband all that



you believe and desire. And now, I will go."

He almost stumbled out of her presence. It was a lovely Sunday morning, clear and bright overhead, clean and firm underfoot. He turned out of the little lodging, and sped away through the small town into the country, the country by the sad sea waves. And he walked, and walked, and walked, until he found himself utterly alone with nature. And then, Damarel sat down upon a rock and—I believe, he wept.

## CHAPTER V.

TEN years had gone by. The times had changed for Damarel, as times do change when a man or woman makes a leap out of obscurity, out of that awful, hopeless struggle called climbing the ladder, into the full sunlight of fame. Damarel was at the top of the tree now. Damarel's name was on every tongue. He stood at the head of his profession; his word was law in dramatic affairs; and although Damarel himself was not much altered, he was the fashion, and that alters circumstances more than anything.

The long locks which had been such a trouble to Olive Alleyne, when they were worn by the struggling player, whose ideas were at once so preposterous and so clever, were one of the distinctive beauties of Damarel, the greatest actor of the day. The strongly-marked face, which had used to look so anxious and almost hungry, had now settled into the repose of an assured life of unalterable fame. The bright tie, with its flowing ends, which had once seemed to flaunt its wearer's eccentricity in the face of all beholders, now only added an unconventional ease and grace to the great

man. It was all so different, the then and the now. It was the difference between a nobody and a somebody, between a struggler and a victor, between the humblest and the highest.

Probably in the whole history of the stage, nobody had ever attained quite the same position as that which was now filled by Damarel. His manner was utterly imperial; it was the manner of a king—a king of Art. His words, never very eloquent, never very many, carried a weight with them now which greater eloquence from others of less distinction could not accomplish. He was an uncrowned king—Damarel the actor. He was much too great for any prefix to his name; to everybody, high, low, rich or poor, he was simply Damarel. There were Damarel ties; there were Damarel shirts; there were Damarel hats and Damarel coats. The great actor's first nights were ablaze with beauty and distinction of every sort and kind. The journals of the day discussed

the possible details of his new productions with an avidity which was not granted to any other management in the profession; and when these same productions at last saw the light, the same journals rhapsodised for days over every trifling detail. It was the position of a king—a king of Art.

If Damarel showed himself in the Stranger's Gallery of the House of Commons, the fact was instantly noted in the papers. If Damarel's name was given to any benevolent or to any charitable scheme connected with the dramatic profession, that scheme was sure to succeed. He entertained Royalty; he gave great parties behind the scenes of his theatre; he gave little suppers to Royalties, and he



I BELIEVE HE WEPT.

was engaged for every available night for dinner, three months ahead. It was a superb position; and Damarel, who had once been tolerated in small provincial towns because he was cheap, bore his honours with a quiet dignity which, perhaps, more than anything else, helped him to keep the great position he had won.

It happened one night that, after the performance was over, Damarel went to a party. He did not often show himself in society, because, for one thing, society always made such a lion of him that he was generally intensely uncomfortable at large functions; but, on this occasion, he had fancied he was under some slight obligation to a charming hostess, and he therefore made a point of accepting her hospitality. He was more lionised than ever. He stood, as it were, on the defensive, with his back to a wall, surrounded by a crowd of people, all eager and anxious to see him, to speak to him or to be presented to him. And presently, when the excitement, caused by his presence had somewhat abated, a certain great lady came up to him and held out her hand.

"How do you do?" she said. "There is a lady here who wishes to know you."

"I shall be charmed," said Damarel.

"Let me introduce you. Mr. Damarel—Lady Dering."

Damarel started a little. Yes, it was—it was Olive Alleyne, under the name which she had worn for ten years but by which Damarel had never known her. She looked at him, plainly asking for some sign of recognition. And Damarel put out both his hands and took hers with a charming air of frankness.

"Why, we knew each other years ago," he said in his most pleasant tones; "more years ago than either of us would like to tell. Is that not so, Lady Dering?"

"Yes," she answered; "it was a long time ago."

They stood talking a little of matters more of to-day than of yesterday. Although he had spoken of the past, by tacit consent they avoided it, perhaps because of something that Damarel read, or fancied he read, in her eyes. She was still a beautiful woman, although ten years had gone by—a beautiful and, as he saw at a glance, an exceedingly unhappy one.

"I am coming to your theatre," she said presently, when they parted; "I have never seen you since we played together."

Damarel looked a little surprised, but let her words pass with but a murmured comment. Then he bowed and she was gone.

He naturally thought about her a good deal during that night and the following day. She was so beautiful; she had such an air of distinction; and he had been wrong when he told her, in the painful hour of their parting, that she would never be "one of them." For Lady Dering had come to be a great lady—a little cold, a little impassive, with a grand, haughty air that suited her well.

The play was an adaptation of a great French masterpiece, and Damarel was admirably supported by an excellent company, and the leading lady was a dream of loveliness—nay, she was more than that, for she was as gifted as she was beautiful. Lady Dering sat in her box, looking right on to the stage, with only a girl for company: her heart on fire, her eyes blinded with tears, her hands clenched and trembling, watching the lover of her youth wring tears and sympathy from all eyes.

Towards the end of the second act she took out a little note-book, and hastily scrawling a few words on one of its pages, tore out the leaf and twisted it into the form of a note, on which she wrote "Mr. Damarel." Then, when an attendant came in with a tray of ices, she asked him to give that to Mr. Damarel without a moment's delay. Damarel received it on his way to his dressing-room.

"I want to see you for a moment," it said; "let me come round to you." And it was signed "Olive."

The great actor just glanced at the contents and said in his ordinary manner, "Give my compliments to that lady, and ask her if she will come round to my dressing-room," then passed on his way, still keeping the crumpled note in his hand. He stood before the fire waiting for her, and, smoothing it out once more, read it; looked at it for a moment with an impassive face, raised his eyebrows a little, and dropped it among the blazing coals in the grate. In two minutes she came softly in.

"You don't mind my coming to you—I wanted to speak to you?" she said in a tremulous voice.

She was lovelier than ever. Her gown was a simple black one, which showed her white neck and arms to perfection. Many diamonds gleamed in the bodice



and in her perfectly-dressed, luxuriant hair.

She put out both her hands and said, "I felt I must see you, Damarel. I have never forgotten that last time you and I met, when I was so cruel to you. I was so cold and so calculating, so worldly. I have thought of you so often since."

He had taken her hands in his, and he held them protectingly.

"My dear Lady Dering," he said in the gentlest tone, "I hope you did not distress yourself about me—that would be a pity. It would trouble me greatly if I thought so. After all, you acted for the best, and ——"

"I acted for the worst, you mean," she broke in impetuously. "Oh, Damarel, I am a very unhappy woman."

"But why, dear lady? You have a great position; you have succeeded beyond your wildest dreams, socially you are ——"

"Oh, what is society? A sham—I hate it. I sold myself—I gave myself away for rank and wealth—I sold myself to a man, who only married me because I would make no other terms of purchase. I gave myself away to a man whom I despised and loathed."

"You did not seem to do so then," he said, very quietly.

"Oh, no, I was blinded—I thought when I was married, that it would be all easy, that I should forget you. I thought that I did not care very much about you. And when I had done it, when I knew that it was too late to draw back, then I knew that I had sold myself for a sham, then I knew that nothing could compensate for the love that I had thrown away, for the heart that I had broken."

"Oh, no, no," he put in soothingly, "you must not say that. I believe I was very angry at the time, and very rude, and very unkind to you. I was hurt—I admit it. But I do not like to think that

you are worrying about me. It is the fortune of war; a man must get over these affairs as best he can. You have gained great distinction in one way—I have gained some in another; and things are best as they are. You would not like my life now; you would feel it very hard, if you could come back to the old work, and the old life, after being so long in your high position."

"If I could come back," she said, closing her eyes, as if looking back over those ten years and counting them.

"Ah! if I only could come back."

"But it is impossible," said Damarel mildly. "Perhaps, if you could make your life over again, with the experience that you have now, you might have acted differently—and so might I. But things are as they are, and I am sure that it is best to be content to let things remain so, to let things be as fate has ordained them."

She was quivering with excitement.

"Damarel," she said, in a shaking voice, "I have done an unconventional thing in seeking you to-night like this—have you nothing to say to me? Don't you realise that I have some powerful motive for running the risk of coming in here?"

"We are old friends," he replied.

"Yes, we are old friends—something more than old friends?"

"We were," he corrected gently.

"Is it all in the past tense?" she asked. "Is there no present—shall there be no future?"

"Must I speak quite plainly?" he asked.

"Yes, quite plainly."

"Then, Lady Dering," he said, speaking half unwillingly, "it is kinder to you to say plainly that when you cut the cord which bound us, one Sunday morning ten years ago, you did your work so effica-



"YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS," HE SAID.

ciously that not a single strand, however frail and frayed, remained to link the two ends of the coil together. Lady Dering, I hate to say this to you, but a man's heart is not a thing to be taken up and thrown down, and taken up again. You were at such infinite pains to start with a clean slate, that you left not a trace of the old story on mine. Our past was what *you* made it. Your present takes the form of Lord Dering. My present takes the shape of my position, and our future no man can tell."

"And is that all?" she asked incredulously.

"I am afraid ——" said Damarel.

"Mr. Damarel is called," said a voice at the door.

"You will excuse me. I am on when the curtain rises. You will forgive me for not escorting you back to your box. I never show on the wrong side of the curtain. Lady Dering," holding out his hand, "good-bye."



SHE WOULD NEVER FORGET HOW HE STOOD BEFORE HER IN HIS OLD-WORLD DRESS.

She watched him go without a word, then stood for a moment looking round the handsome room, with its rich carpet and great mirrors, with the signed photographs given by Royalty, with the sheaves of invitations, the priceless miniatures here and there, the arms and weapons of all kinds.

To her dying day she never forgot that short interview with the lover she had discarded. How he had stood before her in his old-world dress, while the air was heavy with the sweet, sickly perfume of a mass of stephanotis blooms, sent to him that evening by one of the most beautiful women in the world.

And, as she crept away, the orchestra was playing the last notes of a song,

whose air and words had taken the fancy of the day, a song which was on every lip and familiar to every ear—

"For the old, old love was drowned in tears,  
And died long since, in the bygone years."

JOHN STRANGE WINTER.



# Young England at School.

## CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

*"Labor omnia vincit."*



THE COLLEGE, FROM THE BATH ROAD.

**T**HE market-town of Cheltenham derives its name, as history tells us, from the River Chelt which runs through it, and is situated several miles to the N.E. of Gloucestershire.

Its prosperity originated in its mineral springs, which were accidentally discovered in 1776. In 1788, George III., having derived much benefit from their use, Cheltenham at once became a fashionable resort. Last month I spoke of the delightful run to Bristol by the Great Western Railway Company's Line, little thinking that the line to Gloucester would far and away excel all I had previously seen on this system.

Branching off at Swindon, the line to Gloucester is charmingly picturesque, running as it does through the most lovely English scenery, with numerous old-fashioned towns lying peacefully in the valley beneath.

Changing trains at Gloucester, we soon arrived at Cheltenham. From the magnificent promenades, handsome squares, crescents and terraces through which we passed on our way to the College, I could not help remarking that Cheltenham was certainly a town of importance, and apparently a flourishing town. Besides the grand proprietary College, the subject of this article, Cheltenham boasts of a similar establishment for ladies, a training College for male and female teachers, and an endowed Grammar School.

It was a very busy day at the College when I arrived, but both our artist and myself were welcomed, and every possible assistance was rendered, where it was required. To A. A. Hunter, Registrar and Secretary of the College, I am indebted for valuable assistance, and to A. S. Owen, Scholar of New College, Oxford, for some interesting

notes which have been of the greatest help to me.

Cheltenham College, the first school of the Victorian era, was founded originally in 1841. Slight beginnings are often destined to have great results, and especially so has it been in the scholastic world, for in this series my readers have read how from small charitable gifts colossal establishments have grown to the great pride of England. In this respect Cheltenham has been no exception, and the founders of the modest institution, which occupied a few of the central

houses of one of the many terraces I have previously referred to, could have had little conception of the giant that they were rearing.

The town becoming so fashionable, the natural increase of the number of its inhabitants was accompanied by an indispensable need, that of a school for their sons.

By the efforts of Capt. Iredell and Mr. Simon Harcourt, backed by the influence of Dean Close, whose authority, as Rector of Cheltenham, was immense, a start was made. It was a happy augury for the subsequent greatness of the school that amongst its first batch of pupils were the present Archbishop of Dublin and that eminent lawyer and politician Sir Henry James, who is now President of the Council that governs his old school. The Rev. Alfred Phillips was the first Principal of the College, and he saw its removal from the limited quarters in Baystell Terrace to its present site in the Bath Road, although a small portion only of the present buildings was then occupied. The College as it now stands is built roughly in a quadrangle shape.

On the west the Central Tower and entrance divides the two big halls, the



THE REV. HERBERT ARMITAGE JAMES, B.D., PRINCIPAL OF CHELTENHAM.

“big Modern” and the “big Classical,” in the latter of which such great functions as speeches and the Christmas concert are held. On the east stands the building that has hitherto served as a chapel, but is henceforth to be the library of the School, for another building, architecturally superior, is now in process of erection on the north side of the College. The chapel and the big rooms are connected by a chain of class-rooms, north and south, while as a wing on the south side of the building stands the junior department, the most attractive portion of

the edifice, for the rest of the College was built at a time when English architecture was hardly at its zenith.

It was only the “big Classical” and its adjacent class-rooms that constituted the original College; the present “big Modern” was then a gymnasium; the chapel did not even exist, and for fifteen years the boys continued to attend services in the town churches, where they had the advantage of hearing the eloquence of such preachers as Boyd, subsequently Dean of Exeter, and Robertson, of Brighton fame.

Away to the east stretched the broad playground, with its fringe of trees, though, I was informed, that, too, was not originally of its present spacious dimensions, and over the whole the Cotswolds look down, encircling the College in an amphitheatre of hills.

Four years had elapsed from the foundation of the school when its first Principal resigned—four years which had seen the school fairly launched on a career of prosperity, with swelling numbers, and removed to a suitable site in the highest and most open part of the town. They had witnessed, too, the growth in the school of an idea which, taken up by other schools, has proved one of the greatest educational developments, for



Cheltenham was the first public school to create a separate modern department.

One man, the Rev. T. A. Southwood, guided this great development, and continued at the helm for thirty-five years, maintaining the educational success, so that Cheltenham stood without a rival in the Army Examinations, and won a personal loyalty to himself such as is given to but few schoolmasters to attain.

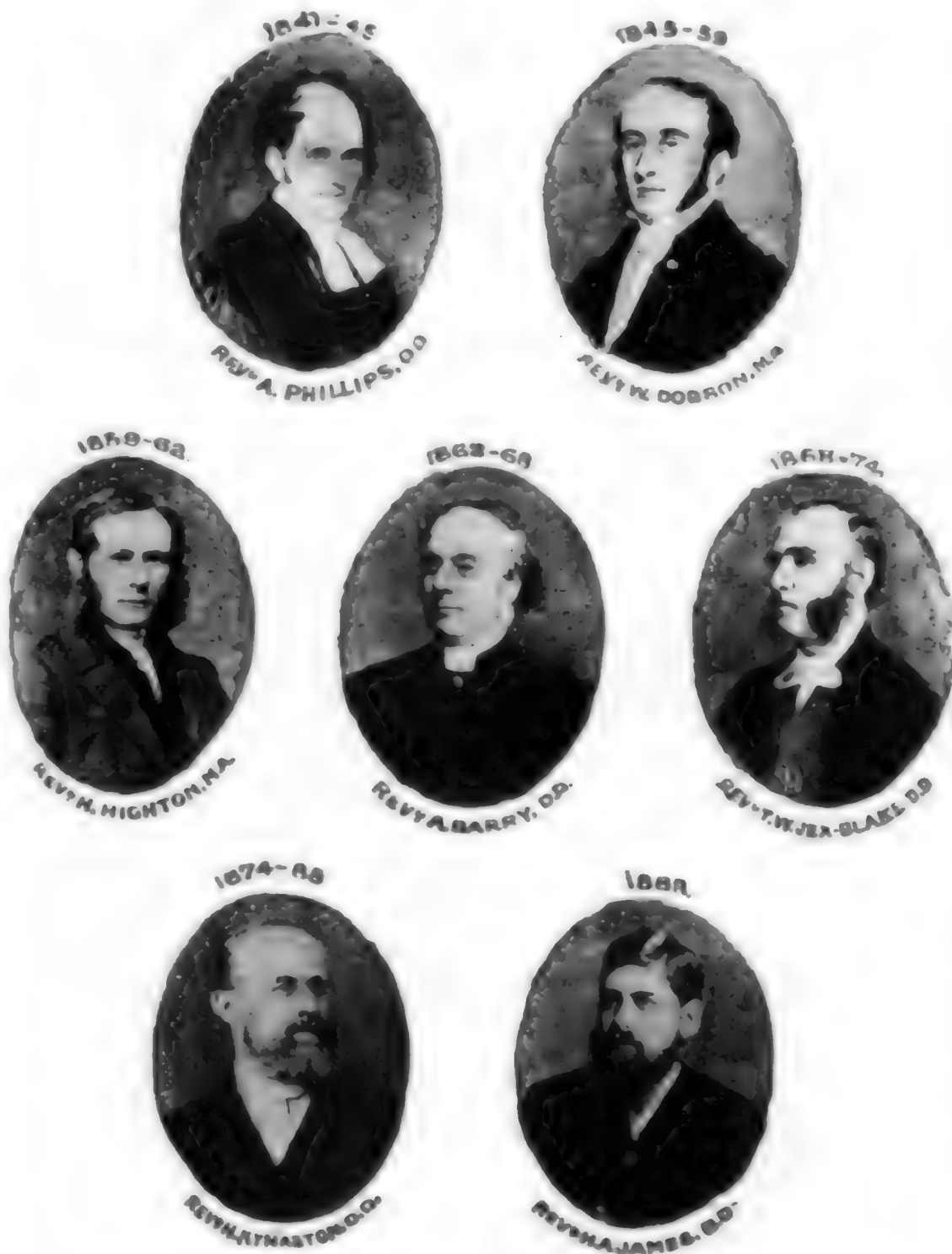
Dr. Phillips' successor was an admirable man, the

Rev. William Dobson, Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge. He had previously earned a name as a clever teacher. The University successes of the school were remarkable during his tenure of office. In four years four Balliol scholarships were gained, the names of the winners, Newman, Broughton, Merry and Robeson being still known to fame in the academical world. He saw the College buildings assume very much their present form; especially he saw the chapel built, forming one of the closest of bonds between the members of the school. Defective as it is in architectural and acoustic properties, it has been for thirty-six years the scene of some of the most vivid and most cherished associations of Cheltonians, who have forgiven it its green baize roof and its hopelessly inharmonious windows.

On either side of the altar are placed memorials to Cheltonian heroes who have died for their country; there are the names of Barrows, Melville, Stewart, and memorials to three great Cheltenham masters, Dobson, Southwood and Brooksmith. Under Dobson a curious triple control, and one which subsequent events have shown cause for regret, was exercised by various authorities.

The headmaster had no control over

the discipline of his boys out of school hours, nor of the pulpit in his own chapel. The latter was left to two special chaplains; the former was the province of a committee of discipline composed of residents in the town. But the time chosen to alter this arrangement was hardly suitable. The strong authority of Dobson had been followed by the rule of one whose shoulders were not found strong



CHELTENHAM'S HEAD-MASTERS.

enough for the load that was thrust upon them. The principalship of Mr. Highton was brief, but controversial, and the danger that the school was then in—though its academical success was never greater—brought about a complete change in its government. The old local directorate laid down its power; it was recognised that the College was an English and not a local institution, and a council was formed consisting of life and

triennial members in equal proportions, under the able presidency of first Lord Redesdale, and, since his death in 1886, of Sir Henry James.

Under the next principal, Dr. Barry, Cheltenham reached its highest numbers; but it reaped even more solid advantages under this energetic head. He took under his control the services in chapel, and his own sermons left a decided mark on the school. From his time dates the junior department, the comfortable red brick boarding houses that lie adjacent to the playground, the gymnasium and racquet courts. He also established the prefectorial system, which, under one form or another, has been maintained ever since, so that when he left for King's College in 1868 Dr. Barry could look back upon six years of vigorous reform.

For five years Dr. Jex-Blake, who came from Rugby and left for Rugby, governed the destinies of the school. When dealing with Rugby School I had occasion to remark upon the high qualities of this great teacher who subsequently

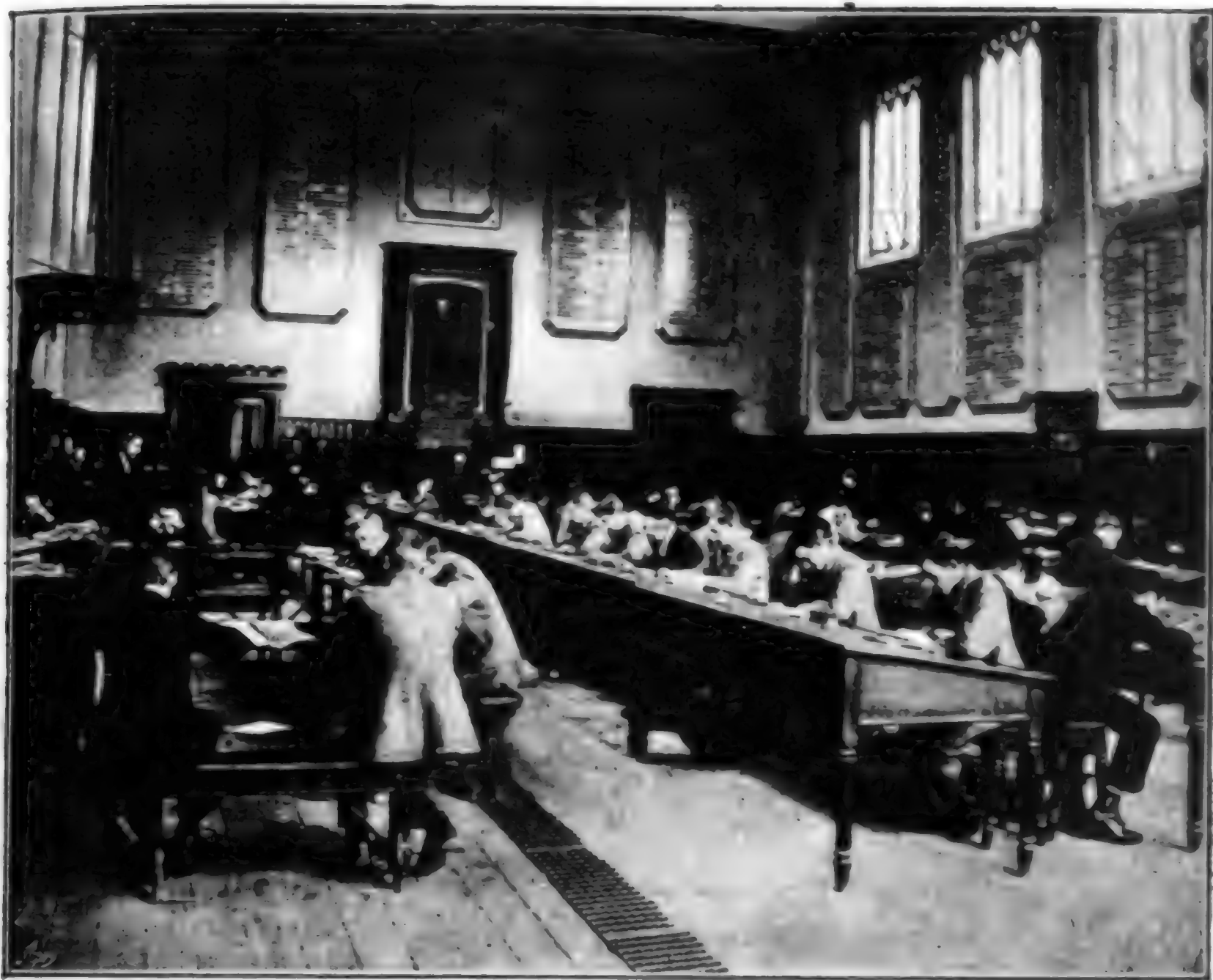
left there for the appointment of Rector of Alvechurch, Worcestershire. Upon quitting Cheltenham to take up the reins of office at his old school in the Midlands, he left behind him memories of his capacity in pulpit and classroom, and among other monuments of his tenure of office, the College Museum, which forms one of the illustrations, is not the least striking. The museum contains an excellent collection of curiosities, many of which are closely associated with old Cheltonians, but it is at present unfortunately confined to a room too small to display its merits.

His successor, the Rev. Herbert Snow, of Eton, better known to the majority of his pupils as Dr. Kynaston, D.D., was a man of accomplishments. Formerly stroke of the 'Varsity boat and Senior Classic at Cambridge, he still displayed his prowess as a scholar and athlete. He was a talented musician, and did much to raise the musical taste in the school by the improvement of the choir and the institution of a vocal competition between the houses. As a disciplinarian he made



"BIG" CLASSICAL.





"BIG" MODERN.—EXAMINATION.

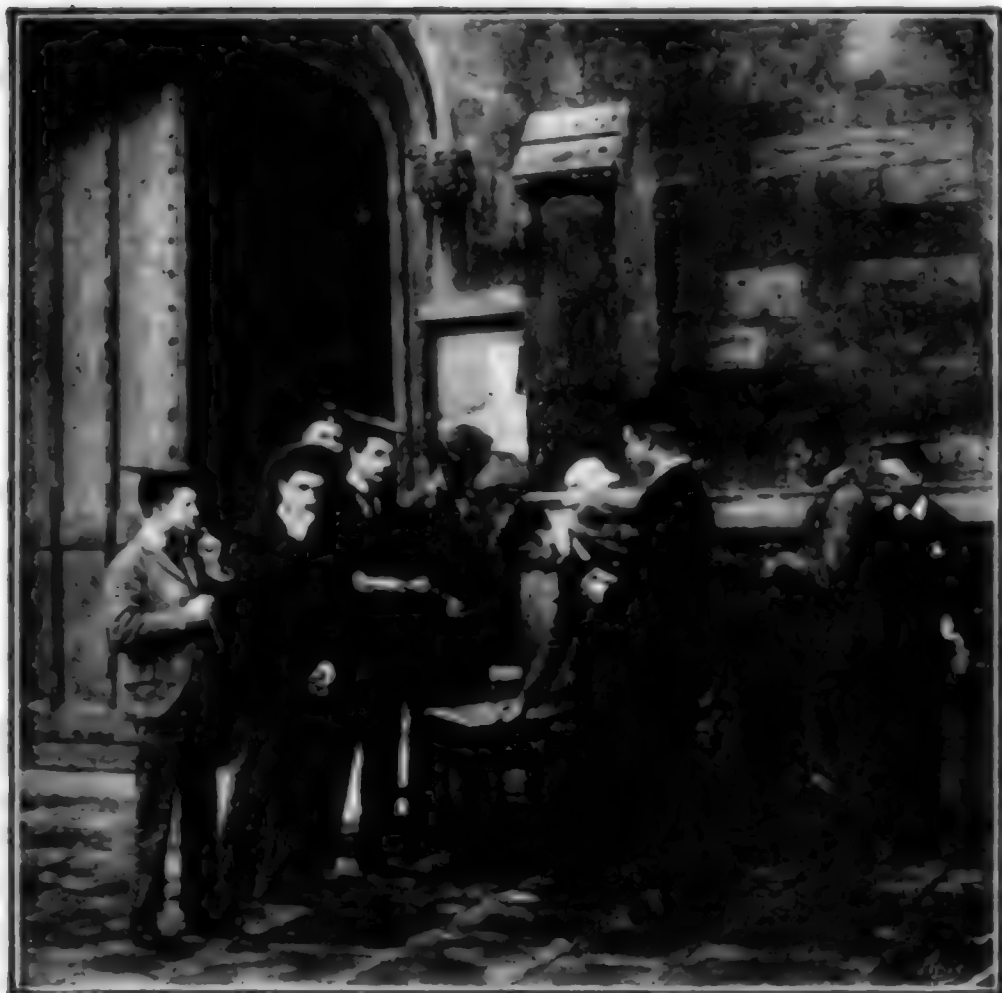
a wise reform of the prefectorial system, and did much to incorporate the great mass of day boys more closely with the school.

Dr. Kynaston will be remembered by many in London, and especially at St. Luke's, New Kentish Town, where he was Vicar, 1888-'89. During the latter year he was appointed Professor of Greek at Durham University, and Canon of Durham Cathedral. On his departure in 1888 he was succeeded by the present principal, the Rev. Herbert Armitage James, B.D., who was educated at King Henry VIII. Grammar School, Aber-gavenny. Successful at Oxford, he was appointed assistant-master at Marlborough 1872-'75, head-master of Rossall 1875-'86, and from 1886 to his appointment to Cheltenham in 1889 he was Dean of St. Asaph. Under his wise control the School is certain of success. He is keenly alive to all its interests, and the needs of every member of it.

Cheltenham, like other English public schools, offers many scholarships, giving every year at least ten senior and junior

scholarships for boys under fifteen and fourteen respectively, half of them for proficiency in Classics, half of them in Mathematics, besides the Wyllie Scholarship, tenable for three years at Trinity College, Oxford, the Dobson and Jex-Blake Scholarships, open in alternate years to the two great departments, the Southwood exhibition for the boy who passes highest at Woolwich or Sandhurst, alternate years, and the Cheltonian Society Scholarship for the sons of old Cheltonians.

These scholarships are of different value—eighty-five pounds, eighty pounds, sixty pounds, thirty-six pounds, twenty-five pounds and twenty pounds a year, and tenable from one to three years. There are also many valuable endowed prizes, which carry with them the right to have your name emblazoned in gold letters on the "big Classical" and "big Modern." This blazoning of names on the boards is quite a feature of Cheltenham, for those who represent the school in cricket, football, shooting, boating and gymnastics are emblazoned in a similar manner in



PENNY BUNS AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

the names of the former great pupils of the School were read out on that occasion; men of letters like John Morley, Frederic Myers and W. E. H. Lecky; scholars like W. W. Merry, Robertson, Newman and Jackson; great men in art, as those of Briton Riviere and Professor Middleton; and of soldiers like Sir Charles Warren, Sir Thomas Baker and Sir Charles Wilson, and a host of others far too numerous to mention, but each and every one are written on the walls of the School, consequently making Cheltenham College abound with associations cherished by famous men of distinction in the present age. It has, therefore, had a great past, and although competition is now keener, and its rivals far more numerous, no one will doubt that there yet lies before Cheltenham College an

the "Eleven Room" and the Gymnasium.

That Cheltenham, the oldest of our modern schools, has turned out into the world some of our most brilliant and distinguished scholars was fully confirmed by the mass gathering of her Old Boys in 1891 on the occasion of her jubilee.

There were representative Cheltonians of every age and profession and from every part of the world. And a truly grand list of signatures they presented, headed by that famous old boy and President, Sir Henry James. As a permanent memorial of this event it has been decided, on the Principal's initiative, to raise a new chapel, utilising the present building (as I have mentioned before) which, by the way, has not been consecrated, as a library or museum or both.

Well might every Cheltonian be proud when

equally successful and brilliant future.

Most of our English schools have at least two departments, classical and modern. Cheltenham has three: Classical, Modern and Juvenile.

In the Classical Department the pupil is taught all such branches of knowledge as shall prepare him to enter the Universities, the learned professions, or the higher branches of the Civil Service.

The course of study embraces: English,



THE QUADRANGLE.



Latin, Greek, French, Mathematics, History, Geography and (in the higher Forms), German, Physics and Chemistry. The highest Form is under the immediate charge of the Principal. Facilities are given in certain cases to boys in the Upper School, who wish to dispense with Greek, to substitute some other subject. In the Modern, or Military and Civil Department, the course of study embraces:

Mathematics, English, Physics, Chemistry, French, German, Latin, History, Geography and Drawing. Boys are prepared for the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; for the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and other Examinations. The student can also receive private tuition in the Russian language, if desired.

The proprietary of the College consists of six hundred and fifty shares, which entitle their possessors to nominate one

pupil for each share. The minimum charge for education (including subscription to chapel, sanatorium, gymnasium, playground and library funds) is, for boys in the Junior Department, £19 14s.; and for boys in the Senior Departments, £31 per annum. The annual fee for a nomination, if obtained from the Council, is £3.

The charge per term for the use of the workshops, which is optional, is £1.



THE QUADRANGLE, FROM THE CLASSICAL END.



THE MUSEUM.

An important addition has lately been made to the numerous subjects taught—that of practical mechanical engineering. This department is under the charge of Mr. W. J. Stephenson-Peach, M.I.M.E., who has for some years past directed a similar work at Repton School with marked success. Boys can be taught the construction of steam and gas engines of all kinds and the various branches of electrical engineering. The machinery provided for the purpose is of the most recent design, and the training as thorough

ity of going straight from school, without passing through a technical school, to their apprenticeship in engineering works, I have no doubt but that this new departure will receive good support.

With regard to the out of school life at Cheltenham, I venture to say that the wonderfully organised system in all its departments, let it be either in boarding-house, or playfield, has no superior; indeed, I consider the splendid situation of the College, with its cricket ground at the rear, with its acres of smooth turf,



THE CHAPEL.

as in any engineering works. For this branch, I was informed, a tuition fee of five guineas per term is charged.

For a double fee, or ten guineas, the pupil may join a special class, which was formed for the first time at the beginning of this term, under Mr. Stephenson-Peach, for instruction in mechanical drawing and the theoretical work connected with engineering, as usually taught in the best technical schools, in addition to practical engineering.

As this will give the boys an opportu-

nity of going straight from school, without passing through a technical school, to their apprenticeship in engineering works, I have no doubt but that this new departure will receive good support.

The Gymnasium is a very commanding structure, with a frontage of over 200 feet. It includes two fine covered racquet courts, with dressing-room for cricketers and racquet players, as well as gymnasts, a splendid drill gallery, and an outside



gallery from which the matches are viewed. The excellence of Cheltenham gymnasts may be gathered from the fact that Cheltenham won three times in succession the shield presented for competition at Aldershot amongst all the public schools.

The workshops, including carpenters' benches for eighteen boys, and vice benches for twelve, with five turning lathes; the smiths' shop, with forge, anvil, &c., are situated just beyond the "gym;" and, farther again, I visited the Rugby fives-courts and the two Eton fives-courts.

Striking across the playing field from the latter point, I visited the swimming baths, which lie about 400 yards away from the College grounds, in the junior playground.

They are exceptionally fine, and claim to be the largest attached to any school, with a main pool eighty feet by forty, and four feet and a-half to seven feet deep, besides warm baths and neat dressing-rooms. The bath is confined to the use of the boys, the masters, proprietors, and old collegians, and the subscription for pupils is twelve shillings per term, the day boys, proprietors, and old collegians being admitted by ticket.

And what could be more charming than the daily life of the boys, who have in the great College the *alma mater* and ever-present focus of their common interest, and in their separate boarding houses the surroundings and friendships of distinct families! Indeed, the sentiment which makes "the College" the first object of their pride and affec-



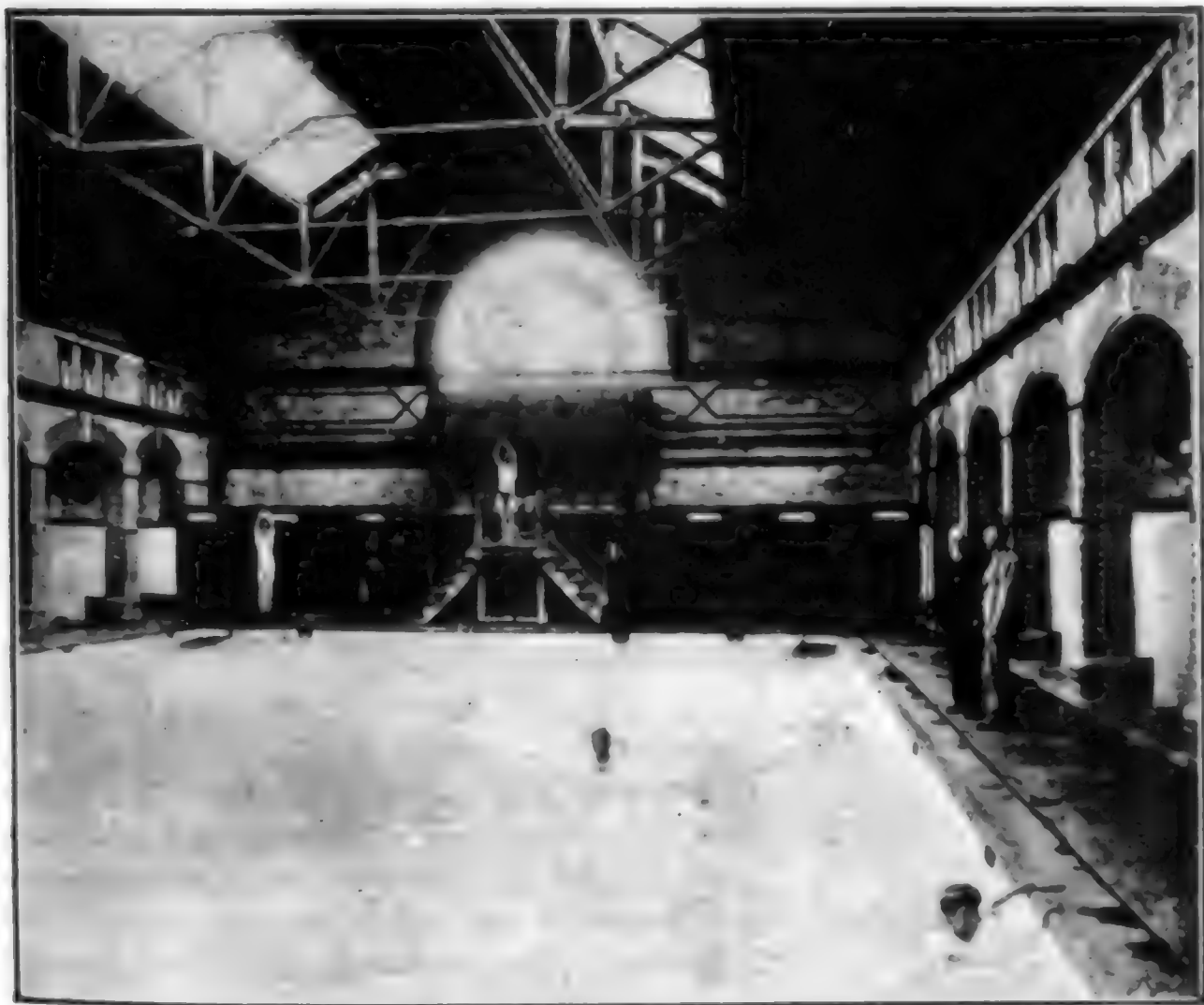
W. A. WOOF, CRICKET AND FOOTBALL COACH.

tion is subdivided amongst themselves into local patriotisms, which bring about the keenest and most healthy house-against-house rivalries, very much in the same way as every Greek boasted to the barbarians that he was

a Hellene, and to other Greeks set no less store by being a Spartan or an Argive, as the case might be.

In each boarding house there are exceedingly comfortable sleeping quarters for upwards of a hundred boys, in long dormitories, partitioned off into numerous cubicles, each with its clean white bed, its washing stand and chest of drawers, and bright red curtain across the entrance; a separate bedroom, in fact, in miniature.

From these comfortable quarters a



THE SWIMMING BATH.

great bell rouses the boys in the morning, and, after a brief space for dressing, another bell calls them down to prayers and breakfast. The unhappy individual whose toilet is not complete as the last sounds of that second summons die away, finds himself locked out from the breakfast hall, and only gains admittance to it after a brief but usually painful interview with the house-master.

At nine the boys converge upon the College from the boarding-houses scattered about the confines of the playground; and from then until the luncheon hour, when their black mortar-boards, with purple tassels, come streaming and jostling out of the great side gate once again, the fives-courts and cricket-ground and "gym" are empty and deserted. There is more school in the afternoon on four days in the week, and "preparation" for the next morning's work every evening. But the hours, on the whole,

are not unduly long, and nowhere is the necessity of play better understood, or more ample opportunities allowed for its healthy pursuit. Besides swimming baths and gymnasium and workshops, the Cheltenham boy has his rowing club at Tewkesbury, his range for practising that rifle shooting in which he has often shown his prowess at Wimbledon, his cricket and football, and, lastly, the fine free slopes of the Cotswolds for bird's-nesting and long rambles. If with all these manifest advantages, he does not manage to keep a healthy mind in a sound body, as the philosophers commended—to stock the first with discriminate learning and cultivate the highest excellences of the latter—it must surely be his own fault, rather than that of one of the most excellent as well as famous Colleges of our day.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.  
E. L. ARNOLD.



CHAMPAIN AT THE WICKET.  
A PROMISING PUBLIC SCHOOL BAT.





*Being  
Travellers'  
Tales  
of  
Strange Perils.*

By  
**C. J. MANSFORD,**  
B.A.,  
*Author of "Shafts  
from an  
Eastern Quiver," etc.*

III.—THEY-OF-THE-GREAT-GNEISS-CAVES.

"**M**USANBIE, on Mungo River, lies far east of the Cameroons," began Colonel Playdell; "between the two stretches a vast extent of land unexplored by Europeans, and there it was that I had a strange adventure with an African tribe which I am not likely to readily forget.

"It came about in this way. For reasons of my own, I had determined to spend some months in the place, and occupied a shanty built of bar-wood which stood close to the river's edge, and which a trader, by name Dixon, had assisted me to build.

"Towards sunset one hot afternoon, I was sitting under a verandah which I had added to the shanty to keep off the sun's overpowering rays, when I heard the splash of paddles striking the water. I stood up and looked across the wide sweep of waters (for at Musanbie the river, from bank to bank, stretches a couple of hundred feet or more) and, to my surprise, saw Dixon, the trader, propelling the craft, although I had understood he was away at Mbonjo. A minute more and the canoe shot close to where my own was lashed to some rough wooden steps, and Dixon landed. He slung his rifle over his shoulder and, with a leopard skin hanging from his left arm, he approached me as I stood there, waiting to welcome him.

"Before a word had passed between us I knew something was wrong as I glanced into the trader's face. Dixon was a great

thick-set man in the prime of life, who had roughed it in most parts of Africa and who had brought with him to Musanbie, a Kaffir boy, or servant, from the Transvaal, where he had previously lived for a couple of years.

"It does a man good to see a White," the trader remarked, as he settled into a chair opposite mine and flung the leopard skin down carelessly at his feet, 'especially when there is a difficulty about the natives.'

"I thought you went with Wantee,



"DIXON LANDED."

your Kaffir boy, to Mbonjo yesterday,' I said, not quite understanding the drift of his remark. 'What has happened to bring you back so soon?'

"You shall hear. Wantee, as you know, can handle a rifle as well as a spear, and we spent yesterday together in tracking down a leopard, which had made itself troublesome to the Duallas round Mbonjo. We came upon it unexpectedly as we were pushing through the matted tangle beside the river bed. Wantee was leading the way, and I followed in the beaten down track of the Kaffir, when suddenly the leopard sprang out and sent Wantee backward, his rifle being dashed out of his hand. The Kaffir was instantly pinned to the ground by the paws of the furious brute, which thrust its tawny head into his face as he caught the leopard by the throat and tried to throttle it. Over they rolled together in a mad struggle for the mastery, while I could do nothing to aid Wantee for fear of injuring, instead of helping, him. The leopard's tongue protruded red against its white glistening teeth as my opportunity came at last, and I dealt it a heavy blow with the stock of my rifle. The huge brute shook off the Kaffir's grip of its throat and sprang full

at me, with a howl of rage. I struck at it once more with the rifle as it fell crashing upon me and beat me down to earth, its fangs buried in my shoulder. Wantee sprang to his feet and, snatching up his rifle, fired at the leopard. The brute left me, staggered a few yards away, as if making for escape, then fell dead in the great river marsh among the high yellow reeds.

"I drew my hunting knife and, with Wantee's help, removed the leopard's skin, as you see.' He pointed to the pelt lying at his feet, then continued: 'With the leopard skin as a trophy, we began to make our way to Mbonjo, but had gone only a few steps when on every side the reeds rustled and, over their tall tops, we saw the heads of a band of natives such as I had not known before to exist in this part of the continent. Directly after, they closed about us in a circle, and I at once surmised that the report of Wantee's rifle had betrayed our presence there and brought us into still greater danger than we were in previously.

"Tall and muscular were the men, their complexion a deep black, their lips and nostrils flat and repulsive. About their right arms they wore heavy bracelets

of iron; their sole garment was a loin-cloth, smeared with red clay. Down to each man's waist almost, hung a profusion of black matted and stringy hair; but for this latter, they might have been subjects of the far distant Kavirondo chief, Selege. In their weapons, too, they differed, for, although their great shields were of shaggy, undressed buffalo hide, none of them carried spears. Instead of the common African weapon, each native held in his right hand a metal sword of a colour approaching bronze, the hilt being a cross-piece, it seemed, of elephant tusk.

"Baas," my Kaffir muttered, with a look of abject terror on his



"I CAUGHT UP THE KAFFIR'S RIFLE."



face which startled me, for Wantee's heart was as great as befitted his strength of arm: "we are lost! They-of-the-Great-Gneiss-Caves are our foes!" And, to my astonishment, he flung his rifle down and stood there with his great chest heaving as he waited for the death thrusts. I caught up the Kaffir's rifle and forced it into his hand.

"Quick! To the river!" I cried, and making a sudden dash through our enemies, reached the water's edge, Wantee following and the blacks pursuing us hotly as we broke through the reeds and leapt into the fast flowing stream.

"Swim! Swim for your life!" I cried to the Kaffir, as we were for a minute unpursued by our surprised foes; then, as we breasted the waters, I turned and saw that some of our foes were plunging into the stream, while others were thrusting a great canoe forward with a speed that made my hope of escape leave me.

"In a few seconds the canoe shot close to where I was swimming, and several of the natives leaped into the waters about me; I beat them off with my fists, and had got free, when one of those in the canoe reached over and flung his muscular arms about me from behind. I strained to the utmost to free myself from his grip, but, seized by the others who were in the water, I was overpowered and forced into the canoe. They held me fast in the prow, my face downward as I lay there prone. Crossing the river, they made for the same side as we are now upon. I was forced through the great swamp intervening until some thickly wooded tract was reached, where my captors passed the night. Wantee was not a captive like myself, and I concluded that he had either escaped or been slain.

"An hour before dawn the journey was continued, when, seeing what I thought was a chance to escape, I made the attempt; and beyond my own most sanguine expectation, I got away and hid in the forest undergrowth. When day came, the natives made a thorough search for me, and one of them was within a few yards of the spot where I was lurking. I saw him through the interstices of the deadwood, which hid me from his view, and yet he passed me without knowing it; when the search was ended, and the natives had gone away, I cautiously left



"HE FLUNG HIS MUSCULAR ARMS ABOUT ME."

my hiding-place, and guided by the sun, found myself on the river bank once more. I swam across and found Wantee's rifle lying in the reeds, together with the leopard skin, which I have brought you. From their presence I felt convinced that Wantee had not escaped, for he would certainly have made for the spot to get his rifle, if possible, before entering the village of Mbonjo. However, I made my way to the latter place; but, as I expected, Wantee was not there. The natives made a thorough search for him, at my request, but nothing came of it. I urged them to follow me and set Wantee at liberty, but the Duallas, as you are aware, are not a warlike race. Their chief at once refused; no one who has followed this strange tribe into their retreat, he declared, has ever returned. It was no use to lose the best men of his tribe fighting for a single Kaffir, he argued, and I came away.

"Did you find out anything concerning this tribe?" I asked the trader.

"Very little except that the Duallas know them by the strange name Wantee mentioned, and that they live in a series of great caves, such as one would expect to find in South Africa rather than here. They are spoken of with fear by the Duallas, who hint at a strange origin and stranger customs of the tribe. One important headman at Mbonjo declared that they belong to two great tribes which have intermingled. He gravely assured me that at some previous period the tribes found a great jagged underground passage, by which they marched almost through the breadth of the continent from Masai Land. He argued that

their language and features corresponded closely to those of the Masai and certainly I know that there is a curious resemblance. However, Wantee is a captive among them, and he must be rescued. I cannot leave the brave Kaffir in his enemies' power, and I am determined, if possible, to discover the truth of some of the Mbonjo statements.'

"'I think you will never return if you make such an attempt,' I replied gravely, the danger of such an enterprise being manifest.

"'That may or may not be,' he answered. 'I came to you with one object in view, which is, I want you to help me to set Wantee free. You told me once that you understood the Kavirondos' strange dialect; if what the Duallas say is correct, you can be of great use in the matter. A few elephants' tusks may be sufficient to effect the Kaffir's release. I must lose no time in starting. Wantee's life depends on an hour or two, perhaps. Get your rifle and join me.'

"I hesitated considerably, but at last Dixon persuaded me to help in his plan. Drawing on my hunting boots, which reached to my knees, and were necessary in traversing the sweeps of alternating marsh and forest, I fastened a good supply of ammunition across my shoulder in the modern way of carrying it, and finally reached down my rifle from where it was upon the ledge within my hut. In less than an hour from the time when the trader came to my shanty, we started on an expedition the result of which was stranger than I had even conjectured.

"Leaving Musanbie at sundown, we struck in the direction of the far distant Cameroons, and, knee deep in the swamp about us, we pushed steadily on, arriving about midnight at the great belt of forest land of which Dixon had spoken. There, for a brief space of time, we flung ourselves down to rest,

then continued our way through the forest. Round us on every side, an impressive silence reigned, broken at times by the hoot of a night bird or the gibber of a startled bat, as it brushed against our faces with its clammy wings and was gone. Great shadows hung about us, save where the moonlight broke through the interlacing branches overhead and flung its rays in white, fantastic shapes that seemed to flit before us and then disappear, each time a cloud covered up the moon.

"Dixon suddenly caught me by the arm.

"'See!' he whispered; 'someone lies at the foot of that tree.'

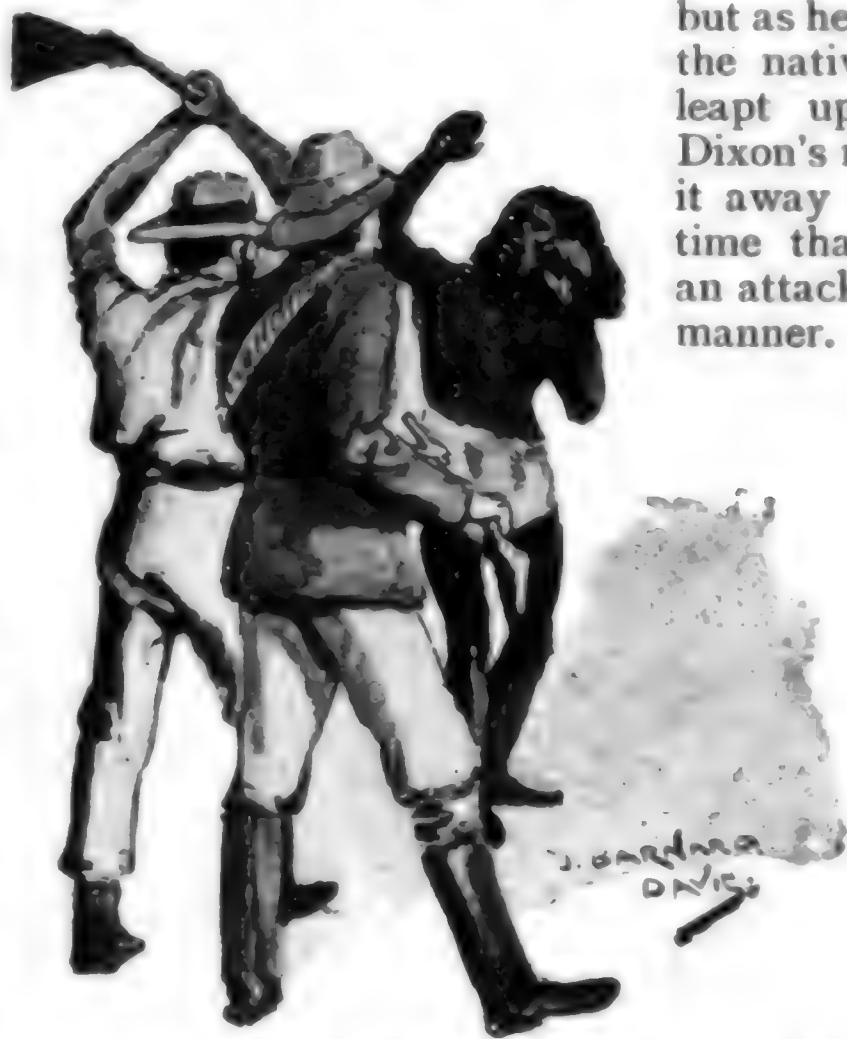
We halted instantly and getting into the shadow, discussed for a minute the advisability of a further advance till daylight came. Then we decided to get a closer view of the native outpost, as we considered him to be, and cautiously approached from tree to tree. I saw that the native was one of those whom Dixon had already described. He was awake, although his great shield lay at his side and his weapon beside it. No others were near him, and, without further delay, we struck into the forest once more, when a sound of crackling deadwood caused us to stop and glance round.

"'We are being followed!' I muttered to Dixon, when, as I spoke, something whizzed past my head.

"'Get into cover!' Dixon cried hastily, but as he turned to lead the way, the native who was in pursuit leapt upon him, and seizing Dixon's rifle, attempted to wrest it away from him, at the same time that another native made an attack upon me in a similar manner. I got my rifle free, and

stood for a minute, facing my enemy, when Dixon suddenly thrust himself between us, and striking the native a blow with his rifle stock, sent him heavily to the ground, where he lay motionless.

"'The other has unfortunately escaped,' my companion said, as he saw that I was un-



"DIXON SUDDENLY THRUST HIMSELF BETWEEN US."



injured. 'If the natives come upon us here, there will be little chance for us. We had better get away as quickly as possible. We must go on, for to retreat would probably bring us among more of them; I fancy we are on the outer verge of the forest.'

"Dixon's surmise was correct, for soon afterwards we struck some clear ground which sloped upwards for a considerable distance; then we found our advance stopped by a precipitous cliff. We threw ourselves down in the long tawny grass and peered over. Below we saw a great sweep of water, stretching far out to where a towering mass of gneiss rock rose gently from the water's edge.

"The tribe whose chief we are seeking occupies the caves in that rock,' said Dixon. 'The mass itself is about five hundred spear-casts in length, according to the Duallas. The strange part of the affair is that, although dawn has come, there are no natives about there. If we could get over to the rock itself, our attempt to save Wantee would soon be decided one way or the other.'

"I had given Dixon my word not to abandon the affair whatever transpired; but I made ready to climb down the great cliff with a feeling that we were both throwing our lives away by seeking for Wantee in the midst of a hostile and strange tribe. I slung my rifle across my shoulder and, following Dixon, slowly and painfully climbed down the face of the cliff. At times we stopped, and, clinging with our hands to one of the jagged projecting pieces of rock, we glanced at the irregular mass of gneiss from over our shoulders, expecting each minute to see the natives emerge and to discover us as we hung there to the wall of rock full in view.

"Nothing happened, however, and on reaching the base of the cliff, we found ourselves upon a narrow beach of white shingle, where were several canoes. We hastily pushed one into the water, and paddled it across the lake. Still we were unobserved, and, finding our landing unopposed, we slowly made our way up the gneiss rock.

"I'm afraid the Duallas are mistaken as to where the tribe we are seeking dwells,' said Dixon to me thoughtfully: 'there seems to be no signs of life here.' He had hardly spoken when I saw, a little to the right of us, an irregular fissure, which seemed to have been hewn out of the

solid rock. It was not more than four feet in extent either way, and I had scarcely pointed it out to Dixon when we became aware of hundreds of a like kind. We chose one that seemed a little larger than the rest, and, bending down, made our way through the narrow passage in the rock. On we went, groping our way in the pitchy darkness, expecting each second to be seized. The jagged, tunnel-like hole twisted and turned several times, seeming to lead us downward, especially when we had advanced some little way, when the descent was so abrupt that we had to lie down and work ourselves forward on hands and knees.

"Gradually the darkness gave place to a flickering light, which showed itself in the distance and lit dimly the narrow way. At last we reached the end of the passage, whereupon Dixon, who led the way, rose and, as I emerged, held up a warning hand.

"Here!' he whispered: 'crouch down here, or we are lost!'

"He drew me behind a great boulder, lying among many others on the rocky floor, and from where we peered cautiously out upon the strange scene before us.

"High above our heads the roof of a great cave rose in a rough arch, broken in countless places by long masses of glittering quartz of mica and of feldspar, which hung down in irregular prisms and glowed in rainbow tints as they caught up the light from the flaring torches below. From the cave itself others stretched away as far as our sight could reach, and each was filled with the swarthy natives we had come upon in their retreat.

"Lying upon a couch of leopard skins, some distance before us—for we were at the extremity of the first cave—we saw, outstretched in death, the body of the chief, for so we learned eventually it was. At the head of the dead sat two women, the oldest and the youngest of the chief's wives, their elbows resting on their up-drawn knees, their half-clenched hands supporting their chins, as each watched the faces of those who were gathered in an excited horde a few yards from them. With the exception of a cleared space some twenty yards square, and which was kept by the women of the tribe who held aloft the torches I have mentioned, the natives crowded the cave, some standing on scattered boulders in the far off parts of it. Each tribesman grasped his sword and shield;

the women, save for their pendulous breasts, did not differ materially in appearance from the men, although they bore no arms.

"In the centre of the cleared space lay the great shield of the chief, and, even as we watched, forgetful of our own perilous position, the elder of the two crouching women rose and pointed with her bony finger at the shield.

" 'Mosiro, the chief, has been bewitched to death!' she cried, with a malignant glance at the braves about. 'Who claims his shield, his wives, his tribe? To the strongest are all three!'

"Without another word, the native woman, whose every lock was white with extreme age, sank down into her former position, and watched the faces of the tribesmen.

" 'A strange custom, to choose a new chief in this way,' I whispered to Dixon, as a great hush came over all those in the cave at the woman's words.

" 'The ways of every African tribe are always strange to us Whites,' he answered. 'Usually the wives of a dead chief are slain; I wonder why these two women by Mosiro's body still live!'

"In answer to the challenge, amid a sudden outburst of noise, a young headman stepped into the vacant space, and, handing his own shield to the woman who held the nearest torch, he bent down as if to raise the chief's shield, when another headman pushed his way through the throng and demanded it! There was no greeting for him such as the other received, although both Dixon and I tacitly agreed that the second comer was the stronger

of the two, whatever his skill in fighting might be.

"Again the aged crone rose and cried: 'Mosiro's shield lies there; first Masima claims it; then Gwaso asks. A shield is for one, not two; let them decide; he who lives is chief!' and again she crouched down. Masima quickly turned, and, taking his shield from the woman who held it, advanced upon Gwaso, who armed himself

in like manner. Both the headmen held in their right hand a sword such as those used whom we encountered in the forest. Instead of fighting with the weapon in the usual fashion, however, they held it as if grasping a spear, as they watched each other over the tops of their shields.

"Warily they moved round in a ring almost, continuing this for several seconds, when suddenly Masima

thrust his weapon at Gwaso, who caught it on his shield and aimed a blow in return, which the former with difficulty warded off. Again and again they closed and more than once wounded each other, while the rest of the tribe looked on almost breathless with excitement, for both the headmen were remarkably skilful, and tried every thrust and feint each knew in order to win the combat. Fiercer grew the

taunts of the braves to each other when, unexpectedly, Masima twisted his foe's weapon from his hand, and sent it with a ringing sound upon the rocky floor of the cave.

" 'Masima! Masima!' cried hoarsely those who watched, for there was little chance for the other to regain his fallen weapon. Gwaso flung down his protecting shield, and sprang upon his foe, wrenching his weapon from his hand, and



"BACKWARD AND FORWARD  
THEY TUGGED."





"'I AM CHIEF!' CRIED GWASO."

attacking him with it, while the rest ceased to shout at this strange change of the combat. Down on one knee stooped Masima, covering himself with his great shield; but his foe dropped his weapon, and laying both hands on the protecting shield, struggled to get it from him. Backward and forward they tugged, each holding grimly on till at last Gwaso got possession of the shield, flung it aside, and getting his great black arms about his enemy dragged him to the earth.

"'Gwaso shall be chief!' cried several of the men of the tribe, and I saw the younger of the dead chief's wives cover up her face as Gwaso forced his foe's head over his own knee - and then my limbs trembled for a second at the horror of the thing that happened, for Masima's neck gave way with a snap, and he was dead!

"'I am chief!' cried Gwaso, taking up the coveted shield and holding it aloft in full sight of the



"'SHE SHALL NOT DIE SO!' SAID DIXON."

rest: 'Swear by this shield, ye of the Gneiss Caves that, as in all things ye followed Mosiro, so now will ye obey me, Gwaso, even to slaying yourselves at my word.'

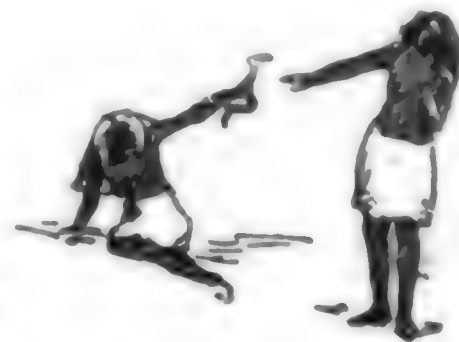
"Through the cave the answer came from each one assembled there. They raised each the right hand and arm adorned with the iron bracelets of the tribe and cried:

"'At Gwaso's lightest word, we live or die; we of the Gneiss Caves swear it!'

"One strange thing we noticed, and it was that neither of the wives of the dead chief Mosiro had taken the oath; Gwaso saw it too, and moved to where they still crouched. As the new chief advanced, he addressed them and they both rose; what he questioned them we could not hear, but the answer came back distinctly through the cave to us,

"'Great Gwaso, hear me!' the older woman cried, 'Mosiro lives no more and his wives, save we two, have been slain. As is the way of our tribe, to us is given the gift to choose between the new chief and death. The men of our tribe are warriors; the women too know not fear; we have not sworn to obey thee, for Lurli and I will not live since Mosiro is dead. See *this* is our choice!' She stooped and from some litter of yellow reed, such as grew where Dixon had been attacked, as he had told me, the woman drew forth something that writhed and twisted as she held it. We saw it circle around her wrist as she held by the neck a snake spotted yellow, which strove to strike Gwaso as he stood there.

"'Let it strike!' he cried to her, 'let the thing that gives death slay thee.'



"The crone held the snake to her bosom, as its fangs caught her again and again; then, as though she knew not pain, the

woman, still grasping the snake, held it out to Lurli. The other, covering her face with one hand, stretched out her right hand blindly for the fatal snake.

"'She shall not die so!' cried Dixon, forgetting everything else in the excitement of the moment; and, instantly levelling his rifle,

he fired at the crone holding out the snake.

"That moment saved Lurli's life, although it betrayed our presence in the cave. As the other, who held the snake, flung up her arms and fell with a great cry, we made a dash for the passage by which we had entered the cave, but only to find a native holding the way with his shield before him. In a moment, some of those who were in the cave overtook us, and we were seized and disarmed; they dragged us back until we reached the spot where the chief, Gwaso, stood, and glancing at us in surprise, he asked:

" 'Who are ye that have slain one, and prevented the slaying of another?' Dixon tried to explain matters, but, although Gwaso seemed disposed to listen, his subjects prevented this. One of the men after prostrating himself, rose and addressed the chief.

" 'They have seen how we of the Gneiss Caves choose our chief, and have entered where never white men came before. Let them die and Lurli with them.'

"Gwaso stood for a moment deciding our fate, then gave our captors some order. We were forcibly removed from the chief's presence, and hurried to a dimly lit opening; through this we were thrust, and, on being released, found that we were not alone, for Lurli, the woman whom Dixon for a time had saved, was with us. She drew apart from us, and seating herself at the far end of a small but irregular cave in which we were, glanced at us almost in awe.

"Going to the entrance of the cave, I was driven back by several armed natives, and, returning to Dixon, we carefully examined the place in which we were prisoners. The walls of gneiss gave no promise of escape; the roof was a solid mass of rock; over the floor of the cave were scattered boulders such as we had seen in the greatest cave of all. We could find no outlet except that which was guarded, and escape that way, we knew, was impossible.

"Hour after hour passed as we waited for our doom, when, happening to glance where the native woman sat, I saw a boulder move; she noticed it too, and, flinging herself on her knees, struggled to drag it from its place. Before we reached the spot, the boulder was moved away, and we saw the head and shoulders of a native emerge into the cave. He drew

himself up, as Lurli, with a glad cry, recognised him. He pointed downward, and instantly the woman passed by the way the native had come. He quickly followed her, while Dixon and I, thinking escape might be possible in that direction, lowered ourselves into what was a narrow passage in the rock. For a few yards we crawled onward, then the passage became wider and higher. The native stopped for a minute and kindled a torch of some dried plaited reeds, and, holding it above his head, he went on, Lurli at his side and Dixon and I following them closely. Suddenly our guide stopped and, bidding us wait, thrust the torch into Lurli's hand; he passed down the passage and out of sight, and there we remained expecting his return. Each minute that we were detained in this way seemed a year, as we glanced back and wondered if our escape from the cave had been discovered. We heard the sound of naked feet striking on the stone flooring, then saw, not one but two men approach; the first was the native who had left us, the second was Dixon's Kaffir, Wantee, in search of whom we had entered that strange place.

" 'Baas,' the Kaffir answered to my companion's question which he hurriedly put, 'you save Lurli; Gneiss native try to save us.' Not another word was spoken as we continued on our way until at last it opened upon the face of the great rock itself, and apparently on the opposite side to that by which we had entered.

"Lurli went first, followed by Wantee, the Kaffir, while Dixon and I followed them, the native coming last. We found ourselves on a narrow ledge of rock, above which the gneiss on that side rose sheer upwards. Glancing down, I saw that the waters of the lake lay far below, at a distance that made me grow dizzy as I looked. We went in single file along that narrow way, and so little space for footing was there at times, that we turned our faces to the perpendicular rock, and, lifting our hands, pressed them against the gneiss as we moved forward, nor dared again to give one glance at the abysmal depths below. Narrower grew the ledge, narrower still, and the perspiration streamed from every pore in my body as each moment I felt less and less rock beneath my feet.

"A breath of wind would have sent us all headlong to the jagged base of the rock below, where the waters of the lake tum-



bled in a feather-white foam and raised a dull-roar that reached our ears. The early dawn had come by the time we were making our way by that frail hope of escape, and I could see the anxious look upon the native's face when, for a space, we stood together at a part where the ledge widened for a few yards.

"'Below the path as it runs down lower and lower to the water, ye will find a canoe,' he said abruptly; 'enter it and wait till I come!' He removed the shield from where it had hung behind him, suspended from his shoulders, and pointed for us to pass on. Without questioning the reason of this, we went on once more, and found the rocky ledge began to slope rapidly downward and to grow wider. Quickly we descended and, getting to the beach, saw a canoe, as the native had

stated. We placed Lurli in it, while, with Wantee's help, we quickly drew the canoe from shore.

"High up on the narrow ledge we saw the native—and then we understood the reason of his delay! His quick ear had caught the sound of the men of his tribe in pursuit, and that we might get safely away in the canoe, he had remained to drive them back from the ledge. From where our canoe was we could do nothing except look on at the mad daring of the native, for our rifles had been taken from us in the Great Gneiss Cave. With his shield before him, he held the ledge, a little way from where we had halted, and, upon the latter part, just where the rock widened, were a number of natives eager to force the way. They thrust at him with their weapons and, rushing forward, tried



"THEY THRUST AT HIM WITH THEIR WEAPONS."

to beat him down from the ledge with their heavy shields. The native, who was a brother of Masima, whom Gwaso had slain in the combat for the chieftainship of the tribe, was a man great in limb and muscle. He caught each weapon on his shield as he avoided the deadly thrusts, and the clash of his shield against that of his foremost foe sounded sharp upon our ears. Hard pressed as he was, he never swerved nor retreated, although to keep the rocky ledge against a tribe was impossible, as well he knew.

"Suddenly some of the native's opponents saw our canoe out on the waters of the lake, and, raising a loud cry of wrath, they pressed more furiously still upon him. He saw the canoe also, and, flinging his shield upon his foes, turned and ran along the ledge for a few yards, then leaped sheer down to the depths below !

" 'He will strike on the rocks,' I cried to Dixon, as we saw the native's body hurling through the air, while the others stood looking fearfully down. We saw him cleave the water just beyond the surf, and, as the body rose to the surface, we thrust the canoe forward and pulled the native on board. He lay quite motionless and we thought him dead until, as we quickly paddled across the lake, he became conscious.

" 'Not there !' cried Lurli, as we made for the opposite shore, intending to land and pass through the belt of forest by which we had come : 'the river way !' and she pointed north of the lake. Forward we forced our canoe and all our

strength was needed even then to effect our escape, for less than a hundred yards behind we saw pursuing us a native canoe, the men in which cried out to us to stop our flight. On our craft sped, Lurli herself taking a paddle and helping us in that race for life. We found the head of the river where it joined the lake, and still we sped onward, the pursuing canoe following fast behind us and seeming to draw nearer to us. Then for a time, it ceased to gain upon us ; we plied our paddles more determinedly still, and at last we began to increase the distance between the canoes. Our enemies, seeing this, gave up the pursuit, and turning their canoes about, returned to their tribe. We had escaped !

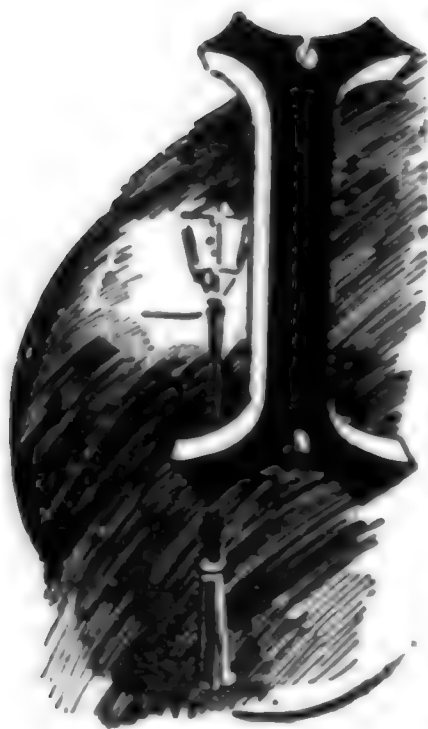
"The stream we were upon ran into the main river eventually, not far from Mbonjo, which village we reached late that afternoon. There the native, accompanied by Lurli, hastily left us, and we afterwards learnt that they had joined one of the tribes dwelling about there. Had Masima won in the strange contest which we witnessed, then Lurli would have been restored to this native, from whom, indeed, the chief Mosiro had taken her, as the Kaffir managed to find out during his unwished-for stay among the Gneiss Cave tribe. The chief was certainly not bewitched, but among such tribes any who do not die in battle are said to perish at the hands of someone who works evil upon them." And there Colonel Playdell finished the account of his singular adventure.



# *Revelations of a London Pawnbroker.*

*No. 5.—The Mystery of Hiram J. Slagg.*

By PAUL SETON.



It was the week before Christmas and, in spite of the nearness of the festive season, a dull, dreary, depressing time. Taking it altogether, it had been a disastrous year, not only for this country but the whole of Europe. An unwholesome spring had been followed by a miserably wet summer, and death had

reaped a rich harvest amongst the highest and noblest in the land. Wretched crops, an unprecedentedly large number of bank failures, persistent rumours of war and an unsettled condition of politics generally had reduced trade to the lowest ebb, and, as a natural consequence, the Metropolis was suffering severely. Money was exceedingly scarce; the bank rate was higher than it had been for years; bread was at almost famine prices, and the outlook was undeniably gloomy in the extreme.

I was sitting in my office, toasting my toes in front of the fire—for the weather was bitterly cold—and taking a mental survey of the black twelvemonths now rapidly drawing to a close. It was not a cheerful retrospect, for, like all other classes of the community, the pawnbroker has to take his share in the sufferings entailed by the prevalence of bad times. It is a common delusion and, like so many of its kind, absolutely without foundation, that "mine uncle" thrives and waxes fat on the misfortunes of others, and that his prosperity increases in exact proportion to

the misery of his fellow-creatures. There never was a greater libel. Hard times spell disaster to the pawnbroker just the same as they do to other folk, and he is never so satisfied as when his customers are flourishing and prosperous. This may seem an anomaly, but it is perfectly true. During periods of commercial depression and consequent hardships his money gets tightly locked up, his goods become unsaleable, there are fewer redemptions and therefore fewer profits, while all the time his expenses, always heavy, go on precisely the same, fixed and irreducible.

The short and wintry afternoon was fast merging into evening, and I was still gazing pensively into the fire, and pursuing the same train of melancholy thought, when I was interrupted by the unexpected advent of a gentleman who had quite recently become one of my best customers—Mr. Hiram J. Slagg, of New York and elsewhere. Mr. Slagg was a typical self-made American—practical, cute, incisive, self-opinionated and good-natured. In fact, for a millionaire, as he was commonly reputed to be, he was one of the best-dispositioned men I have ever come across. His previous visits to me had not been for the purpose of raising money but of spending it, and he had been the one bright particular star that had illumined my financial horizon during the sombre year now ending. He had been a large and liberal buyer of jewels, pictures and works of art, of which I always held a heavy stock, and he had laid out with me, in less than three months, considerably over twenty thousand pounds. Of course, such a customer was to be treated with no small amount of consideration and respect; but it had pleased Mr. Slagg to extend to me on more than one occasion the honour of

his hospitality, and our relations had gradually and almost unconsciously assumed an easy familiarity on both sides that was, perhaps, somewhat unusual between buyer and seller, but which was none the less pleasing to me on that account.

Mr. Slagg was not long in disclosing the object of his call, it being nothing less than a solemn invitation to dinner that evening at the Langham Hotel, where he was stopping, for the express purpose of inspecting a valuable antique inlaid writing-table of remarkable design, which he had that very afternoon purchased under the hammer at Christie's for a sum which would have been a fortune to a poor man. Mr. Slagg was a red-hot enthusiast in everything relating to the fine arts, and, unlike most of his countrymen, was a by no means despicable judge in such matters. Consequently, when he informed me that this table was an exquisite and unique piece of workmanship of the rarest beauty, he appealed to a tender spot in my constitution, as he very well knew, for I, too, was a devotee at the same shrine, and a passionate admirer of articles of vertu of every conceivable kind. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and at half-past seven I walked into the hotel with my mind full of the antique table, to the almost total exclusion of all thoughts of the repast at which I was shortly to assist.

The table was certainly a magnificent and rare production in the very highest style of art. Mr. Slagg had in no way exaggerated its beauty, and we spent half-an-hour in a most pleasant manner examining and admiring its various points. During the progress of dinner, our conversation was chiefly, if not solely, confined to the same topic, and dessert found us still engaged in an animated discussion as to the probable period of its manufacture—a discussion that was only brought to a close by one of the waiters handing a card to my host, with an intimation that the gentleman was waiting below in the smoking-room to see him. Mr. Slagg turned the piece of pasteboard over in his hand reflectively, and knitted his brow as though endeavouring to recall something that might have slipped his memory. Finally he shook his head.

"No," he said at length to the waiter,



MR. SLAGG ASSISTED HIMSELF.

"I don't know him. Say that I'm engaged to-night and cannot see anyone. He can call in the morning if he likes."

"Very well, sir," replied the man respectfully, and he departed to deliver his message. Somehow—I am sure I don't know why—neither of us seemed inclined in any way to renew the conversation after he had gone. Mr. Slagg assisted himself in silence to another glass of Madeira, and I performed the same office for myself, substituting sherry for the heavier wine. After a few minutes the waiter returned with a note, which Mr. Slagg perused with a darkening frown upon his face.

"Very annoying," he muttered to himself when he had finished; "tell him I'll see him directly." Then turning to me, he said apologetically, "I must ask you to excuse me for a short while. There is a stranger below who wants particularly to see me on some urgent matter. I sha'n't be long. In the meantime please make yourself quite at home." And, with a gesture of impatience, Mr. Slagg rose and left the room, to interview his unseasonable visitor.

Half an hour passed, an hour, two hours, and still I remained alone. I finished dessert, smoked a couple of cigars, again inspected the writing-table, read the *Evening Standard* from beginning to end, and yet my host failed to put in an appearance. At last, in desperation, I rang the bell, and enquired if he was likely to be much further detained. To my unspeakable



surprise I was informed that he had left the hotel hurriedly considerably over an hour ago, in company with another gentleman.

"Did he leave no message?" I asked, in utter astonishment.

"None whatever, sir," was the reply, and with it I was fain to be content. I waited another half-hour, smoked another cigar and drank a whisky and soda, and as it was by this time midnight, and it seemed useless staying any longer, I took my departure, mentally praying that if these were usual American customs, I might evermore be delivered from the infliction of any additional specimens.

The next morning, though still feeling a bit sore at my treatment of the previous evening, I called at the hotel to make enquiries, and received the astounding intelligence that Mr. Slagg was still away, not having returned all night. The officials expressed themselves as utterly unable to even conjecture the cause of his continued absence, the more so as he was noted in the hotel for his regular habits. It was, they admitted, very strange. But there were yet stranger events in store. Mr. Slagg did not turn up until the end of the week, and when he did at last appear, his face was so heavily bandaged that little could be seen of it save the eyes. He had met with an accident, he said, and that was all the explanation he vouchsafed. He was too good a customer to have his word doubted, and so the hotel people very discreetly held their tongues and said nothing, although, probably, like the monkey, they thought all the more on that very account. He sent a polite letter round to me, written in a very shaky hand, which I naturally attributed to his accident, excusing himself for his apparent discourtesy towards me on the night of the dinner, and trusting that I would not consider him guilty of any intentional rudeness, adding that his friend—he had styled him a perfect stranger, I remembered, at the time—had matters of great moment to communicate on which he had found it necessary to act without delay. I cannot say that I considered all this any too satisfactory, but there it was, and, after all, it was none of my business. If Mr. Hiram J. Slagg had any skeletons in his family closet, which he was desirous of keeping from the public gaze, it was certainly his affair, not mine. And so the matter rested.

Christmas week was ushered in by a

blinding fall of snow, the heaviest in five-and-twenty years, so it was said. Towards dusk on the Tuesday it ceased, having snowed uninterruptedly for nearly sixty hours, and the atmosphere, which had been somewhat warmer during its fall, again became bitterly cold. I was just thinking that there wasn't much chance of an improvement in trade while this sort of weather continued when my manager suddenly entered the room with a curious look on his face.

"Well, Mr. Oliver," I said, rather testily, I'm afraid, for I wasn't quite in the best of humours, "what is it now? No more 'ringing the changes' this time, I hope"—this being a cruel allusion on my part to an occurrence of the preceding day, when he had foolishly allowed himself to be robbed of some valuable jewellery by the process known as "ringing the changes."

"No, sir," he replied, colouring; "but I thought you would like to see this watch. Unless I'm very much mistaken it's one that Mr. Slagg used to wear: if it isn't it's as perfect a facsimile as can well be imagined."

He handed me a handsome gold chronometer as he spoke, with the initials, "H. J. S.," richly enamelled in colours on the back, and which I had no hesitation in pronouncing to be the same that Mr. Slagg was in the habit of wearing every day. I was, of course, considerably surprised, and enquired how it came into his possession.

"A gentleman in the front shop wants to borrow fifty pounds upon it, sir," answered Mr. Oliver; "and as he has given some very unsatisfactory replies to my questions as to its ownership, I asked him to wait while I spoke to you personally. It occurred to me that as you know Mr. Slagg so well you might like to ask the gentleman some questions yourself."

"Certainly," I returned promptly; "I will go and do so at once." But it is one thing to propose and another to execute. When I arrived at the scene of action the gentleman had already vanished, leaving the spoils of war behind in the shape of Mr. Slagg's watch. I turned to my manager with a laugh:

"I imagine this little affair will be worth quite a twenty-pound note to you, Mr. Oliver. The watch has clearly been stolen from Mr. Slagg, and as it must have cost him a hundred and fifty pounds at the least, he is not likely to offer you less for

having recovered it for him so smartly. I'll go up to the Langham after we've closed and take it with me. What sort of a man was it that brought it? Would you know him again, do you think?"

"I think so, sir. He was a tall, yellow faced man, with heavily-waxed moustaches, and two eyes that didn't look as if they were a pair. Yes, I think I should know him again anywhere."

"Good. I dare say our friend, Mr. Bennett, will easily manage the rest, if Mr. Slagg decides to prosecute, which I don't for a moment suppose he'll dream of doing. Hurry along with the accounts, please: I'll be off as soon as we've balanced."

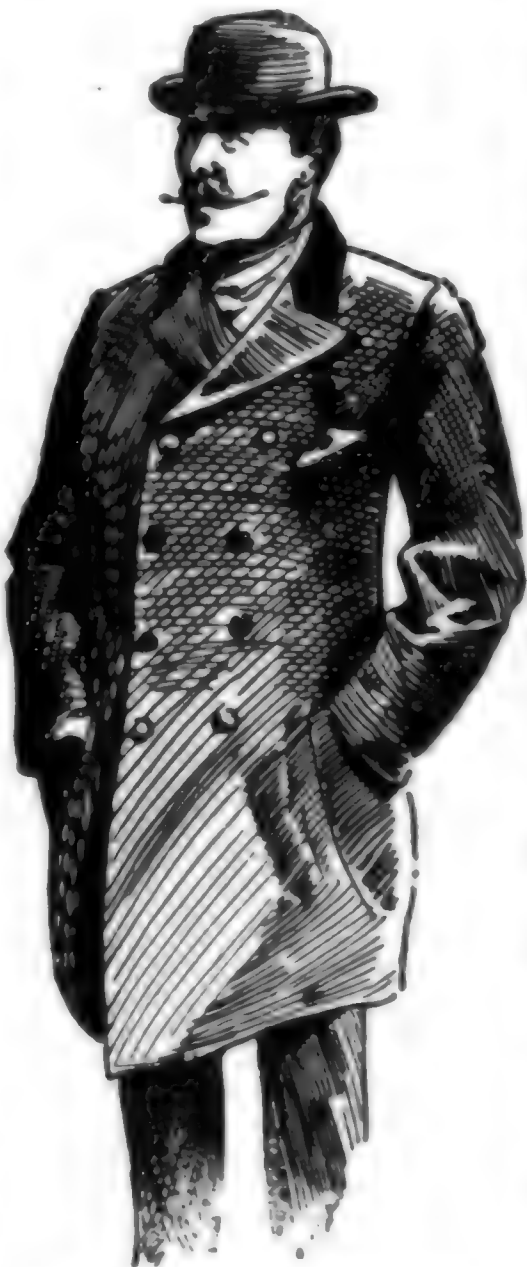
It certainly was a terrible night to be out in. The streets were heaped high with piles of frozen snow, and the keen east wind was blowing half a gale, cutting against one's face with merciless persistency. Not a cab was to be had for love or money, and only those people were abroad who had business or duty to perform. Although the Langham was not such a great way from my place of business, it took me some little time to get there, walking being a most difficult and even dangerous undertaking. However, I managed to get to my destination in safety at last, only to be confronted with the totally unexpected intelligence that Mr. Slagg had sailed the previous day from Liverpool for New York. This was such astonishing news to me, knowing as I did that he had affairs in London to attend to which could not be satisfactorily concluded under a fortnight at the very soonest, that I inquired if they were sure there wasn't some mistake. No, they were quite sure. He had secured a cabin in the *Aurania*, had taken his available luggage with him, and had left peremptory instructions for the sale of all his other belongings—including the antique writing-table, the purchase of which seemed, in some mysterious way, to have brought him ill-luck—by auction, at the very earliest period possible. It was perfectly certain that

Mr. Hiram J. Slagg was even then upon the stormy Atlantic, and his almost priceless collection of curiosities and articles of vertu was to be sold for whatever it would fetch, without the slightest reserve, in the very worst part of the dead season! It seemed nothing short of sacrilege.

I left the hotel pondering these strange proceedings in my mind. The night, dark enough before, in all conscience, had now become positively black, and the snow had commenced falling heavily again. Habituated as I was to the neighbourhood, I found it no easy matter to keep my feet in the right path, and in foolishly endeavouring to take a short cut home, I suddenly discovered that I had, for the moment, lost my way in some of the not too reputable streets to the east of Portland Place. It was in passing through one of these, particularly distinguished for its bad lighting and evil associations, that my progress was arrested and attention attracted by a faint cry, followed by a brief and hurried conversation, which was brought to an abrupt termination by the sharp banging to of a street door. Then all was still, and the matter would have troubled me no further had it not been for the irre-

sistible impression that I had heard one of the voices before. Its peculiarity was perfectly familiar to me, being an unmistakable Yankee twang, modified by a fashionable English lisp—the very voice, in fact, that I had been accustomed to regard as the exclusive property of my millionaire friend, Mr. Hiram J. Slagg. But then Mr. Slagg was, according to all accounts, at that identical moment engaged in crossing the herring-pond on his way to New York, so it could scarcely be. Yet, at the same time, I could have sworn —

Crash! I had incautiously stepped upon a lump of frozen snow, and had in consequence sat down heavily upon the pavement, the shock causing the hitherto dark street to appear brighter in my eyes than the Crystal Palace on a fireworks night. A good



"A TALL, YELLOW-FACED MAN."



Samaritan unexpectedly appeared in the midst of this unwonted illumination, and carefully assisted me to my feet again; furthermore adding to my obligation by sedulously brushing away the snow which I had unwillingly accumulated during my seat on the flags. I was about to reward the man with a small coin, when he gave a short, peculiar chuckle, and remarked:

"Never mind, Mr. Stephens. You can remember me some other time if you don't mind. Are you going straight home now?"

It was my old acquaintance, Inspector Bennett, of Scotland Yard, by all that was great! The celebrated detective was muffled up to the eyes in an immense overcoat and still more immense scarf, and I should never have detected his identity had he not chosen to reveal it of his own free will. Of course, I expressed my surprise at finding him abroad on such a weatherbeaten night, to which he responded with one of his usual quiet grins.

"I'm looking out," he observed by way of explanation, "for an ingenious gentleman who has just perfected a most artistic scheme for the spoliation of Marlborough House. He's hanging out in this street, and I'm going to take him, alive or dead, before to-morrow morning. But you'll excuse me for remarking that it's rather a rum sort of night for you to be out yourself."

The snow was coming down with blinding intensity, and it was as much as I could do to keep my companion in view. I was on the point of telling him that I had something of importance to communicate, but this was neither the time nor place, when he suddenly darted from my side. I had a blurred and indistinct vision of two men struggling violently together. Three or four burly forms grew out of the surrounding blackness as if by magic, there was the sound of a heavy fall and the clinking of steel, and then Bennett was standing in front of me once more, panting and somewhat out of breath, but as calm and collected as if nothing unusual had happened. And it now dawned upon me for the first time that the ingenious gentleman had been captured, that the burly forms were none other than officials of the law under Bennett's able command, and that the clinking of steel which I had heard was nothing else than the fastening of the prisoner's wrists with the ominous handcuffs. And so, indeed, it turned out.

"And now that little affair's over," remarked Mr. Bennett in his most cheerful manner, after I had duly offered my congratulations, "I think we might indulge in a little refreshment. Besides, I want to ask you a question or two about your American friend, Mr. Hiram J. Slagg, if you've no objection."

I involuntarily shivered as the name passed his lips. Then there was something wrong in connection with the New York millionaire! I made no opposition to Bennett's proposal, being anxious myself to tell him all I knew and to invite his opinion thereon, and so it came to pass that in the course of a few minutes we were sitting in the snug private bar of the Golden Lion, one of the most respectable houses in the locality, each with a glass of steaming hot spirits, the very odour of which was grateful in the extreme to the senses after our exposure to the inclemency of the black and bitter winter's night without.

"So I understand that Mr. Slagg has quite unexpectedly taken his departure from this country," said Mr. Bennett at length, sipping slowly and deliberately meanwhile at the fragrant compound before him, and speaking in a low tone so as to avoid being overheard. "Seems to have made up his mind quite in a hurry, don't you think?"

"The whole business is most extraordinary," I exclaimed impulsively, and in a higher key than prudence dictated. And then, dropping my voice at a timely hint from my companion, I proceeded to narrate the remarkable incident on the night of the dinner, the curious attempt which had been made that afternoon to pledge the watch, and finally the strange coincidence of the voice which I had heard immediately before my sudden and unpremeditated resolution to sit down on the pavement. To all of this Bennett lent an attentive ear, and in reply to my rather eager enquiry as to what he thought of it, merely shook his head doubtfully, and promptly ordered our glasses to be replenished. My acquaintance with the marvellously keen and quick-witted man who sat before me, quietly puffing away at a cigar of brobdingnagian proportions and strength, had extended over such a lengthy period that I was by this time pretty well accustomed to his sometimes apparently eccentric habits and behaviour. I accordingly abstained from any further questioning, and waited

patiently for him to express his opinion when and how he thought fit. Meanwhile he smoked silently and solemnly on, only pausing every now and again to reflectively contemplate the huge clouds he continuously emitted from his lips with an air of pensive abstraction. At last he bent over the little table that separated us, and said in an undertone:

"What sort of a man was it that brought the watch to your place this afternoon? A tall, sallow-looking man, with pomaded moustache, and a squint in one of his eyes—eh?"

I nearly let my glass fall in my surprise at this realistic description. It was identical with that given to me at the time by my manager. Truly, nothing seemed hidden from this wonderful man! No marvel that his name was a veritable terror to evildoers, not only in the Metropolis, but throughout the length and breadth of the land. I suppose my face was a tolerably correct index of the state of my mind, for, without waiting for my reply, he went on.

"It's rather a funny thing, isn't it, that you should have been present when we dropped down on him so neatly just now?"



"WHAT SORT OF A MAN WAS HE?"

That's what some good people would call a bit of retributive justice, I take it," and Mr. Bennett laughed a pleasant little laugh that was full of quiet enjoyment although it was subdued.

I had often before, in my dealings with my astute companion, experienced that feeling of utter helplessness which soon develops into a condition of such passive expectancy that the most unheard of and incredible things appear the most commonplace and natural occurrences in the world. I was now rapidly arriving at this stage, so I lighted a cigar and remarked, nonchalantly, that it was rather funny, to be sure, but nothing when you were used to it. I am perfectly well aware that the remark must have sounded supremely ridiculous, but, for the life of me, I couldn't think of anything more appropriate to say on the spur of the moment.

"Yes, it certainly is a rum start," continued Mr. Bennett, after a slight pause, during which he thoughtfully stroked the side of his nose with the moist end of his cigar, "and it's my opinion there's a precious sight more in the background than we've any notion of just at present. This Mr. Slagg seems to be an uncommonly curious sort of individual, and as for that voice—well, we must get at the owner of that somehow. Wonder when the knick-knacks are going to be sold. Hulloo! what's that?"

There was a noise of breaking glass, succeeded by a hasty shuffling of feet, in the adjoining compartment, and Bennett leaped up instantly and peered eagerly over the partition. It was empty, but a smashed tumbler, together with its seemingly untasted contents, bore evidence to the recent precipitate departure of its former occupant. Bennett rushed to the door and gazed long and earnestly up and down the now deserted street, but without result.

"Bah!" he growled, angrily; "we've been done. Someone has followed us here and listened to all we've been saying. I ought to have put a man at the door to watch, but it's such an awful night that I didn't think it worth while. Anyhow, it's too late now. Let's get out of this, and I'll have the blessed street overhauled to-morrow and see what that'll do."

And so we parted, Bennett to make his way discontentedly back as best he could to the "Yard," and I to return home and cogitate further over the events of the



evening with the assistance of another cigar and a bottle of old Pomard.

The supervention of the holidays, combined with the execrable weather, prevented my seeing anything more of Bennett for the next week. But I learnt, through the medium of the papers, that his prisoner had been charged the following day at Bow Street, and formally remanded for the production of further evidence. And I also learnt, from the same source, a startling item of news which set me thinking harder than ever, if possible. It was as follows:

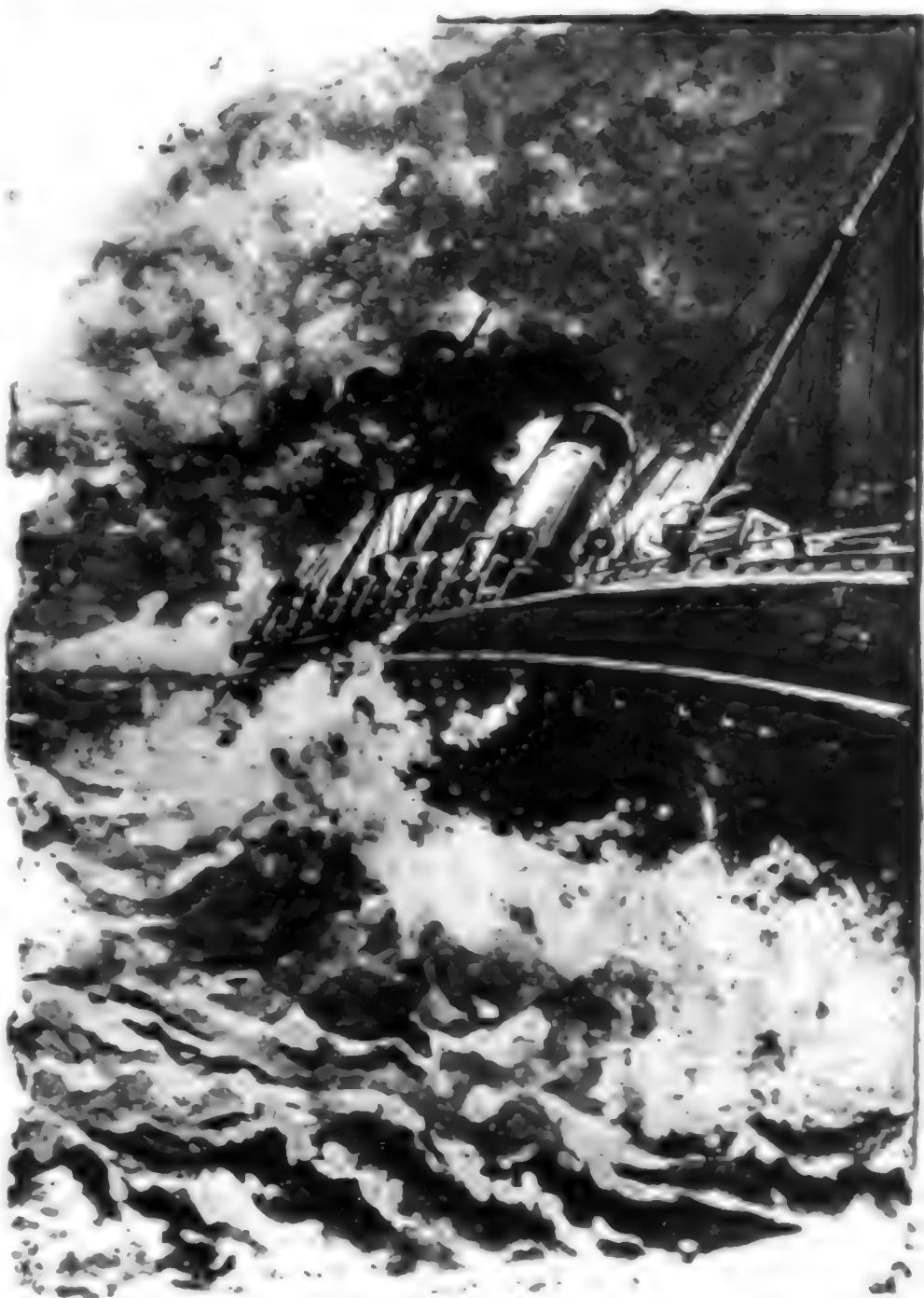
"New York, December 31. The *Aurania* arrived yesterday from Liverpool with a broken shaft. She reports fearful weather in the Atlantic. On the fifth day out one of the saloon passengers, Mr. Hiram J. Slagg, the well-known millionaire, was washed overboard by a heavy sea, which was running so high at the time as to preclude all chance of rescue."

It may easily be imagined that this surprising intelligence made me anticipate with the utmost eagerness an early visit from Inspector Bennett, but that gentleman might have departed this life altogether for any sign he manifested so far as I was concerned. I fretted and fumed inwardly over his protracted absence, and was unspeakably relieved when, as the last few hours of the dying year were fast closing in amid a whirlwind of snow that had already attained to the dignity of a full-blown blizzard, he entered my private room and, with a brusque, "Rough day, isn't it?" seated himself in front of the fire and spread out his hands before the blaze to thaw.

"Well," I said rather impatiently at last, having waited some considerable time in vain for him to speak. "What's the news? I've been expecting you every day for the past week. I suppose you've heard about the accident on board the *Aurania*?"

"I have," he replied slowly, with his gaze still fixed on the centre of the fire, "and I'm very sorry indeed for the poor girl. She was a brave one, anyhow."

"The poor girl!" I exclaimed in bewil-



"ON THE FIFTH DAY OUT."

derment. "What poor girl? I didn't know there was any woman mixed up in the case at all."

"I mean the unfortunate but plucky girl who jumped into the sea from the deck of the *Aurania*, in order to prevent, as she thought, any further trouble to Mr. Hiram J. Slagg at the hands of the police."

For some moments I failed to grasp the full meaning of what I had just heard, and then suddenly the terrible significance of Bennett's words began to break in upon me. Could it really be possible? I turned a face full of anxious interrogation towards him, which was not altogether without its effect, for, having by this time partly succeeded in thawing his congealed blood, he shifted his chair round, so as to directly confront me, and, raising his eyes to mine, he said:

"Mr. Stephens, you and I have been engaged together in some very curious cases, but in many respects this is by far the most remarkable of them all. I must confess that at present I have not arrived

at what seems to me a satisfactory solution of the mystery which envelopes Mr. Hiram J. Slagg. Perhaps, when I have given you all the points which I have obtained in the course of my enquiries, you may be able to suggest that explanation which up to now has eluded all my efforts."

I shook my head emphatically at this highly improbable event, and Bennett continued :

"What I have really gathered during the past few days amounts to this. Some years ago ——"

"Stop a minute," I interrupted hastily. "Is this a very long story?"

"Not particularly," responded Bennett, with a smile. "But why?"

"Because I should like you to sample this fresh consignment of Burgundy which I have just received. It is supposed to be the choicest of its kind procurable. This is New Year's Eve, and we'll drink to the prompt unravelment of the mystery of Hiram J. Slagg."

My companion raising no objection to this, I speedily proceeded to put my proposition into effect. The wine was tasted with due solemnity and pronounced excellent, and then Bennett, lighting the largest cigar I had upon the premises—I knew well, from past experience, his partiality for big cigars—commenced his astonishing and momentous narration.

"You must know, then," he began thoughtfully, slightly varying his opening, "that Mr. Slagg has for some considerable time past enjoyed on both sides of the Atlantic the reputation of being an exceedingly wealthy man—a sort of multimillionaire, in fact. He made no secret of how his wealth was acquired; indeed, had he been so disposed, it would have been next to impossible. Some years ago," here Mr. Bennett reverted to his original opening, "Mr. Slagg was a miner in the newly-discovered gold-fields of California, and it was only on his return to New York that he purchased a fine house in the most fashionable part of the city, and commenced his career as a liberal patron of the fine arts. Then he came over to Europe, where he was a large buyer, and, if report speaks truly, Mr. Stephens has no reason to complain of him in that respect."

I nodded acquiescence, and Mr. Bennett continued :

"About two months ago a singular thing

occurred at the central bureau of the New York police. A woman entered the office one morning and demanded a private interview with the chief. It was granted; and she then proceeded to denounce the absent millionaire as the murderer of his former partner at Rafferty's Run some five years previously. The police in all countries are proverbially slow in believing accusations, more especially of a serious character, against persons of wealth and position; but this woman's tale was so circumstantial and direct that the authorities, however unwilling, had no option but that of moving in the matter. Her story briefly was this. Slagg, before his sudden accession to riches, had a partner whose name, curiously enough, was Stagg, and Slagg and Stagg were as well known in Rafferty's Run as you and I are in London. They didn't seem to get on very well, however, for Stagg was a lazy, dissolute fellow, and, to tell the candid truth, Slagg himself, at that time, didn't appear to be much better. Their quarrels were incessant and notorious, and one night they culminated in a fearful row in their hut. In the morning Stagg had disappeared; and Slagg gave it out that they had mutually agreed to separate, and after settling up their holdings, Stagg had departed in the early dawn, without imparting a single hint as to his ultimate intentions or destination. In the semi-civilised community of Rafferty's Run such things were by no means uncommon, nor were they considered in any way peculiar, and so the explanation was generally credited, or, at any rate, no one thought it either necessary or wise to openly express his disbelief. After this occurrence, Slagg, according to all accounts, rapidly went from bad to worse; got drunker and more quarrelsome every day, until he at last became a perfect nuisance to everyone in the place. It was in the midst of an unusually protracted and violent drinking bout, even for him, that a letter arrived which had the unexpected effect of sobering him all at once. The following day, he announced that he intended taking a short holiday in order to attend to some pressing private affairs, and there was much joy in the camp accordingly. Some of the boys were hardened enough to audibly indulge in the hope that he would never return; but their pious wishes were doomed to early disappointment, for, in the course of a few weeks, Slagg made his reappearance among them triumphantly, but with one important



difference—he was an entirely changed character. As time slowly passed away it was seen this was no mere flash-in-the-pan, but a positive and tangible fact. Slagg, from being a noisy, lazy, disreputable skunk, had settled down into a quiet, hardworking, steady man, whose marvellous pluck and no less marvellous luck, became the pride and conversation of the community. At the end of three years' successful labouring he suddenly came upon the richest vein in the whole district, the like of which has never been equalled, before or since. At one stroke he was transformed from a rich man into a millionaire, to the joy of the few and envy of the many. Of course he gave up mining; made tracks for New York, bought a fine house and set up for a lord."

At this point Mr. Bennett paused to relight his cigar, which had gone out during the progress of his narrative, and I availed myself of the interval to refill both our glasses. There were one or two questions that I was dying to ask, but I concluded to hold my peace and wait for the end of the story.

"Well," resumed Mr. Bennett, "that was all right, and things looked booming for Mr. Slagg. But there was trouble

ahead, and as usual it came from a woman. It seems that this man Slagg had a sweetheart in New York, one Isabel Burton by name, who was about as determined a bit of femininity as one would wish to meet with in a day's march. She never believed in the story of Slagg's disappearance for a single moment, and stuck to it stoutly that her man had been foully murdered by Slagg. However, as she hadn't anything better to go upon than her own suspicions, no one paid much attention to her ravings for justice, and so she just had to content herself with sending a letter to Slagg which nearly frightened him out of his wits, and caused his abrupt departure from Rafferty's Run for a season, during which it is charitably supposed he employed his leisure time in repenting of his sins and making good resolutions for the future. For my own part," continued Mr. Bennett reflectively, "I must admit I'm rather sceptical as to these sudden reformations in downright bad men. Good men gone wrong may, and often do, change the current of their lives and turn again to paths of respectability, but then the goodness has been there all the while—not dead, but only squelched for a season. However, that's neither here nor there. What is certain is this, that when Slagg came to New York and set up in style with a superb mansion, handsome carriages, expensive horses and a whole army of servants, all the old bitterness revived in Isabel Burton's breast, and being, as I have said, a woman of extraordinary determination, nothing would satisfy her but that she herself should go down to Rafferty's Run and see if she could not find something out on her own account. And she did, too, by Jove."

"Ah!" I could not refrain from exclaiming at this juncture, my pent-up curiosity seeking its natural outlet in speech; "and what did she discover?"

"Quite enough to go on with," replied my companion with irritating deliberation. "Underneath the floor of Slagg's old hut she found a skeleton with a bullet-hole in its skull. That might have been got over, but as they moved it a bullet rolled out of the hole which was instantly identified by a score of men as having once belonged to Slagg. Seems that before his reformation Slagg was uncommonly fond of carving little devices on anything he could lay his hands on, including his bullets, and this peculiarity being well known, the affair



MADE HIS REAPPEARANCE AMONGST THEM.

now assumed such a suspicious appearance that the New York police found themselves no longer able to resist the demand for further inquiry. It was therefore resolved to have Mr. Slagg watched during the remainder of his stay in England, and, if anything fresh transpired in the interim, to procure his arrest on the capital charge."

"And something did transpire, then?" I hazarded in my eagerness.

"Something did transpire, certainly, and here the romantic part of the story comes in. I needn't say it refers to another woman. Slagg, during the latter part of his stay at Rafferty's Run, was instrumental in saving the life of a girl named Rose Mason under peculiarly dangerous and exciting circumstances. Rose not unnaturally manifested her gratitude by proceeding forthwith to fall over head and ears in love with her deliverer, who, of course, being a man, remained in sublime ignorance of the tender feeling he had thus created. When Isabel put in an appearance at the Run, Rose smelt danger at once, and followed her about all over the place like a veritable sleuthhound. As soon as the skeleton was discovered Rose hastened to New York, the better to watch the progress of affairs; and directly she found out the police were really bestirring themselves in the matter, promptly took ship to England, determined to save her hero or perish in the attempt. Poor girl! She did her best according to her lights, and well deserved a better fate."

"Yet I don't quite see—" I began, hesitatingly.

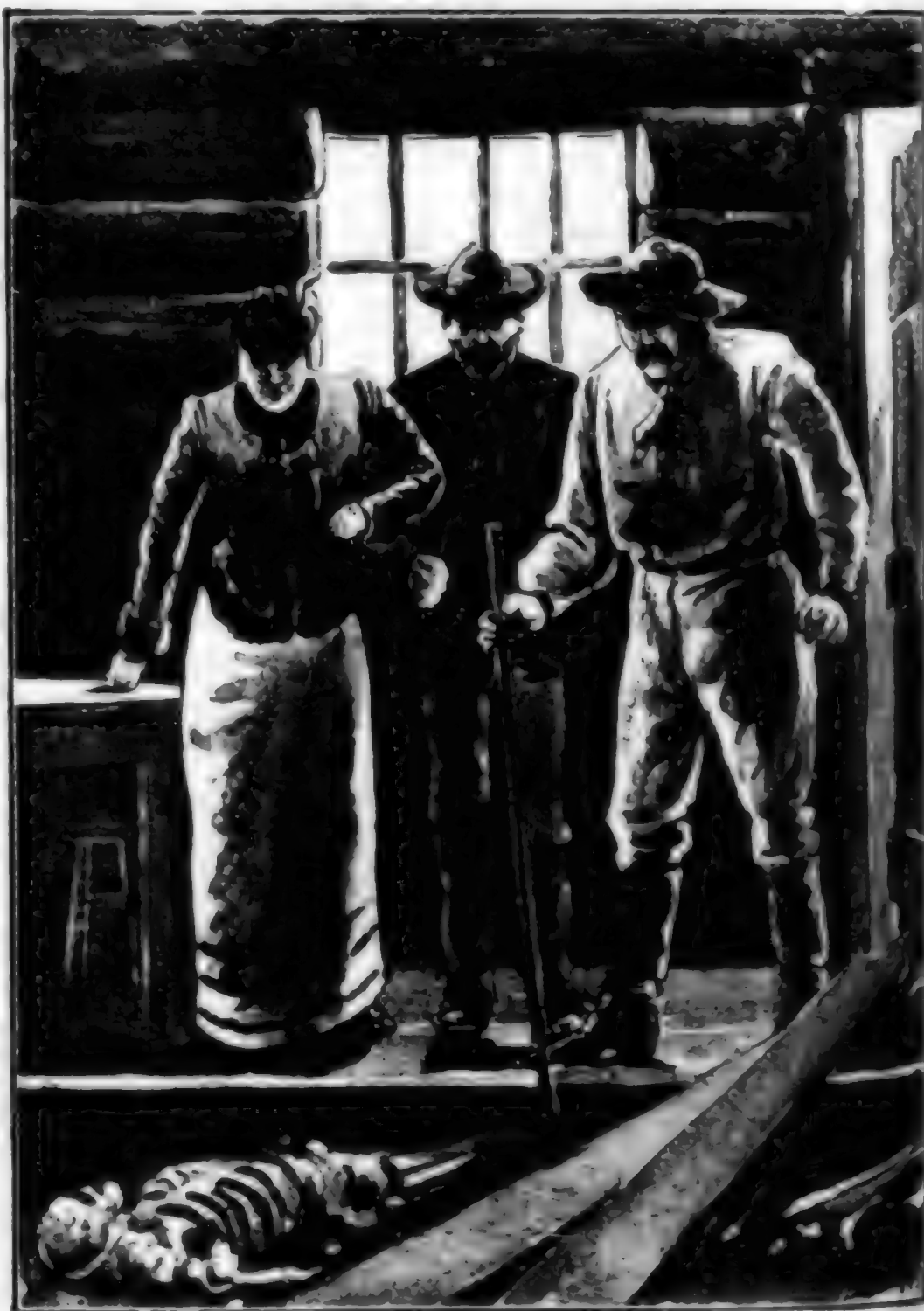
"No, and you never will see," interrupted Mr. Bennett testily, "unless you allow me to finish in my own way. The girl, I say, came straight to London, attired as a man—not such a difficult undertaking as you might at first imagine for a girl brought up as she had been—and called on Mr. Slagg at the Langham the very night you and he happened to be dining together. It is here where we break down for the first time, for we have absolutely no in-

formation as to what became of Mr. Slagg and the girl after they left the hotel. All we know for certain is that when a week has nearly elapsed the girl turns up again with her face bandaged, and passes herself off successfully as the millionaire, settles his affairs so far as may be, books a passage to New York in his name in the *Aurania*, and then, when the vessel is nearing her destination, jumps overboard, and—well, yes, I believe that's about all."

And Mr. Bennett threw away the stump of his cigar, and directed his gaze with great earnestness to the fire once more.

"But," I objected, "so far as this jumping overboard is concerned it is all pure surmise on your part. It may very well have been an accident, after all. You didn't see the actual occurrence, you know."

"No," retorted Mr. Bennett grimly, "I didn't, but then one of my men did, and even tried to save her, but wasn't in time."



SHE FOUND A SKELETON.



"What!" I exclaimed, my astonishment completely gaining the better of my politeness, "you don't mean to tell me you had one of your everlasting emissaries on board that steamer, do you?"

"Certainly I had," was the unmoved reply. "You see the authorities on the other side didn't deign to avail themselves of our services at the 'Yard,' but sent over a couple of what they were pleased to style their smartest officers, who lounged about the Langham all

day and sampled all the whiskies within a two-mile radius at night, but who had no more idea they were shadowing a girl on board the *Aurania* than—than a private detective has when he is making a fool of himself."

And this simile striking Mr. Bennett as being peculiarly apposite, he indulged in one of his customary internal chuckles and assisted himself to another cigar.

"But," I persisted, "I don't see how the girl's suicide can ultimately benefit Slagg, if he is really guilty. Do you know if he has made any attempt to leave England?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I may say I am sure. But the mischief of it all is that we've got the beggar fast enough who could throw a considerable amount of light on the case, but he resolutely refuses to open his mouth."

"You mean the man who tried to pledge the chronometer?"

"Precisely. He's an American, too, and I fancy Slagg and he must have had some dealings together before this affair of the watch. The job I've got him for, however, is a projected burglary at Marlborough House, and, of course, I don't



"BUT WASN'T IN TIME."

connect Slagg in any way with that. I may say that I had the whole street where you heard the voice thoroughly overhauled the next day, but I was too late. The bird had evidently flown."

There was a long silence after this, during which Bennett puffed away steadily at his cigar, and I meditated curiously on the strange tale which I had just listened to. At last I observed, by way of saying something:

"I suppose the man you thought was spy-

ing upon us at the Golden Lion must have followed you in the hope of hearing what you had to say about the capture of your burglar just before."

"I don't think so," replied Bennett quickly. "I rather fancy it was you that he followed. Don't you remember it was immediately after I had said we must find the owner of the mysterious voice, somehow, that he upset his glass and fled?"

"Ah! to be sure," I assented. "I had quite forgotten that."

"I have an idea," remarked Bennett reflectively, "that the owner of that voice was not very far from us at the time. If your supposition is correct, I've a notion he imagined you might have discovered his identity, and so followed, in order to find out, if possible, how much you really did suspect. Mind you, I don't say it was so, but I've known stranger things happen."

At this moment my manager entered, with the intelligence that a Mr. Thompson was in the front shop, and wanted to see Mr. Bennett very particularly.

"Show him in, Mr. Oliver, if you please," said my companion, jumping

up and rubbing his hands gleefully. "You'll excuse me, Mr. Stephens, I know; but I'll be bound the fellow's got a clue at last. Well," he continued, as Mr. Thompson entered the room, brushing the snow from his hat. "What's the news now? Discovered the lost end of the thread, eh?"

"Well, sir, I can't go quite so far as that," replied the man respectfully, "but I've found Mr. Slagg, at any rate."

"You have!" exclaimed Mr. Bennett, with satisfaction visibly depicted on his face. "Then I'll be bound we're not far from the tail of the string anyway. And where is he, after all?"

"At the Middlesex Hospital, sir. Down with brain fever and an injured leg."

"Ah! I told you those hospitals ought to have been seen to before, but never mind. You've done exceedingly well. Has he been there long?"

"Rather better than a week, I believe, sir. He's sensible now, only most extraordinarily weak."

"We'll go and see him at once," said Mr. Bennett with decision; and, without another word, we turned out into the howling storm, and made our way, as best we could, to the hospital.

It was a melancholy figure our eyes rested upon in the ward that dismal New Year's Eve. The head had been carefully shaven, and the razor had not spared the long, silky beard. There was a nasty gash across the forehead, and the absence of the two front teeth, which caused the peculiar lisp in the voice, was especially noticeable. But the most striking alteration of all was the pronounced obliquity of the eyes—a scarcely observable defect hitherto, but which the removal of the hair had brought into great prominence. I noticed Bennett start as his glance fell on

the worn face before him, and I was not surprised. I involuntarily started myself.

The half-closed eyes opened at our approach and a convulsive tremor passed over his frame.

"My God! oh, my God!" he feebly moaned; "what have I done to deserve all this? Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy! see what you have brought me to!"

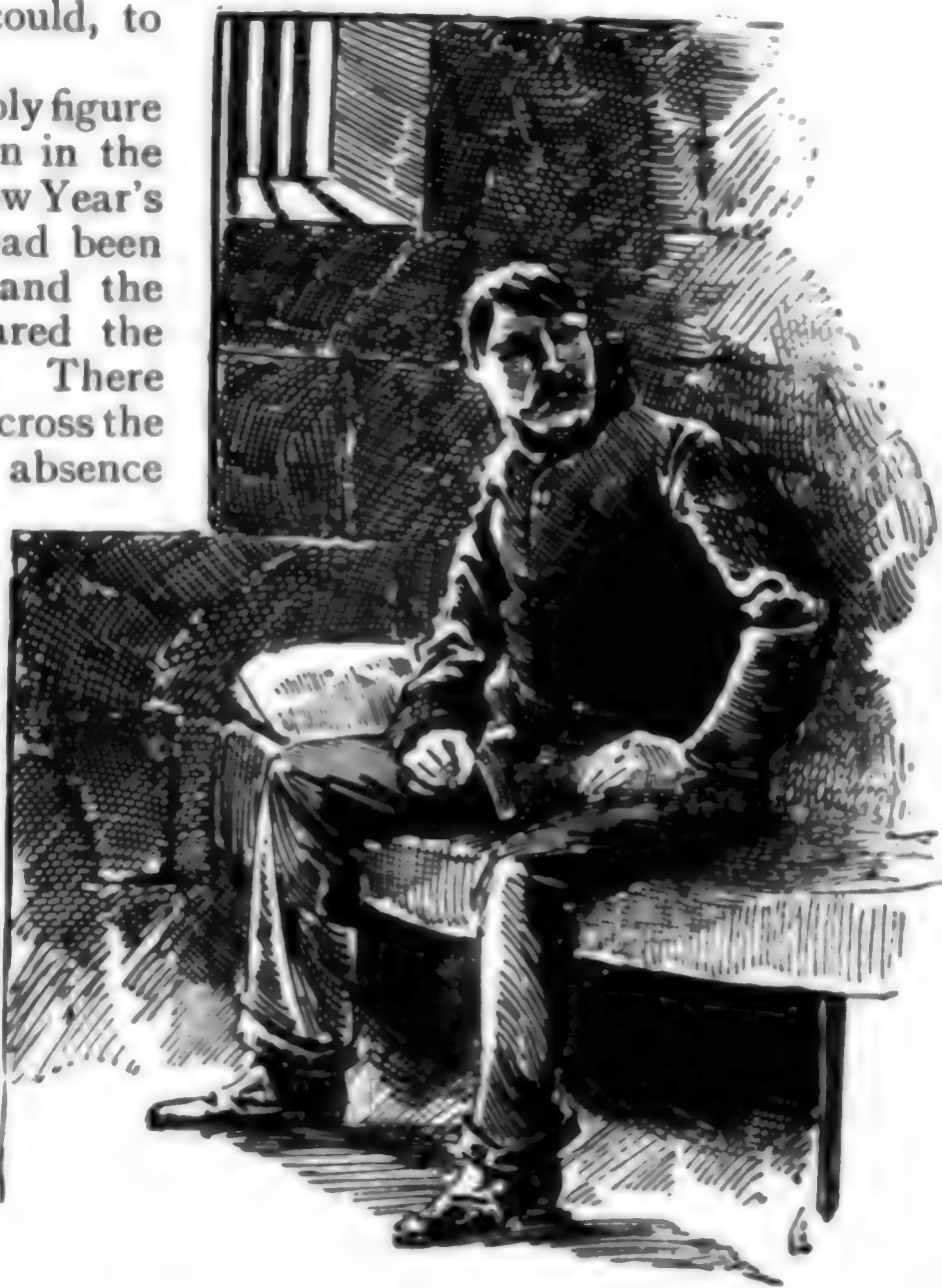
The nurse touched me on the arm immediately.

"I think you had better retire, sir, for the present. The doctor's orders are very strict, and I am not to allow any excitement whatever."

We silently withdrew in obedience to this command, but there was an unusual glitter in Bennett's eyes, which betokened that he had made an important discovery even in the brief time we stood by the invalid's bedside. As soon as we were outside the gates, he put his arm in mine, and hurried me rapidly along in the very teeth of the gale itself. Talking was out of the question; and I was not sorry when we came to a halt at last, in front of a heavy, sombre building, whose grim and massive portals proclaimed it one of those

cemeteries of human hope—a prison.

Bennett entered, and, shaking the snow from his clothes, spoke a few words in an undertone to an official, who nodded in return, and, picking up a huge bunch of keys, beckoned us to follow him. After traversing a long, dimly-lighted corridor, our conductor suddenly paused; a door swung gently open at a touch from his experienced fingers, and we found ourselves confronting a tall, yellow-faced man, with heavily-waxed moustaches and a very perceptible squint. I had no trouble in



SEATED HIMSELF ON THE EDGE OF THE BED.





THAT PLUCKY LITTLE GIRL ROSE.

identifying him from my manager's description as the man who had attempted to pawn Mr. Slagg's chronometer. He scowled diabolically at Bennett, and, seating himself on the edge of his bed, compressed his lips firmly, with a look which was obviously intended to show that he had made up his mind to utter never a word. Bennett surveyed him for a minute or two without speaking, and then said quietly:

"Reginald Fortescue, or, rather, to call you by your proper name, Hiram James Slagg, you may as well give up this useless contest. I have seen your brother, and I tell you frankly I now know all."

Two large blotches of curious hue appeared slowly in the centre of the fellow's cheeks and gradually spread over his face. He clenched his fists so tightly and gnashed his teeth in such extremity of rage that I should have entertained fears for Bennett's safety had it not been for the stalwart warder standing close behind him. Then all at once his manner changed, and, folding his arms across his chest, he said in a surly tone:

"So you mean to say my chicken-hearted brother has rounded on me at last, eh? Well, he always was a mean skunk, so I'm not surprised. S'pose I'd better let up on the whole job now, hadn't I? Lighten my sentence a-bit, maybe. But I won't

have any witnesses," he continued, nodding viciously in my direction. "Send that man away, and let the turnkey stand outside, if you want me to tell you what I know."

"Mr. Stephens," said Bennett, half apologetically, "would you mind stepping into the Governor's room for a short while? The turnkey will show you the way. I'll join you directly I've finished with this little business here."

But it was upwards of an hour, though, before Bennett made his appearance.

Directly he entered the room I could tell by the expression on his face that he had got to the bottom of the mystery of Hiram J. Slagg. He approached the fire and threw out his hands in front of the cheerful blaze, remarking as he did so that this certainly was an exceedingly curious world."

"I can see you have solved one enigma in it at any rate," I observed, with a smile.

"Well, yes," he replied, tapping his breast as he spoke, "it's all here in writing, but who would have thought it likely a couple of hours ago? The moment I saw poor Slagg at the hospital, minus his hair, I detected the likeness between him and our prisoner, and I wasn't long in arriving at the conclusion that they were brothers. I played that little card on Master Jimmy with tolerably tidy effect, I reckon, for it's all out of him now. Of course he shot Stagg, but he sticks to it hard and fast it was done in a regular stand-up fight, and wasn't his fault. When he received that fiery epistle from Miss Isabel Burton he got fairly funk'd right down to his boots, and rushed off to his brother with the whole story; and his brother, being a big, soft-hearted fool, volunteered to return to the Run and take his place, for they were as alike as two peas in those days, I'm told. As for Jimmy—he's the real Hiram J., you know; the other's only Ebenezer T.—he came straight over to England, where he set up as a swindler with considerable success, only writing to his brother now and again for money when luck went dead against him. When that plucky little girl Rose turned up at the Langham with the news that Hiram J. was wanted the other side the unselfish fellow started off without a moment's delay to warn his rascally relative, but the night being excessively treacherous he slipped and fell just as he arrived at his brother's residence, cutting his forehead and face very severely, besides

injuring his leg. It was useless for him to think of returning to the hotel in that condition, and so Rose, at the suggestion of the other, consented to personate him for a while until he got better, but when she found that the police were really on the trail, that the hotel was incessantly watched and the man she loved very likely in peril of his life, she took a sudden mad resolve to throw them off the scent and so started for America. We can only guess what passed in her mind on board the vessel, but she was a good little girl, and God rest her soul. On the night we nabbed his precious brother Slagg saw you and hobbled out in pursuit to find out, if possible, whether you had recognised him at all. Running away from the Golden Lion, he slipped and still further injured his leg, and being shortly afterwards discovered by a kindly neighbour in a state of high fever, help was procured and he was conveyed to the hospital where we found him. That's the complete story,

and it's about as singular a one as I have met with in the whole course of my not altogether circumscribed experience."

We both sat looking at the fire reflectively for some time after Bennett had finished his strange tale. At last I lifted my head and enquired what was likely to be the ultimate fate of Hiram J. Slagg.

"He'll get twenty years, for certain," replied Mr. Bennett promptly, with much satisfaction.

And that's precisely what he did get, too.

"And the writing-table?" the reader asks. "Have you nothing to tell us about that?"

I'm afraid I haven't, except this: that it now occupies the post of honour in my study, and that this identical tale has been indited on its lovely surface, the beauty of which I am never tired of admiring.

"And your Ebenezer T.—?"

Ah, well, I'm sorry to say he never left the hospital alive. The shock shattered his system and broke his noble heart.



# A Trip to Chicago and its World's Fair.

NO sooner had I decided to go West and see the World's Fair than every acquaintance I had came forward and offered me his advice. I became an interesting person in a moment. It is so intolerably commonplace to have visited the States that the multitude seized upon me. I was at least a neophyte, and, as such, might be expected to listen with patience to experiences no one else would tolerate. To begin with, everybody had their own pet line of steamers. Some would rail against fast boats, asserting that the discipline necessary to secure speed made the voyage as bad as a short sentence in a penitentiary; others didn't think the discipline so unpleasant as the discomfort of the engines, which shook out whole sets of teeth at every stroke of the piston. I was assured that upon any boat whose speed exceeded ten knots it was impossible to sit upon deck except upon the calmest day. Terrible stories men told me of the hundreds of passengers washed off each voyage. I was urged not to take my passage upon a fashionable boat, but to be careful to choose one that no one else would sail in—this would ensure me the undivided attention of the captain, the officers and the whole crew. Whatever I did, I was not to miss the delights of the society on board ship, so I must cross in one of the "greyhounds"—in these dukes sat elbow to

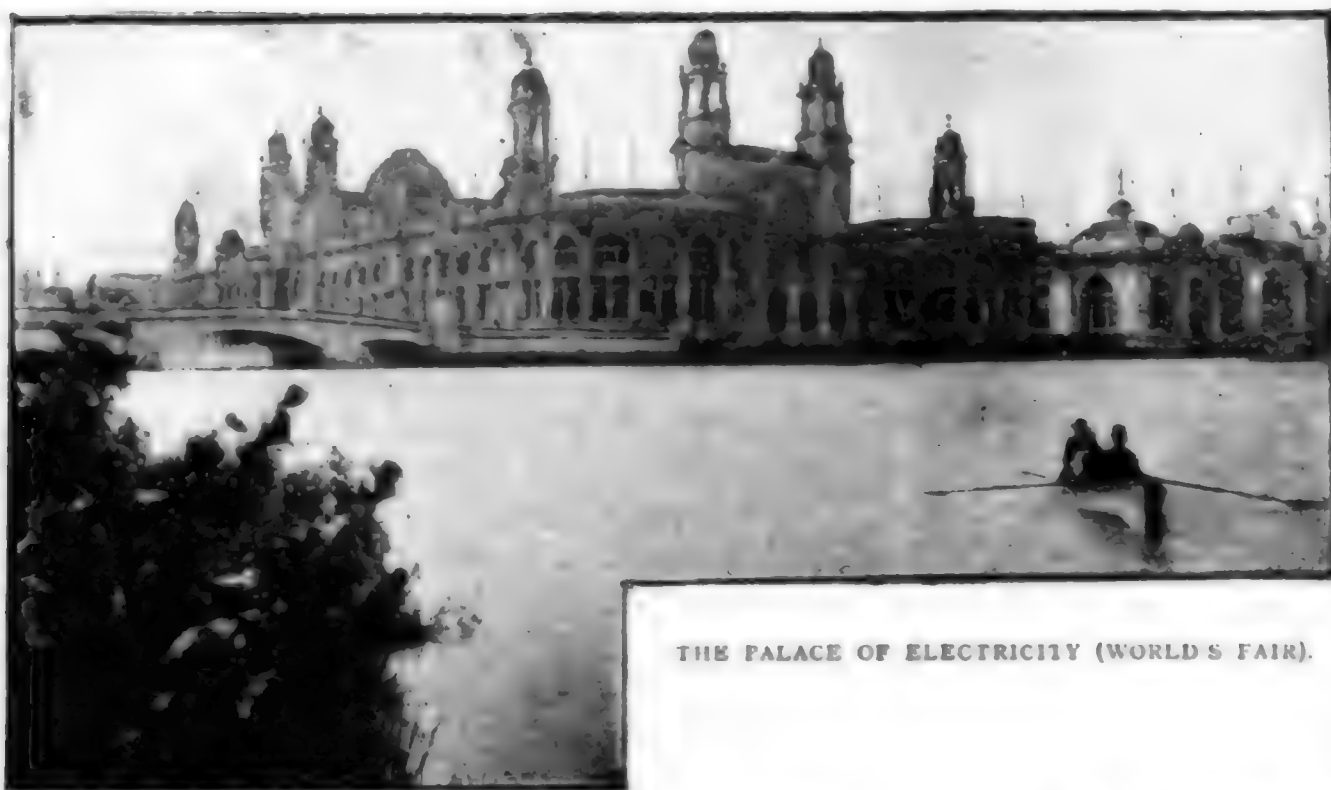
elbow with millionaires; marquises played poker in the smoke room with all comers. "As a matter of business go by a good boat," was the confidential advice of a member of the Junior Polyanthus, who was supposed to have a second cousin in the Carlton. A Scotchman advised sailing from the Clyde; with him economy joined hands with patriotism. The cuisine seemed to me to be a matter of some importance, but I could obtain no definite information. A sea-sick man said the food was bad all round. An old globe-trotter said that he had been across the pond in every boat, and that all were equally good. The general opinion was that the food didn't matter at all, but that if I was a gourmand I must go by one of the German boats. I couldn't find anyone who had actually eaten a meal upon any of these, but the tradition was in the air.

Upon one point most people were agreed—that the journey to Liverpool was tedious, that the system of getting all your belongings on board a tender, and going through all the trouble of transshipment again was intensely annoying.

This settled the steamship question for me. I decided to go to Southampton, and I chose the American Line, as it seemed to me that I could thus test both sides of the question. I could go out by the *Chester*, admittedly one of the most comfortable boats afloat, captained by one of the most charm-



THE GRAND FOUNTAIN (WORLD'S FAIR).



THE PALACE OF ELECTRICITY (WORLD'S FAIR).

ing of hosts, Captain Lewis, and I could return by the greyhound *Paris*, and beat the record. At Waterloo we were shown into saloons which, after four months' experience of the luxury of Pullman palace cars, I still remember as models of good taste, and at Southampton we were received by a regiment of officials in white gloves, who might have been bishops, but who I understood afterwards were only railway porters. They tenderly seized our travelling bags with an awed air, as much as to say that they knew they contained jewels of vast size, and had steeled themselves against the temptation. I gave no thought to my seventeen boxes, painted black with a white R in a diamond upon all four sides, or my cabin trunk, or my rugs, or my bundle of walking-sticks, or my hat-box. I had the most perfect faith in the white-gloved porters. The startling novelty of a railway servant in white kid gloves unhinged me. However, I had tied labels upon each package, upon which I had written a short account of myself and my destination, and I had pasted labels all over the luggage, with printed directions as to the exact portion of the ship I wished such package to sail in, so I had no real reason for any anxiety.

When we had all got on board, had

found our cabins and settled our luggage, we went on deck, and stared deliberately at one another. We fought wildly for deck chairs, and sat down in them with an air as though we had never been on shore in our lives. The whole sixty sat in one long row down the lee side, and the men smoked and the

women held novels upside down, whilst they looked at each other. We kept this up until the ship was clear of the Water. Then the strain became intolerable, and we all got up and stared solemnly at the Isle of Wight. We might have gone on staring for days had not the luncheon gong sounded. I have no very vivid idea of that luncheon. I don't think anyone quite realised that it was a meal. I asked for a slice of cold



THE WOMAN'S BUILDING (WORLD'S FAIR).

beef, which was at once put before me. Then it gradually glided away, until it might have been about a thousand yards off. I saw it very indistinctly, when it slowly came my way again, and I felt that as the whole of the fifty-nine passengers were looking at me, I must make an effort. At that moment the saloon became nine hundred in the shade, and I went up the companion. The sharp breeze from the Channel struck me full in the face, and I sat down with a gasp of relief, and for some minutes watched the bulwarks rise up to the summit of the Needles, and then sink some feet lower than the sea line. I grew





OLD PALACE, ILLINOIS STATE HOUSE, AND THE FAIR, AS SEEN FROM NORTH-WEST CORNER OF MANUFACTURES BUILDING (WORLD'S FAIR).

intensely excited. Would the bulwarks go higher than the top of the rocks? I could stand it up to the top, but I felt that if it went one inch beyond I should have to go below. With a delirious roll the ship went out into the open Channel, and the bulwarks shot up far higher than I had calculated. I went below. I can safely say that I never felt happier than I did when I saw that the saloon was empty, and that my fifty-nine shipmates had left the purser and the doctor to finish the lunch alone.

I dare say some of the passengers knew what became of the first day, but the majority of us began our voyage on the second day at lunch time. We lay prone upon sixty deck chairs, shivering in the iced sunshine of an April day, and the deck steward fed us with beef tea. The first person to recover consciousness was a yachtsman, who went the round of the saloon deck and told us that he had been talking to the sailors, and had found out that the captain was steering a wrong course. We were naturally much



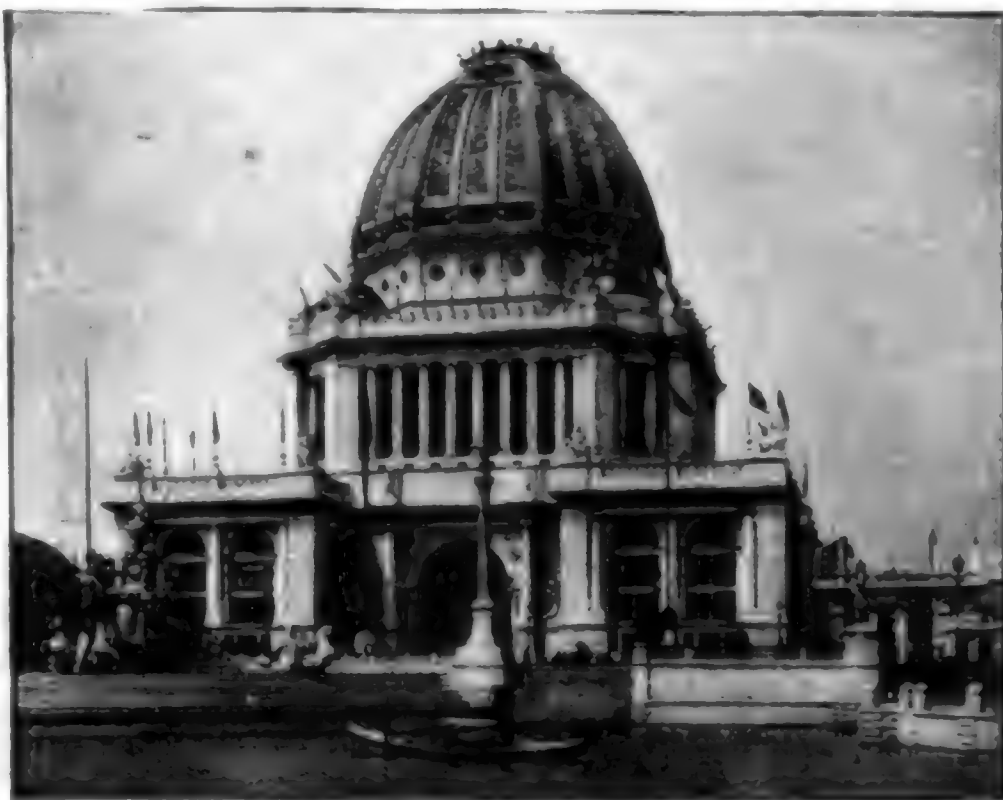
GRAND BASIN, FROM THE GALLERY OF ADMINISTRATION BUILDING (WORLD'S FAIR)

shocked, and the more robust crawled into the deck smoke-room, where a council of war was held. The Yachtsman told us that he had sailed The Channel for years, and that he had often crossed to the States. After much fatuous discussion we recommended the Yachtsman to take charge of the vessel, and he went away to find the captain, who, I understand, declined to resign, or even to alter the course. The incident created much excitement, as the Yachtsman told us that we might any moment find ourselves in an ice-floe on the Greenland coast. Writing calmly, now that the danger is passed, I am inclined to think that Captain Lewis was, perhaps, better acquainted with the Atlantic than the hero of Southampton Water, but there is no question that for a day or two we lived in momentary dread of having to spend the rest of our days with the Esquimaux.

Volumes might be written about the weathers in the Atlantic, because no two people have ever experienced the same twice. One day black clouds came tearing down

and joined the indigo waves, and we peered dimly through the spray that covered the smoke-room skylight, and watched the sweep of the mountains as they raced along before the north-west gale. The next was cloudless, and then for three days we had a glorious morning, and just as we were sipping our afternoon tea a black cloud came up, and we plunged into an inferno of hurling wind and waves that shook our very souls. But there is much pleasure in bad weather, our happiest hours were spent round the smoke-room stove, with weather windows battened, listening to tales in every tongue. And nationalities that were not represented in the first cabin turned up in the steerage, at which we never tired of gazing. Humanity, dumb and patient, huddled in great heaps, swept by the salt spray, soaked by the rain, motionless and silent. Here a dozen yellow-haired northerners; women, children and men. There some Hindoos, shivering in their thin garments. The heaps changed positions, but they did not move. If the sun shone, the atoms disintegrated; cold contracted them. They fed, slept,

and even bore children, but they never played games or chatted or laughed. The captain, the first officer and the doctors were always watching them. They had more attention than anybody on the ship; they were inspected, washed, fed and lodged in better style than they had ever been in



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING (WORLD'S FAIR).



their lives, but they showed no gladness, no gaiety. The second class represented British respectability, that would ride in a gig if it had one. It was fed like us, lodged like us, slept like us, and sat on chairs, smoked and flirted like us. But it had one gnawing longing—to be first class. If we played quoits, it played quoits; if we stopped, it stopped. Not the most fastidious eye could have picked out first from second if all had been mixed up together, and yet I would rather have been steerage than second. Never to have passed that bar! to be always reminded of your incapacity to pay a paltry two or three pounds. This to one whose righteousness rests upon dollars, is, indeed, gall.

At last the pilot-boat came alongside, and we knew that our voyage was over—a voyage that had made us all friends, and had drawn us together so much that towards the end even the Yachtsman declared that the captain had steered us remarkably well; that he could not have done better himself. As for the rest of us we would, anyone of us, have laid down

our lives for the captain. And how much depends upon the captain! How easy and how fashionable to be gruff, and make stale and salt jokes upon the passenger's ignorance. True, one day when the engines stopped for a moment, and a crowd rushed to the captain to know the reason, he replied in suave tones that a rat had got into the cylinder. But that was said so sweetly that, much as we all longed to know the real reason, we didn't resent the snub; and, after all, it was the only one we got the whole voyage.

There are two things I have heard much grumbled at in Atlantic steamers; one is the captain, who is always surly; the other the food, which is often *bourgeois*. Our captain was the perfection of courtesy and tact, and the food was equal to that of the best hotel, and better than that of most.

The New York Custom House officials are often cursed; but, like most officials, they are easily handled if taken the right way. The golden rule is golden silence. A very gorgeous youth chalked all my boxes without a murmur. But once chalked, what was I to do? The American system of handling baggage was invented by a millionaire for millionaires: seventy-five cents., or three shillings for each package means a vast sum. At last an Irish cabman—there was only one at the place—kindly consented, for the small sum of thirty shillings, to drive me to Bayard Hotel in Fifty-fourth Street. There are few cabs in New York. Rich and poor use the trains and street cars, which go up and down all the streets. I saw a few hansoms in the Central Park, but they



THE GRAND BASIN, FROM THE PERISTYLE (WORLD'S FAIR).

are a luxury. I don't think any human being would care, however, about driving in New York, as the streets are in the hands of the Irish Corporation, and are, like most things Irish, full of character, without much regard to consistency. They were once paved, and they have possibly been re-paved, though they show no signs of it. The best laid granite is not beautiful; the worst is inconceivable. But it is a point of honour amongst Americans never to grumble, so the New Yorker breaks his shins and sprains his ankles, and the Irish aldermen grow fat on paving contracts.

There is nothing English about New York. It is French and Irish; French in its picturesque balconies and painted shutters; in its cleanliness and clear air; Irish in its ill-lighted streets and hatred

of the English. It is a tradition amongst Americans to hate England. Any Yankee child will tell you that the English are cowards. When you ask with a little surprise how he knows this, he will say, "Oh, they ran away from us." The grown-up Yankee has no solid ground for his hatred beyond a jealousy of our power and prestige.

Most English people who stay in New York see little of its most picturesque side. The streets that run along the East River, and to which Bowery is the Broadway, are crowded with the dregs of the civilised world. On a hot summer's afternoon every balcony is hung with bedding, coloured blankets and gay clothes; storey upon storey is a mass of colour, the roadway filled with barrows and stalls, the side walks crowded with the quaintest specimens of the old world—the fair Swede and swarthy Jew, the hated Italian, loathed in America with a loathing only equalled by the love the better class has towards his more cultivated brother. Far away one catches a glimpse of a white

tower-like steamer, with its strange beam working spasmodically, and at the back the fairy lace of the Brooklyn Bridge.

I was never tired of this bridge, one of the few beautiful things in America: its never-ceasing torrent of carts, trains, people; its rhythmic movement as it throbs under the multitude. From the centre the view is superb. The continuous life—ocean steamers, tiny turreted tugs, yachts, scows, giant ferry boats—all mixed up as they are mixed in no other sea-way in the world. The view of New York from the sea is fine, but the view from the bridge is unique.

New York has four wonders. Its Central Park, with millionaires, cut-throats, Anarchists and Irishmen elbowing each other in strange mixture; its bridge, its harbour, and its hotels. The Savoy, exquisite, artistic, a jewel in the sludge of vulgarity; the Waldorf, in which wealth has vied with bad taste; the New Netherlands, another Astorian atrocity; the Plaza, half beautiful, as if it knew the truth but could never reach it. These are the palaces—



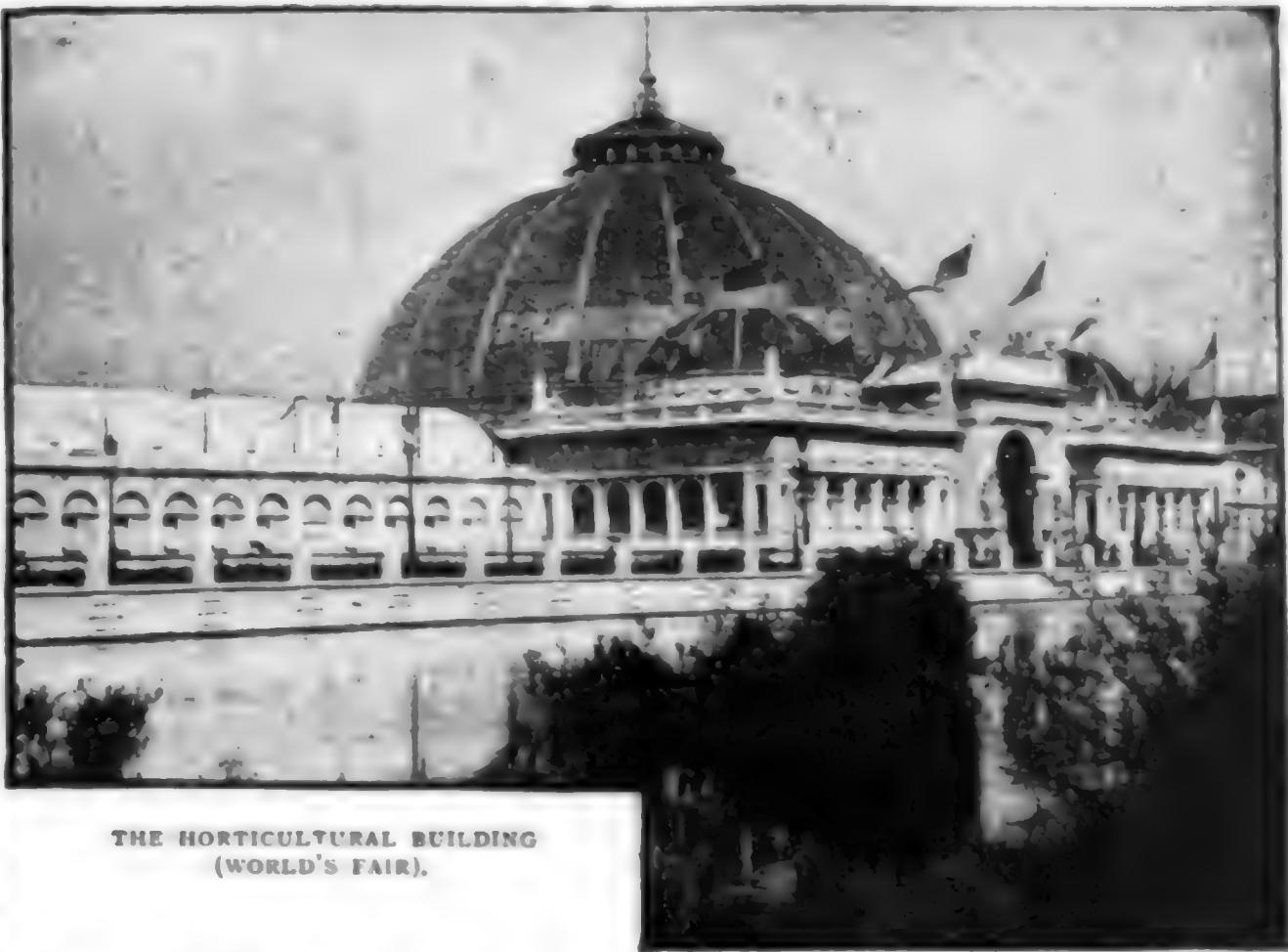
THE MAIN LAGOON, LOOKING DOWN TO THE ILLINOIS STATE BUILDING (WORLD'S FAIR).



like palaces, comfortable and extravagant, full of servants who mean to be masters—a mixture of gold, glitter and noise—typical of the blatant type of American to whom the dollar is alone almighty. There are hundreds of less gorgeous hotels, but in most you may rely upon bad cooking, marble halls and insolence, the charges always bearing an exact ratio to the marble veneer used in the building. There

are hotels, like the Murray Hill and the Windsor, expensive but dainty, in which attendance and civility are recognised as necessary—but they are few. The wise man who knows his way about New York stays at the Windsor on Fifth Avenue, the Park Lane of New York. The princes and peers sit amidst the jewels of the Savoy; the hog killer with millions to his credit spits in the hall of the Waldorf and guesses he lives in an *hotel* that has cost more money than any of the others.

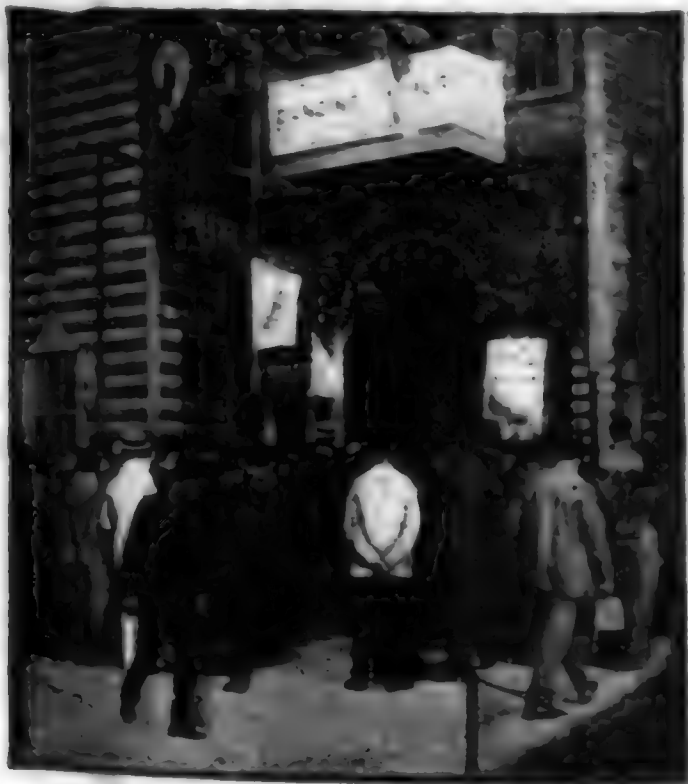
No one should go to New York and not bathe at Manhattan—that is to say, undress, put on a very artistic suit, and sit on the sand and smoke—men and women all together, chatting, smoking and flirting. The sea is there, but you do not



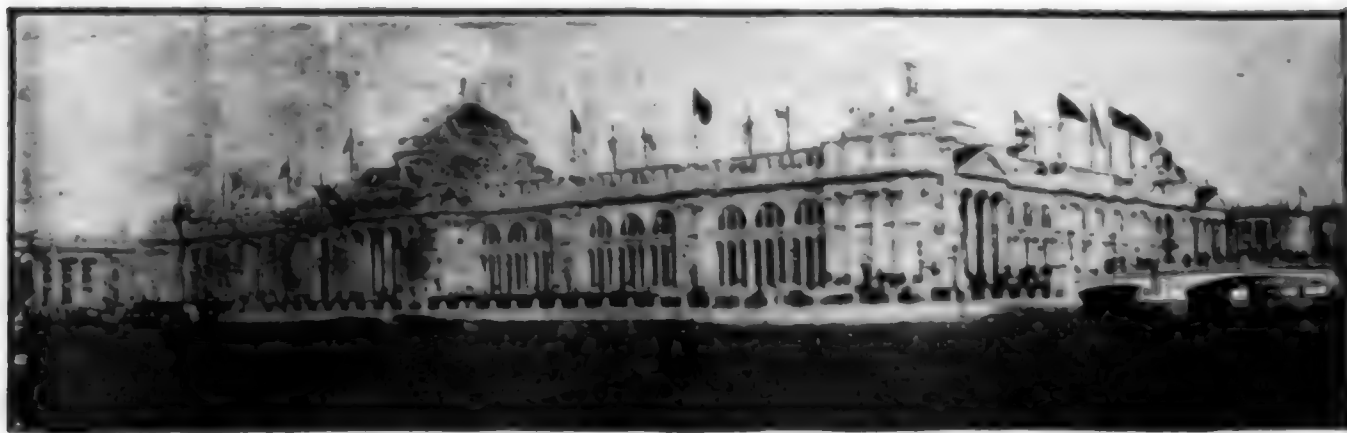
THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING  
(WORLD'S FAIR).

bathe—no one does. The girls do not come to spoil their bathing costumes—the men only go down to the beach for a lounge. 'Tis a strange life and a sunburnt one. Like anything else connected with pleasure in the States, it is bastard French.

There are two ways of reaching Chicago—one by the Pennsylvania through Philadelphia and Pittsburg, the other by the New York Central, up the lovely Hudson River and the Mohawk Valley, skirting the lakes. On each are trains travelling sixty miles an hour—the thousand miles in nineteen hours. We decide to go by the Pennsylvania and return by the New York Central. The Keystone line is worthy of the Keystone State. Unlike most of the American railways, it is solid, its tracks are almost English in their perfection, its carriages princely, its attendants polite. We stay in quaint Philadelphia, with its magnificent new Town Hall, its dear old Independence Hall, with the quaint square, the trees under which Penn may have sat. Yankees say Philadelphia is slow; perhaps that is why I loved it more than all the cities of the west. But it seemed to me that the Philadelphians understood the art of politeness and appreciated age and intelligence. Washington is not in the direct line west, but who would go to the States and not see this most beautiful city?—a city of trees—long avenues stretching away for miles, all concentrating upon the Capitol, the only city in the States except Boston in which the streets are not laid out in



ENTRANCE TO THE TURKISH THEATRE (WORLD'S FAIR).



THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING (WORLD'S FAIR).

squares. The Capitol is just as deadly stupid as any other American institution, and its statuary is grotesque in its incompetence. Yet no one can mass white marble regardless of cost without producing a certain effect, the Capitol is effective in a sense. Some of the marble is being painted, doubtless to enhance its beauty! In a few years, I suppose, they may end in graining the whole building, and then it will look like a glorified gin-palace. There is little to see in Washington beyond the Capitol, the White House, historically interesting but interminably ugly, and the monuments, which are, many of them, good.

Baltimore is a quaint old place, famed for its beautiful women and its laudable attempt to make some kind of society apart from the valuation system which prevails in all towns except Baltimore and Boston.

Pittsburg, to an Englishman, is one of the most interesting towns in the States, for it is dirty and smoky, and looks, apart from the network of telegraph wires, like a north-country town. It is rapidly being killed by the high tariffs which made it. In twenty years, if Protection holds its own in the States, Pittsburg will have lost half its trade. Rails don't pay to make, the glassworks are all shutting up, and the steelworks cannot sell an ounce of steel outside the charmed circle of Protection. The manufacturers thought it a clever thing to tax imports up to a price at which they could then make a profit, but they forgot that they would have to pay that tax themselves, and the

only result of the high tariff has been to increase the cost of production. I saw Sheffield rails upon the Illinois Central tracks, and I saw Pittsburg mills idle! Long may Protection thrive in the

States! There is dirt and smoke in Pittsburg, but there is more in Chicago, a town which for ever will remind me of Carlyle's simile of "the pot of Egyptian vipers." But they are bold in Chicago—for they have spent forty millions of dollars on a Fair, which stands in the world's history as the most gigantic failure ever known. The Chicago World's Fair Company, Limited, went for the biggest thing ever known, built the biggest thing ever known and have made the biggest fiasco ever known—possibly, Chicago is satisfied. It has doubled its population by means of



OLD VIENNA (WORLD'S FAIR).

the Fair; it has doubled its city area; it has lived in a state of wild excitement for three years; and it has made known the fact of its existence in the uttermost parts of the earth. This should be enough.

I leave the full description of the great World's Fair over till next month.

*(To be completed in our next number.)*



# *Pens and Pencils of the Press.*

By JOSEPH HATTON,

Author of "*Journalistic London*," "*By Order of the Czar*," "*Under the Great Seal*," &c., &c.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

A DOZEN years ago "*Journalistic London*," to quote the *Daily News*, "made a rather extensive rent in that 'thick blanket of the dark' behind which the gentlemen and, we ought to say, the ladies of the Press of this country are supposed to perform their duties." The result of the author's investigations was said to be "a guide to contemporary journalism more extensive and accurate than any kindred publication which has hitherto appeared." "All green-rooms," added *Truth*, "have a fascination for the outside public, but the green-room of the Press most of all, and into this green-room Mr. Hatton introduces us and shows us as much, probably, as it is good for us to know of the famous pens and papers that shake the world." As against a possible suggestion of undue trespass upon the privacy of anonymous journalism, in these disclosures, it was noted by the critical reviewer that "the work presents abundant evidence of the fact that '*Journalistic London*' has even lent some amount of co-operation in betraying its own secrets."

The author's pleasant intercourse with the great newspaper men of the Metropolis, thus implied, was the outcome of a special commission from the editor of *Harper's Magazine* for a series of articles on the London Press. They created considerable attention at the time, and the author had to acknowledge, with grateful thanks, the facilities for the accomplishment of a difficult task which were afforded by the chiefs of the newspaper world and their courteous subalterns. The atmosphere of Pressland is continually changing; the conditions of life and work vary almost from day to day. During even the past dozen years many old landmarks have disappeared. Men of mark and anonymous writers of distinction in important, if minor, circles have laid down their pens, and new men,

with different and wider ambitions, have taken their places. The signed article is making its appearance in the leading daily papers. Women have invaded the editorial precincts with a surprising amount of success. The new journalism, so called, is a factor in newspaper development. While M. Blowitz sighs for the ideal newspaper (which is no longer represented to him by *The Times*), Mr. Stead says he will produce that wonderful journal if the public will give him, by way of subscriptions for a year's issue a hundred thousand pounds in ready money. Meanwhile the Pencil has become an established ally of the Pen. Pictorial journalism not only belongs to the professedly illustrated papers, but also to the ordinary weeklies. The Interview is now an English feature (pushed, unfortunately, to extremes), and the field of journalism has widened out to such an extent that, for every class, for every profession, for every business, the Press provides a companion, teacher and friend. If this is not quite the history of a decade, the newspaper has at least received a marvellous impetus towards a *fin de siècle* dénouement within a not much longer period.

Under these circumstances, the editor of the LUDGATE MONTHLY, while himself aiming at a widened sphere of work and influence, regards the present moment as peculiarly fitting for a review of the great army of pens and pencils that supply the world with its news and opinions, its criticism, its political and social ethics, its stories of "battle, murder and sudden death," its news-despatches from all the ends of the earth, and its pen-and-ink pictures of the life and history of the world from day to day. The present project contemplates a varied series of sketches of the persons who are responsible for the principal contents of the leading journals of the time. In this connection, the author has already received ample intimation that "*Journalistic London*" did not close

against him a single door that was opened a dozen years ago, and in view of this present enterprise he has much pleasure in tendering his thanks in advance for favours promised and assistance received from distinguished correspondents.

"Pens and Pencils of the Press" will be written on different lines from those of "Journalistic London," which dealt largely with the mechanical and administrative features of the Press, and, by the way, was in a great measure reprinted by the *Novoe Vremia*, the famous Russian organ, that in later years had to taboo the writer when he was engaged in another branch of literature. The articles will be devoted entirely to personal sketches and brief biographies of men and women of distinction engaged in journalistic work all over the Empire, together with occasional portraits of eminent Americans and Foreigners, whose newspapers are more or less represented within our borders. The literary taste of the time is as discursive as newspaper history. Journalistic methods of directness in style have made the general reader impatient of elaborate detail. He likes broad effects and simple, and the exigencies of the electric telegraph have emphasised the practice of condensation. Under the pressure of many books, the general reader has learnt the art of skipping. In overhauling a serious essay, he is not less apt in picking out the plums than the most expert of sub-editorial scissors. These new sketches of prominent and interesting men of the press will be written for this general reader.

They will be in the nature of a monthly chat. No attempt will be made to marshal the subjects according to their position in the great army under review. "Pens and Pencils of the Press" will be the kind of chapters which the general reader might be supposed to cull from a biographical history, full of new names and varied with fresh facts concerning those of established rank and authority.

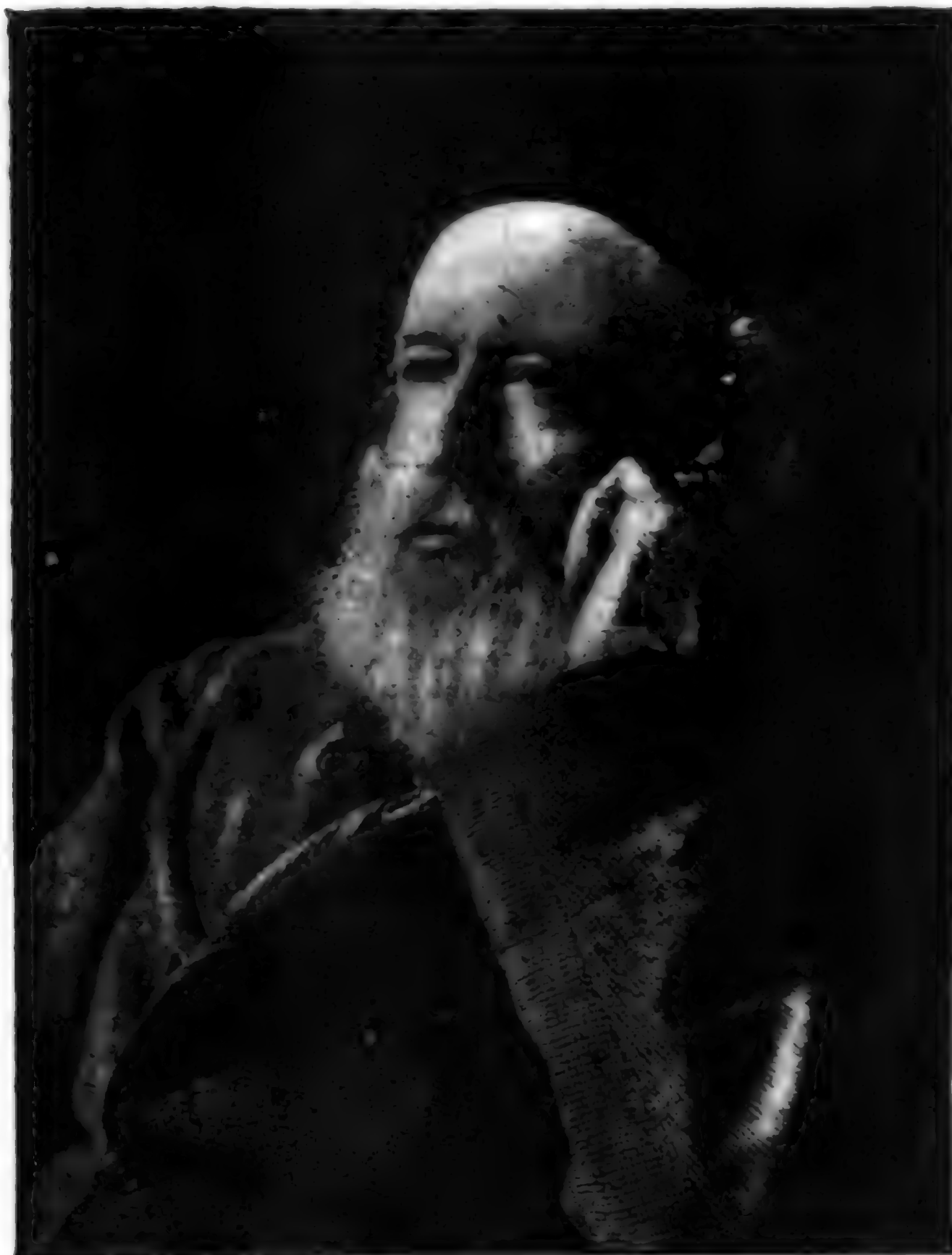
SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

There is hardly a weekly newspaper in the provinces that is not illustrated. In a journal such as the *Newcastle Chronicle*, it is surprising how handsomely many of its cuts are printed. Some of its pictures of birds are almost worthy of Bewick, both in drawing and engraving. The American Press, however, is far in advance of England in this general illustration of

events of the day. Many Transatlantic morning papers are to all intents and purposes what, in London, our *Daily Graphic* professes to be. The war correspondent of the future, I have long ago maintained, will be the most expert of draughtsmen, and he will be able to telegraph the outline of his drawings as well as his notes of detail and explanation. Good work has, indeed, already been done in this direction. Many rough sketches from the field of battle, with pencil plans and the merest dots for soldiers, have been worked up by the draughtsman at home into pictorial representations, having all the freshness and point necessary to a perfect representation of the incidents described in the rough and annotated in the very midst of action. Mr. Mason Jackson, in his volume on "The Pictorial Press," gives an example of the adaptation of one of these rapid sketches in an engraving of the surrender of Sedan, published in the *Illustrated London News*, September 17, 1870. The original sketch was made "under fire." It reached the Strand a few hours before the cuts for the current week were to be ready for the printer. A prominent incident in the sketch was an officer waving a white flag over the gate of Sedan attended by a trumpeter. The figures were sketched in with a certain amount of detail. The artist-correspondent knew that this would be the *motif* of the picture, when it should be drawn for the press. Ample suggestions were given for a complete representation of the scene. There was no time for elaborate work. The main incident was taken and turned into an effective picture, which was rapidly engraved, and ready for the printer at the usual time. To-day, with new methods of reproducing drawings and photographs, most of the time necessary for engraving would be spared under like circumstances.

It is interesting to recall the fact that the sketch of the Balaclava charge was re-drawn at home by Sir John Gilbert on a full-page block in little more than an hour, and was engraved during the night and printed the next day in the current pages of the *Illustrated London News*. With all our remarkable mechanical appliances for the rapid reproduction of photographs and artists' drawings, this performance of draughtsmen and engravers of nearly forty years ago can hardly be said to have been eclipsed in practice by modern pencils and gravers. Years ago the *Daily Graphic* in





From Photo. by]

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

[J. Russell and Sons.

New York made brave but ineffectual struggles to keep up a pictorial representation of the time concurrently with daily history. London enterprise has settled down to work in the same direction, and without the adventitious, if laudable, aid that was given to the American paper by a government that assisted the proprietors with contracts for the printing of bank-notes; but we still lack on our breakfast tables the full-page drawing by a masterly pencil of a yesterday's event. The efforts made by American papers to give daily illustrations of current news are handicapped by the nature of their machinery and the exigencies of large circulations, but they have long ago shown that it is

quite possible for every newspaper to be illustrated; while in London the *Pall Mall Budget*, the *St. James's Budget*, and the *Westminster Gazette* have become established illustrated papers, Process work in the rapid production of blocks for printing is continually improving, and in due time the *Daily Graphic* will get nearer to the ideal daily, which will be a pictorial as well as a careful history of current events.

The editor who keeps abreast of the increasing demands of the public is indebted for the original impetus of art work in newspapers to Sir John Gilbert, who was as great a master of the art of journalistic illustration as he is in the higher walks of

painting. He was almost the only artist who believed in the late Herbert Ingram's scheme of an illustrated newspaper. It was he who encouraged the founder of the *Illustrated London News* when that enterprising printer and newsagent from Nottingham was fighting his battle of the first pictorial journal against the discouragement of friends and the difficulties of obtaining worthy drawings and engravings. Sir John Gilbert stood by him with his pencil and his hearty good will. The great artist who has adorned the Academy walls with some of its finest work, was the chief draughtsman of the *Illustrated London News*; not only in its first years, but for more than twenty he not only contributed to its pages many of its best pictures but he elevated the art of book illustration, and gave an artistic interest to many a famous work that has been heightened in public estimation by his pictorial interpretations of the text.

"Other Royal Academicians," says Mr. M. Jackson, the art director of the *Illustrated London News*, "have drawn on the wood for the illustrated papers, but Gilbert stands pre-eminently the great popular illustrator of the Victorian era. He it is who first gave distinctive character to the illustration of news. He seemed to possess an inborn knowledge of the essentials of newspaper art, and could express by a few freely-drawn lines and touches the hurried movements of street crowds or the dignity of State ceremonials. Whether he had to draw a knight in armour or a gentleman in a paletot he did it in a way exactly suited to rapid engraving and printing. It was most fortunate that the commencement of his career was coincident with the foundation of the pictorial press."

One is glad to have this tribute to the first artist of the *Illustrated London News* and the friend of the first Ingram, from one who is in a position to speak with authority on the subject.

Sir John was born in 1817. His first exhibited picture was hung in the Suffolk Street Gallery in 1836. In 1852 he was elected an associate, in 1853 a member, and in 1871 president of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. He was knighted soon afterwards, and in 1872 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and four years later an R.A. On the 26th of September in the present year of 1893 the honorary freedom of the

City of London was conferred upon him "in recognition of his long and honourable career in the art world, and more especially of his generous gift to the art gallery of the Corporation of selections from his pictures—a graceful act, which cannot but be of especial value in the development of the gallery." While the late Charles Knight characterised Ingram's enterprise as a "rash experiment," which could only prove a disastrous failure, Sir John Gilbert has lived to read in its pages a record of the latest honour that has been conferred upon him and to have his portrait published as the opening illustration of perhaps the most prosperous and certainly the most remarkable illustrated journal in the world; has lived to see its proprietors—his first friend and the present head of the house—sitting in the House of Commons, and the latter honour supplemented in the case of his old friend's son by a baronetage of the United Kingdom. I remember Mark Lemon, who knew the Ingrams well, telling me how, in the first days of their struggle in town, the family would sit down together on Saturday nights and weep with anxiety and trepidation; for, in establishing the *Illustrated London News*, Herbert Ingram was spending his own money, which for a time disappeared as quickly and seemingly as hopelessly as the capital which George Stephenson sank in Chatmoss.\* At last, after much hard work, and with the never-ceasing encouragement of John Gilbert and others, Ingram touched the bed rock of success and never looked back. At the age of seventy-six, hale and hearty, beloved by many friends and admired by a great nation, Sir John Gilbert must have taken up the *Illustrated London News* for September 30, 1893, with peculiar feelings of pride and satisfaction.

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\* Mr. Henry Vizetelly, in his interesting volumes "Glances Back Through Seventy Years," declares that the *Illustrated London News* was "a success from the very beginning," and he regards Mark Lemon's statement as "dubious testimony." I fear Mr. Vizetelly has allowed his confessed dislike of Mark Lemon to influence his otherwise good judgment. Mark Lemon was for many years Mr. Ingram's private secretary, and I remember that he repeated this story as one of Ingram's own reminiscences of the starting of the paper. Mark Lemon had a high opinion of the capacity of Herbert Ingram, who was not simply the ordinary tradesman suggested by Mr. Vizetelly, but a practical printer as well as a newsagent. He had worked in London as a journeyman printer before he settled in Nottingham as printer, bookseller and newsagent. Mark Lemon only recalled Ingram's homely illustration of the anxieties of the family over the early numbers of the paper, by way of emphasizing the courage and character of the enterprise.



WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

Among the leading papers, daily or weekly, no journal has kept up more completely the anonymous mystery of its life and work than the *Saturday Review*; nor has any other publication adhered to its original lines and policy with a more settled persistence and consistency.

conflict of opinions." In politics it claimed to be "independent of both individual statesmen and worn-out political sections; in literature, science and art its conductors are entirely free from the influence or dictation of pecuniary or any other connections with trade, party, clique or section." These are passages from the *Saturday Review's* original prospectus,



From a Pho'o. by]

MR. WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

[Alexander Bassano.

The *Saturday Review*, in its opening paper, aimed at "more measured statements and more deliberate thought" in its articles than seemed possible at the time to the daily paper; its policy was to address itself "to the educated mind of the country, and to serious, thoughtful men of all schools, classes, and principles, not so much in the spirit of party, as in the more philosophical attitude of mutual counsel, and friendly

which, if a trifle arrogant in suggesting the possible disabilities of rivals, set forth claims that Englishmen are proud to think are, in a great measure, fulfilled by the established Press of the country.

The *Saturday Review* was so far ahead of its contemporaries in style and matter that it succeeded, as all worthy competitors do, in improving the other literary and critical weeklies of the time, and in the

editorial succession there has been no break of policy. There is nothing more conservative than newspaper management. The prosperous paper maintains its original appearance and make-up with as little change as possible. When I asked Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, the editor of the *Saturday Review*, what particular improvement he was responsible for in the paper since he had held the reins, he could only mention two changes, neither of them such as the general reader would probably notice, though he might feel that something had been done to make the paper a little lighter than heretofore both in appearance and in contents. Mr. Pollock had broken the continuity of the article of fixed and special length. Hitherto the leading essay had been two columns in length, whatever the subject; just as the first articles in the daily papers are still a column, and a slight turnover. Mr. Pollock decided to let the importance of the subject govern the length of the article, to adhere to no arbitrary amount of words, and in this change he is quite in the spirit of the times. The only other change is a table of contents on the first page; otherwise the *Saturday Review* is on its original mechanical lines. In the selection of subjects for discussion, and the treatment of the Arts, the paper is in current touch with the movements of the day, and to some extent is evidently in sympathy with what some call the New Journalism, which, after all, only means a Journalism that is progressive and marches with the times.

Mr. Walter Herries Pollock is a trained journalist. He has worked his way up to the editorial chair through a course of steady literary and newspaper education. He is the youngest son of the late Sir F. W. Pollock, was born in 1850, in London, educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; was a graduate in 1871, and called to the Bar in 1874. Having his choice of a career, he elected to join the ranks of the Journalists, and began to contribute to the *Saturday Review*, of which his family were part proprietors. A fair musician, fond of the opera and a devoted student of the stage, he lectured upon these and kindred subjects at the Royal Institute. He was appointed to the position of dramatic and operatic critic of the *Saturday Review* in 1873, which he fulfilled for seven or eight years; then he became assistant editor, succeeding Mr. Fyfe, and finally, on the

death of Mr. Phillip Harwood, he was advanced to the editorial chair.

One notes in the home of the editor of the *Saturday Review* plenty of tokens of the man and his labours and recreations. Mr. Pollock is married, and there are children in his household. His wife is in sympathy with his tastes, more particularly in regard to the stage. They are both excellent amateur actors. Mr. Pollock himself, by way of experience years ago, joined a touring company of some distinction, and under a *nom de théâtre*, acted several characters. His is the house of a man of letters. In the pictures and trophies in his hall, that overflow upon the walls of his other rooms, you can trace his friendships and his sentiments in relation to art and literature. Pictures and books everywhere, nicknacs wherever they can be squeezed in. In the hall there is an interesting collection of swords and knives. Mr. Pollock has the reputation of being the best amateur fencer in England. As he shows you his weapons, he handles them as one who loves them, and he is proud of a brace of presents from his friend, Henry Irving. The first one is the foil with which Irving slew Chateau Renaud in "The Corsican Brothers." On the hilt is engraved a facsimile of the actor's signature and beneath it the words "With love and friending." The other is the weapon which he used in Hamlet, with the same facsimile autograph and the motto, "With all my love I do commend me to you."

It is in an artist's workroom where you see a man at his best—that is, when he is at leisure there—the painter with his pipe, the mechanic sitting over his dinner bag, the author when he has laid down his pen for the day—always on the understanding that you are on friendly, if not on familiar, terms with your subject. Mr. Pollock's study is in the upper story of his pleasant house in Camden Hill Road, Kensington. He calls it his den, and he enters it with you and your cigar and coffee after luncheon with that air of perfect ease and freedom that is characteristic of all men who offer you a seat in their *ateliers*, push a cigar box in front of you, offer you a light, and make you at home. The general idea of the library of the editor of the *Saturday Review* would, no doubt, be a severe one, with formal bookshelves, orderly arrangements of the most classic and dry-as-dust works, carefully planned furniture, and in their midst a scholar no less dignified in



manner and bearing than his environment. This is a democratic age, and Mr. Pollock's room is a den, "a garret next the sky," if you wish, but it is characteristic and unpretentious, and has the dignity that belongs to the room of a man of parts and learning; not the study of a collector, but of a man who, if he does not treat his books badly, as Wordsworth did in the matter of neglected bindings and mutilated leaves, has them for reading and for reference. It is not too large a room, nor too small, but cosy, compact and suggests real earnest occupation. The bookshelves are crowded, chairs are not alone used for sitting upon. Even the floor has its contributions of books and papers. No familiar spirit or toy is represented on Pollock's desk. Neither, like Dickens nor Ibsen, does he make paper weights or companions of fencing frogs and wooden bears, though on the cabinet at his back there is a whimsical example of a flying frog—the work of a Japanese artist. His books indicate the versatility of his tastes and the variety of his labours. He is no one book man, no narrow worshipper of one painter, no disciple of one actor. If Irving is his model, he loves to talk of Mounet-Sully, Coquelin and Toole; and while he, of course, adores Ellen Terry in her rôles, you will find Ada Rehan's portrait well hung on his walls. He has seen Sarah Bernhardt in her biggest work, and in opera cherishes pleasant memories of Titiens and the other great singers of his time. In one corner of his room you will find his shelves packed with French literature chiefly relating to the stage. In another, the painter's art is represented, and biography has a prominent place; and you have the key to his likes in the direction of pictures in his dining-room below, where Watts, Burne Jones and the more subtle modern painters are represented by the side of photographs of Alma Tadema and other men of note. In other sections of his shelves you will find, besides Dante, Goethe and Homer, the classics of English literature, Thackeray, Fielding, Dickens, Keats, Shelley and Scott, with American writers intermixed, Poe, Longfellow, Hawthorne and, coming down to the present moment, the latest little book from a contemporary critic, William Winter, and, as showing his cosmopolitan taste and reading, Haggard's "Nada, the Lily," and several of the numerous edited or original volumes from the workshop of Andrew Lang.

"The chair you are sitting in," says my host, "was given to me by Leland (Hans Breitmann), who, by the way, was introduced to me by Edward Henry Palmer, the Orientalist, who was murdered, as you will remember, by the Bedouin Arabs near the ravine of Wady Sudr, while he was engaged on an important mission for the English Government."

"Walter Besant wrote his life," I remarked.

"Yes, he was a friend of Besant, and intimate, as you will remember, with Henry Irving. He was one of the most remarkable men I have known. When I was an undergraduate at Trinity he was a Don. He had a special facility for acquiring languages, and was a wonderful conjurer. Lady Burton, in the biography of her husband, says he had Eastern blood in his veins. I dare say he had; he was Oriental in his tastes and imagination. He could do all the thought-reading that Bishop made so much of, and would also explain how he did things. During the mesmeric craze—now called hypnotism—I discovered that I had mesmeric power, and after using it once or twice, I gave it up as uncanny, not to say dangerous. But Palmer and I gave a public *séance* by way of capping the quackery of the time, and exposing it, at which we did very sensational things. I played the part of the clairvoyant of the exhibition. In this second-sight condition I achieved what to the audiences appeared to be the most startling things. In the midst of the *séance* there entered a stranger, who is now well-known as a high official in the Indian service. He took a great interest in what we were doing. Suddenly avowing himself a sceptic, he said if some one or two in the audience would go into a corner with him and take from his pocket, secretly, an address card, and, without any communication whatever with the clairvoyant, that gentleman could tell him the address that was engraved thereon, he would believe in his pretensions and in the alleged revelations of Mr. Palmer. The challenge was accepted. Certain members of the audience retired with the sceptic, the card was found, and no sooner was it in the hands of an independent witness than I read it. This established our mesmeric and spiritualistic powers. Of course the audience did not know that the stranger was a friend of ours, and that we had already rehearsed the card trick together a week previously."

"Do you write much for the *Saturday*?" I asked.

"Very little; I hold that an editor should edit and not write, unless it is on some subject with which he has a very special acquaintance."

"You succeeded Mr. Phillip Harwood; he was not much known outside his office?"

"I suppose not. He began life as a Unitarian minister, and died a good old Tory."

"When you say you write very little I conclude that your hand is seen a good deal on the margin of proofs? I ask you the question not for my own information, but for the readers of a special series of articles which now and then may be supposed to enlighten the intelligent enquirer, who in these days wants to know everything, and which the Press undertakes in a general way to tell him, even sometimes at the risk of being what is called a little previous if not vaguely unintelligible."

"Oh, yes! I often write a good deal there; one must have something like an artistic completeness in a paper, the plan and policy must not be scrappy. The chief idea of anonymity is maintained by giving a paper the tone and appearance of being written by one man, or at all events, the result of an individual inspiration. Editorial work, as you know, is never finished; it includes a continual looking forward, an untiring preparation for the future, and a watchful survey of public movements of every kind in science, art, business, politics, government—everything. The editorial chair never has been an easy one, and never will be."

He leans back, and smokes as he chats. It is an earnest face. There is a suggestion of weariness in the eyes that comes, I suspect, from a habit of introspection; but the mind is alert enough, and the eyes, too, on occasions, more especially when they are looking into another pair in a fencing bout. Mr. Pollock is of medium height. Most of his portraits suggest black hair, but he is comparatively fair, with brown hair and beard.

"You were talking just now," he says, "of curious coincidences connected with fiction. I recall one. An annual was published called '*The Broken Shaft*,' in which Louis Stevenson, Marion Crawford, and other writers appeared. I wrote a story for it in which the jealous tenor of an Opera Company shot the prima donna in the last act of the '*Huguenots*.' In the

opera, you will remember the heroine is shot, but not in this way. Soon after the story appeared, I received a letter from America with an account of a very similar circumstance to that of my story which had recently occurred out in the West. Then, of course, there was the recent submerging of an island, which James Payn had anticipated in a fictitious story. You were asking me about the stage; I am very fond of it; I love melodrama, the strong human story, and the incidents of romance. The '*Corsican Brothers*,' the '*Dead Heart*,' the '*Willow Copse*,' '*Janet Pride*' and that class of drama. I have written several plays, one or two are now in my drawer waiting for production; they have been there a long time, and will probably never see the light, though one of them is an accepted manuscript. In collaboration with Walter Besant, I arranged '*Grangoire*' for the stage; I edited the '*Dead Heart*,' for the Lyceum, but that was all; and I did '*St. Ronan's Well*' with Richard Davy, but it is too elaborate in way of scenery for very practical purposes."

And so you see even the editor of the *Saturday Review*, with a knowledge of the stage and its requirements, a scholar, as intimate with French literature as with English, having Racine and Shakespeare both at his fingers' ends, is content to write plays and—to wait. I present this as a lesson to the young, and to the many with grievances against editors and theatrical managers. I suspect the stage to be a most exacting mistress. She must be your first and only consideration. You must not, while you worship her, be the slave of an editorial chair, the devotee of the Lyric muse. She must have all your heart and soul, even if you have to starve in a garret (instead of smoking comfortably, surrounded by your household gods), while you are hoping to win her questionable favours. Mr. Pollock has shown that he can do good stage work, but to the present reader he is an interesting individual only as a journalist, to which he brings a variety of talents, none of them without their great usefulness in editorial work. "No knowledge is wasted in journalism," Sir Edwin Arnold once said to me; "sooner or later everything you know or have seen, every personal experience, every bit of information you have gleaned from life or travel or books is of practical value."



## M. DE BLOWITZ.

Many an accidental happening in life, viewed from the standpoint of after years, seems like the premeditated arrangement of Fate. When the fortunes involved strike thrones, and make or mar peoples, we call it the interposition of Heaven. Neither M. de Blowitz nor Sir Edwin Arnold would ascribe their positions in the world of journalism to the intervention of Providence; all great men are modest men; and yet it is very notable that M. Blowitz and Sir Edwin owe their associations with the two famous papers they have so long and so well represented to chance; yes, to the merest chance. Granted they possessed all the necessary qualifications for the work that came in their way; but if there is such a thing as luck, and it is hard to believe there is not, these two distinguished journalists are lucky men, and the directors of the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* are no less fortunate in the accidental circumstances that brought them together.

I remember Sir Edwin Arnold looking at me with his sympathetic eyes across his table in the office of the *Daily Telegraph*, and telling me the romantic story of his engagement upon that journal. It says much for his fine, well-balanced temperament that he is still not only a poet in his work, but a man of sentiment in his re-

lations with the world. "One summer day," he said (then some twenty years ago, now more than thirty), "I and my wife were enjoying the rest and amusement of a fishing excursion on the river Dart. A friend had sent me a copy of the *Athenæum* containing a review of my first translation from the Indian classics. Turning over the pages of the critical journal, my eye fell upon an advertisement which announced that a leader writer was required for a new daily newspaper. The character of the journalistic enterprise was hinted at, and the political principles of the services of the gentleman who was wanted were clearly defined. 'That is the very position I should like,' I said to my wife; 'the idea is new, the cheap Press is a splendid

and important experiment, the object one with which I heartily sympathise. I think I will write about it.'" He was at the time on a vacation from his duties as Principal of the Sanskrit College, at Poonah, in the Bombay Presidency, and he held a Fellowship of the University of Bombay. His answer to the advertisement of "Leader Writer Wanted" led to his relinquishment of these important offices, and he flung in his lot with the *Daily Telegraph*.

When the late Laurence Oliphant was acting as the *Times* correspondent in Paris, Mr. Frederic Marsh said to M. de



M. DE BLOWITZ.

Blowitz, "Oliphant's colleague at Versailles, Mr. Hardman, is obliged to leave for England; he cannot return for a fortnight. Oliphant is much put about; he cannot be at Versailles and in Paris, and he is looking for someone who could at least do part of Hardman's work. My daughter thinks the work would amuse you, as you see M. Thiers daily and you complain of having little to do."

"She is quite right," said M. de Blowitz, "she has the second sight of a soaring spirit. The proposal not only pleases me; it does me an immense service, for in this way I can see M. Thiers without the unpleasant duty of reminding him of his promises."

The time was just after the closing of the Commune. Marsh gave M. de Blowitz's reply to Oliphant, who was much pleased. The three then met to discuss business. Oliphant asked Blowitz to begin the next day. Then, noticing some hesitation in his friend's manner, he said, "You seem to have some hesitation; is it the remuneration you do not like to speak about?"

"Not at all; it is something much more embarrassing," said Blowitz; "before beginning, I should like to know something more about the paper. I should like to see a number of the *Times*."

"What!" exclaimed Oliphant, "you do not know the *Times*?"

"Excuse me," replied Blowitz, "I know the *Times* very well; I know what it is. I have a friend at Marseilles who concludes all his political discussions with the words, 'You cannot call that in question; it is the *Times* that says so.' But I have lived long in the remote Southern provinces and I have never seen a copy of the paper."

Oliphant thereupon showed him a number and explained its features, and the next day, as a temporary assistant of Oliphant, the writer, who was to become the most influential of all its foreign correspondents, began to work for the *Times*, a copy of which he had just seen for the first time.

M. Blowitz has always been described as a man of rare physique and an indefatigable worker, with a keen instinct for news. Loyal to his paper as a soldier to his flag, he has also been true to his own ideal of journalistic ambassador. Once firmly established in the confidence of the *Times*, "he conceived the notion," says Mr. W. Morton Fullerton, who recently visited him at his summer seat, the Lam-

pottes, on the coast of Normandy, "of becoming a sort of self-accredited representative to every European Court, and of inducing the *Times* to afford him an organ of communication with the diplomatic rivals everywhere." Eventually the moment came when he had his way. He became more than the equal of his diplomatic confrères. "Statesman he was not, nor ambassador; for these words imply limitations, a condition of responsibility to this or that State. But diplomatist he was, and in this entire class of men he was the most powerful of all; for he found himself in the position of a critic unattached of the European movement, owing allegiance to no country, although sought out by the representatives of all." Not that M. Blowitz, while flattering his ambition with what he conceived to be the higher role of diplomat, neglected the real work of his true position. He turned everything to account for his paper. The *Times* was his first consideration, and long before what is now known as the Interview was openly avowed in the English press M. Blowitz was writing interviews for the *Times*. Defending the American feature of journalism when well adapted, and having regard to similar work I was doing in England for the *New York Times*, I drew attention to the interviews of M. Blowitz in the *Times*, which were quoted throughout the world as the utterances of important men—which they were. But they were not called "interviews" in our latter-day meaning of the term, and what you call a thing is often a very important matter. "I was delighted to see my first letter copied in the newspapers," M. Blowitz writes in a brief sketch of his reminiscences, "and I had the same satisfaction in 1872, when I gave an account of my interview at Antwerp with the Comte de Chambord."

I can imagine nothing more desirable for an English journalist in these days than to occupy, for a great London paper, in New York or Washington a position similar to that which M. Blowitz holds in France. During a serious period of American politics I went to New York for a powerful London daily to demonstrate the value of a well-informed and discreet yet fearless correspondence which should keep England in daily touch with American life in its various political, social, commercial and artistic phases. The experiment was certainly most successful, and sometimes I



have regretted that my engagements at that time rendered it impossible that I should do more than give a practical illustration of possibilities in this direction. Investigating the political situation with a free hand, it was my lot to forecast some of the darkest incidents of the Irish revolt, and to supply a dramatic background to the tragic and pathetic end of President Garfield. American affairs are, of course, not as important to us politically as those of Europe, but the most valuable, patriotic and interesting work still left to be accomplished by a London daily is to find an English Blowitz for America and give him elbow-room and authority.

The famous correspondent of the *Times*, not only with the salary of an ambassador but with the state of a prince, is visited at his official chambers in Paris by deputies, ministers, ambassadors, the great authors, artists and actors, and he also receives them at home in a charming family circle. As Alphonse Karr made Etretat, so has M. Blowitz made Les Petites Dalles. "De Blowitz, correspondent of the English *Times* has a villa here," says the local guide book. Mr. Fullerton, in a sketch of the place contributed to the *Chicago Times*, defies you to find any other distinction special to the locality. The high Normandy coast is just as charming at a hundred other different points. Of what charm there is the presence of De Blowitz threatens a partial extinction, for it has attracted the seaside crowd. M. de Blowitz not only watches over British interests in the *Times*, but he appears to have adopted the English characteristics of home and hospitality. "The doors of the Lampottes," we are told, "stand wide open upon the great verandah, and the winds of the channel enter there, warmed from blowing over the upland grass. The life within is the ideally tranquil existence of an English country gentleman. Where did this cosmopolitan, who really has no English roots, learn the system? For the hospitality of England can scarcely be translated with full flavour into any other idiom. The schloss of Germany or of the Tyrol, the château of France, never has just the same delightful background as the country house of England. Yet to the Lampottes, on the Norman cliff, the peculiar air has somehow been conjured. All the country round his house is Norman, and therefore English—that is, dense,

rich, familiar. So that the English illusion is complete."

It may well be said that hardly any reader of M. de Blowitz's correspondence in the *Times* would have thought of placing the writer in these surroundings; but the Anglo-French journalist is no bustling, excitable incarnation of telegraphic despatches and newspaper sensation; he is undemonstrative, thoughtful, of an even temper, and always ready to enjoy what is pleasant and entertaining in life. At his summer retreat he is often to be seen the centre of a group of genial companions, friends from all parts of the world—well-dressed women, romping children; and you shall see him in his English flannels, looming up, large and hearty, under his great umbrella; while in his Paris house he plays the host with the ease and grace of a man of leisure; and yet he may all the time have kept one half of his brain at work for the *Times*, and will, says Mr. Fullerton, "while he has been talking to you, have planned a column for his paper; excusing himself presently for half an hour to rummage in his books while he dictates the article, telephones for his carriage to await him at nine o'clock in the court below, and asks you to accompany him to the opera."

There are possibly readers of the LUDGATE MONTHLY who, standing outside the journalistic pale, will wonder at the luxurious and delightful ways of Pressland as exemplified in the careers of such men as M. de Blowitz and Sir Edwin Arnold; and there are men struggling against Fate inside the frontiers, and well accredited, who may despair of rising to the heights which these favourites of Fortune have achieved. But Chance may still have a prize in store for the least-considered and most unknown, for Pressland is a free country. It has no doubt its favourite, its undue influences, its royal roads to positions; but, as in Napoleon's army, every soldier carried a marshal's bâton in his knapsack, and as every American has a chance of becoming President, so in the battle of Journalism, to every pen comes, some time or other, its big opportunity. The main thing is to be able to seize the opportunity, and hold it when it does come. To this understanding of the tide, and knowing how to take it at the flood, must be ascribed the success of Sir Edwin Arnold (of whom there is more to be said on a future occasion) and M. de Blowitz.

# *"One, Two!"*

## *The Story of a Criminal.*

BY WALTER BROWN.

"**U**N, deux! Un, deux!"

It was the harsh, monotonous voice of the jailer in the convict prison, chanting this doleful reiteration to the rhythm of the convicts' measured tramp. These were the long-term prisoners, whose misdemeanours had been of a violent description, men whose hands had been imbrued in the blood of their fellow creatures.

This dismal croak of "one, two!" was almost the only sound of human voice which fell upon their ears during their long years of punishment. They walked in a circle, surrounded by the bare, massive stone walls, that shut them in from the outer world.

Jules Pasquelard was one of these unfortunates, a man of medium height and stature, of dark complexion, with brilliant eyes shining from the pale, dull mask of his countenance.

Speech was prohibited; but it was not possible to prevent thought. It was habitual to Jules Pasquelard that this monotonous and hated exercise should call before his mental vision the scenes of earlier years.

"*One, two!*" He was a boy again, standing on the shore of his beloved Normandy, gazing seaward where the blue, misty sea faded imperceptibly into the clouded azure of the sky; and brown and white

sailed vessels swept silently and majestically past, an ever-changing panorama. In his heart were the mysterious yearnings of childhood, throbbing to take part in the deeds of men, to go out upon the deep waters to be face to face with the God of nature! His young eyes knew full well the familiar outlines of his father's boat. What joy it is to welcome home the bronzed and weather-beaten fishers, to haul with tiny hands upon the rope, to pick the shining spoils of the sea from the dripping nets!

"*One, two! One, two!*" Oh for those rough, hard years of young life and their struggles upon the sea, with the smell of the brine and the sounds of the whistling wind! What glowings of ambition! What pride in the young life swelling into manhood, even to the day when the face of a young girl with beaming eyes and smiling lips became the most beautiful object of all the lovely works of creation! Oh what a long time to stretch before the



TO WELCOME HOME THE BRONZED AND WEATHER-BEATEN FISHERS.



hopes of youth, the three years of naval service that stands between him and the wedded life at home!

"*One, two! One, two!*" The knowledge of love, and the hour of parting, a meeting on the beach in the dusky hour of twilight beside the boat that will bear him away to-morrow. They have known it, but it has been unspoken, the great love in their hearts. In the hour of parting it flows out in a torrent of impassioned terms, watered by tears. What was it he said? There is no memory of words! Only the clasp of arms about one another, the shining eyes uplifted to his, the first kisses of love in the plighting of their troth. And the last words—are they forgotten? It is not possible; the words and the look belong to each other; they are not to be separated. Even the tones of her voice come back from that day so long ago: Nanette's voice, full of love, of simplicity, full of the earnestness of unalterable faith, saying:

"Oh, Jules, my well-beloved; believe me, I will wait for thee always and ever. My heart will remain always, always faithful until thy return."

"*One, two! One, two!*" Those harsh, croaking words measure the seconds of time, as they have measured them for years, and Jules has not returned. Nanette—is she still waiting?

"*One, two! One, two!*" It is no longer the voice of the jailer; it is that of the drill-master. Was it not a proud thing for the young fisherman to be serving his beloved country on a proud and stately man-of-war? But there is always that beast, Antoine Planchet, who hates him because he, too, loves

Nanette. Planchet is a villain. He is red-haired and has a low brow; moreover, he has been pitted with small-pox; furthermore, he has an evil expression, and sometimes squints. Jules is fat and good-humoured: Antoine is lean and bilious. This Planchet is always sneering: he makes his ill-humoured jokes always of the patient Jules. One might despise these things; but there are lying stories told behind Jules' back. There is an enemy that plays tricks upon him, and gets him blamed and punished by the officers. It is Antoine Planchet who tells these lying stories and causes punishment to fall upon the shoulders of the innocent Jules. There are quarrels constantly between these two men, in which, sometimes, there are blows exchanged. Planchet, who makes himself useful to the officers, is promoted. Jules remains only in the ranks, with bad marks written against his conduct. There is a day when Jules is driven by the hateful conduct of this Planchet to forget the rank of the aggressor.

Antoine strikes the first blow, and Jules returns it. There is a fight more desperate than there has been before. Jules is aware that he will be punished for striking an under officer. He is desperate: before they can be separated, Planchet is thrown to the deck. He lies there motionless.

"*One, two! One, two!*" Planchet is dead: Jules Pasquelard has killed him.

"*One, two! One, two!*" It was an accident: it was not meant. It was the bolt upon which his head fell that struck him behind the ear. It is no matter! There are the irons, the imprisonment. There is





NANETTE.

the trial for murder. Jules Pasquelard will be guillotined for murder. Farewell blue sea, blue sky, white cliffs, the village home, the boats upon the beach! Farewell the parents, the relations, the boyhood's friends, the manhood's companions. Nanette! Nanette!! Oh, Nanette!!!

Thou, too, alas, beyond the grave only, Nanette! What despair! what bitterness! what stunning grief!

"One, two. One, two." Maledictions on that jailer's croak! There is the trial. What is it these men are saying — Pasquelard's mates? Is it a dream? Planchet was always against him, Jules. Planchet picked quarrels. Planchet told the lying stories. Planchet caused him to be punished. The fatal quarrel was the fault only of Planchet. Planchet struck the first blow. The result was an accident. It was not murder with intent. True, it was an accident, but it was an accident against a superior officer.

It is not the guillotine for you, Pasquelard; it is twenty years. It was an accident; it was Planchet who was wrong; and yet it is twenty years! You shall have life, but you shall have the prison,

Jules Pasquelard, for twenty years, twenty years, twenty years!

*Vingt ans! un, deux! Vingt ans! un, deux!* "One, two! One, two!" You are no longer Jules Pasquelard: you are a criminal, a brute, a number — Monsieur 95; no, not *Monsieur*, but *Number* 95. "One two! One, two! Keep step—walk round—silence, dog —One, two! One, two!"

\* \* \* \*

All gone but one year, then one month, one week, one day, one hour; Jules Pasquelard, you have finished your imprisonment. The twenty years are gone. The door is open. You are free. There is no more "One, two!"

There is a companion with him when he walks out. He does not know how to look the world in the face. The stamp of the prison is on him. That man who looks at him as he passes is saying to himself: "There is a criminal who has been in prison." That gendarme is saying that is the "one, two" step of the prison. Yet the street is almost empty. Jules Pasquelard does not speak; his companion is silent also. They walk blindly, like in a dream—straight forward, knowing not whither they are going. It was but two or three hundred yards—then there was a woman coming up the street. It was the first woman they had seen for years. Both looked at her with fixed attention, regarding this woman as a wonderful thing. As she came nearer it was seen that her face was very pale: her eyes looked strangely upon them. These two men looked strangely alike; the prison had stamped upon their features the brand of the stone walls and the brute life.

When these two men saw this woman regarding them with looks of agitation, gazing first upon one and then upon the other, a strange feeling seized upon the heart of each. The woman was apparently about forty years of age, with a face that was not unbeautiful, of dark complexion. Nanette might have grown like this, thought Jules; his companion also had a similar thought. There was now only three or four paces between them. It was seen that there were tears in the woman's eyes, which looked only at the companion of Jules Pasquelard. Then she stopped; one hand was pressed to her heart, and she trembled greatly.

"Guillaume, is it thou?" she asked faintly.



"It is I, Loissette," said the companion of Jules, wiping the cold perspiration off his brow—was he not a criminal?—and this was his wife! How could he embrace her in the public street? She fell into his arms with a cry that was half a sob.

Jules stood still, stupid, not knowing what to do. Then he commenced to walk forward. It was the woman who first thought of him. He had gone some few paces when they called to him to stop. Then they went to a wine shop to recover from the emotions which agitated them.

Guillaume and his wife talked much and laughed. Jules was silent, sitting with a moody brow, only drinking: it was a difficulty for him to answer briefly when he was spoken to. The time passed and Guillaume and Loissette went home. Jules Pasquelard went on by himself. It was already fixed in his mind as a bitter thought that Nanette would not have waited for him, that she was already married; yet this woman who had waited so patiently for many years added further to the unacknowledged hope that Nanette, too, waited for him.

The few miles from the railway station to the village seemed as if they would

never be passed. A summer sky was over his head; the fields were ripening to the harvest, there was a feeling of peace and contentment in the air. Jules paused often by the way to wipe the perspiration from his brow; and, at times, sat by the wayside to gather strength. When he reached the first houses of the village, he had no strength to go farther.

Everything now was full of strangeness. The village was the same; it might have been only yesterday that he had left it; but the faces of all the people had changed; there was not one whom he could recognise. He felt like a stranger in a strange land—like a wanderer in a dream. At the first wine shop he entered, and seated himself in the most reserved corner, and called for a pint of wine, which he drank slowly, with a heart hungry to ask questions and a face forbidding any person to be friendly with him.

Was there a welcome for him at home, or would he be considered an unwelcome stranger? How was it with those at home? How was it with Nanette? These were the questions which followed each other with the persistency of the jailer's "one, two!"

As the first shades of the evening dusk began to gather in the sky, Jules Pasquelard rose from his seat and passed out of the house. For a short distance he walked firmly and steadily in the direction of his home with a look of determination on his face.

The people regarded him with stupid curiosity, wondering who the stranger might be. His heart failed him, however, before he had proceeded far. The beach lay in his way; the blue of the quiet sea lay fringing the yellow sand at the lowest point of the tide; the evening breeze was full of the welcome smell of the brine.

He stood by the capstan of his father's boat, *La Jolie Jeanne*. Beside it was the boat itself, the same boat in the same place, as it had been twenty years ago. Some hundred yards farther on there lay a balk of timber, high on the combing of the beach, some few paces from one of the foremost cottages, which were grouped irregularly around. In those far distant days, when he was young, the persons inhabiting the cottage near, had been his father's partners.

Seating himself upon the timber, he wished that one of those people should come out and speak to him, that he might



FELL INTO HIS ARMS WITH A CRY THAT WAS  
HALF A SOB.

know how it was with those whom he sought. There came two children and played near him on the stones of the beach, one a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little girl, some five years old, with a brother older by a year or two. Something of the quick sympathy of children caused them to be fearless of the stranger who looked upon them with eyes unfathomable in their meaning. There came to the door of the cottage a stout, motherly-looking woman, with a pleasant face, albeit there was a look of care and anxiety on her features.

"Nanette, Henri, come, my children, to supper," she called, looking askance at the stranger, whose back was turned to her. Jules Pasquelard started as if the fatal blow of a knife had entered his back and plunged into his heart. The soft, low, pleasant tones of that voice belonged only to one woman, and that woman the girl Nanette, who had said that she would wait for him always and ever—and now, she called to her children! The pattering of the little feet upon the stones ceased. The door was shut. Jules Pasquelard rose to his feet, shivered, shook himself, and strode away, with a dull pain at his heart, and the bitter thought repeating itself in his brain, "Why should Nanette, the pride of the village, keep herself waiting for a criminal—a convict?"

One would have supposed that, walking without thought whither he was going, Jules Pasquelard would have described a circle, such as he was accustomed to perform to the jailer's "One, two!" but this was not the case. Surrounded by the



THERE CAME TWO CHILDREN.

familiar scenes of his youth, with which his mind had been filled all day, his footsteps traced again the path which led from the beach to his father's house. It was not until he stood with his hand upon the latch that he had any knowledge of his actions. A cloud seemed suddenly to roll itself away from his brain. Before the eye of his memory was depicted the picture of his home. For a few moments his mind wavered, then, with a firm hand, he lifted the latch, opened the door, and crossed the threshold. There he stood still without speaking, with a pale, jaded face, holding his cap in his hand.

To the three occupants of the room, this man presented the appearance of an utter stranger. The expectancy in the mother's heart, her maternal divination, translated through her dim eyes the meaning of this spectacle. The aged woman rose from her seat in the chimney nook, trembling.

"It is my son, my poor Jules!" she exclaimed, in a voice of emotion, as she tottered forward to throw herself upon his breast.

"It is I, my mother," was the simple response, as the grey-haired convict received her in his arms.

"My poor Jules, my innocent child!" was the only welcome the mother's trembling lips could give, seeing this grey-haired man returned to her in the place of the bright young man who had been taken away from her so many years ago.

Jules embraced in turn the fine young man and the handsome young woman, his younger brother and sister, whom he had last seen as little toddling children. It



was a sacred reunion, baptised with the tears of all. It was not necessary for him to ask questions. They told him eagerly of the events which had occurred, and of the loss of his father at sea.

One may be sure that the news of the return of Jules Pasquelard was not long confined to the precincts of his home, and his family being well known and respected, there were not a few relatives and friends who hastened to welcome the returned unfortunate, whose sufferings they truly commiserated.

There was one man who came there ignorant of what had occurred, Henri Bartello, partner with the Pasquelards in their boat, the man who had married Nanette.

He came to say that a man was needed for the boat which was going out the next day, one having been taken ill. He, too, welcomed Jules with all cordiality; and Jules did not yet know that this was Nanette's husband.

It was this man who was ill that did the work for the share in the boat which was kept for the return of Jules, and it was decided that the latter should return to the position which he formerly occupied.

In his father's home, surrounded by these good neighbours and friends, the life of the ex-convict, the criminal, number 95, was banished into the dreams of the dead past, and there emerged instead a personage rehabilitated as Jules Pasquelard, fisherman. The degrading level of the convict life had caused him to review his return home with feelings of dread as to the manner of his reception; and the hearty welcome which he had received at once awakened the free manhood within him, and he fronted the world with a new-born courage and pride in himself.

In the first glow of the rekindled energies of his character, he determined to face the trial of an interview with Nanette. His mother had related to him over night the history of Nanette's marriage—how she had yielded to Henri's persistent attentions for the sake of her parents, who had become incapable of earning their own living, and who possessed only the one daughter to support them.

Henri and the others were preparing the boat for sea. Jules Pasquelard, with his lips closed firmly against his teeth, strode across to the cottage which con-

tained his Nanette. The door was ajar. Jules knocked once and pushed the door open. He passed the threshold with a firm step. The woman sitting at the table with an infant in her lap rose to her feet. Some of the red colour of her rosy cheeks died out from her face, and a paleness spread even to her lips. Both stood there in silence for some moments. It was the woman who first spoke, and her voice trembled.

"It is thou, Jules?"

"Yes; it is I. Hast thou waited long?" Jules spoke with a bitter tone.

"Oh, Jules, what could I do? It was for my old father and my old mother."



"HAST THOU WAITED LONG?"

"It is well." The expression was one almost of contempt.

An angry spark flashed in Nanette's eyes, but she answered softly:

"Believe me that I have been very sorry for thee, Jules, but —"

"Bah! Your sorrow!" interrupted Jules rudely.

Then the knowledge and power of the old love for this woman rebuked him in his conscience, and as he half supported himself with one hand on the table, and looked into the glittering eyes, where the tears were slowly gathering, the words of his mother came into his mind, and feelings of humility stole into his soul.

"I am wrong to blame thee," he said,

with some softening of his angry tones. "Why shouldst thou have waited? The Jules of the prison was not the Jules of *La Belle Jeanne*! What is it that I should trouble about? It is all gone—the past; and now—art thou happy?"

"My husband has been good to me. The good God has given me these children."

"It is well!" There was this time a quiet resignation in the utterance.

There was a step heard without, and Nanette's husband appeared at the door. He understood at a glance that, whatever had been said, the former lover had placed himself under submission to the events which had been brought about by time. "We are ready to start, Jules," said he, with a pleasant nod, and he went into the inner apartment for some article.

Jules, with a brief good morning that waited for no reply, left the cottage, and, striding across the beach, took his place in the waiting boat amidst the welcomings of his mates. Thus began the return to his old life where it had been left off more than twenty years ago.

It seemed something like a dream, this return to his old occupation. He was Jules Pasquelard of the past, and yet at the same time he was another personage altogether. Sometimes he became so absorbed in reveries that he would rouse himself with a start with a kind of feeling that the jailer's eye was upon him, that he was forgetting to keep time to the "one, two!"

He had told himself that he would think no more of the faithless Nanette, but thought is not to be so governed. Whilst the novelty of his return home was upon him it was easy to be in a manner contented with his lot, and to a certain extent happy. Then, as his life submitted itself to daily habits, there grew upon him a great feeling of want, of unsatisfied longing, of soul-hunger that would not be appeased, deepening into intensity as the summer days glided into autumn, and autumn merged itself with winter.

Early winter hovers over the green and murky waters of the North Sea. It is a cold day, wrapped in grey shadows, with leaden clouds overhead discharging themselves in gusts of driving sleet. *La Belle Jeanne* has landed a load of fish in Rams-

gate harbour and the five men who form her crew, with faces homeward turned, talk bitterly and angrily among themselves against the surly Kentish boatmen, who have given them a reception so far from friendly that two or three carry visible marks of ill-treatment upon their faces.

It is only the old quarrel of jealousy. These stupid Englishmen are enraged that French fishermen shall land their cargoes in English ports, to the cheapening of market prices, while they are not permitted in return to sell theirs in the ports of France. There has been something of a riot on a small scale: blows have been given with British generosity, and showers of stones have driven the Frenchmen back to their boats. Therefore the crew of *La Belle Jeanne* vent their anger in curses, and their hearts are full of hatred, as, tacking against the wind, they pass between the Goodwin breakers and the low-lying shore of the English "*Cochon*."

Suddenly there is an eager cry from one of the men forward. Through the shattered banks of mist and sleet, he has caught a momentary glimpse of a vessel with sloping masts and tattered sails, and a fringe of white breakers where the hull should be. The white cliffs of Dover are far away on their lee. It does not need much experience for this sailor to recognise the position of the vessel. It has struck upon the southernmost bank of the Goodwins, and the tide is low.

There is a pointing out to seaward, rapid gesticulations and earnest speech, and the course of *La Belle Jeanne* is altered, to bear down upon the hapless barque. Meanwhile, they observe on all sides to see if there be any of the Kentish luggers within sight to dispute the prize with them, but none are to be discerned. Flushed with eager anticipation of gaining this prize of the sea, the crew exchange short and hurried remarks of congratulation. It is the salvage money in view, not the saving of human lives, that is the engrossing thought of all; for the tide is low, and the sea, though rough, is not tempestuous, and it is apparent to their practised eyes that the vessel has but recently struck. It is to be seen also as they get nearer that the crew are still aboard.

*La Belle Jeanne* is soon anchored alongside, and Jules and Henri and another



scramble on to the deck and engage in consultation with the captain, who offers them a liberal sum if they will run over to the English coast and obtain the services of a tug from the neighbouring ports of Dover or Folkestone. But the Frenchmen cannot so readily forget the insults and blows of perfidious Albion; moreover, they do not wish others to obtain the larger part of the reward; they will themselves have all or none.

They set to work at some attempts to get the barque clear, trusting to the assistance of the tide, already near the turn; but wind and waves are against them, and the sand beneath the hull clings tenaciously to its prey. The barque is lifted in the treacherous bed and thumps back again, rising and falling with each motion of the restless waves. The vanguard of an Atlantic storm sweeps up the channel and spreads itself in sudden gusts over the green waste of waters, churning the crests of the waves into flakes of flying foam, that mingle with the driving mists and sleet.

Having failed to tow the barque off, and having laid out anchors, there is some attempt made to lighten the ship of her cargo; but with the rising tide the insidious force of the waters only buries the hull deeper in the sand, and the anchors fail to stay the progress of the fatal shocks as the barque thumps with increasing violence that causes the masts to quiver like reeds and the stout timbers of the hull to creak and groan.

Almost imperceptibly dangers increase and thicken until there comes the sudden warning of the fatal end. The cable astern snaps like a piece of string; the stern of the vessel, suddenly released, swings upward and outward with the rising wave, and falls back with a great crash; the barque heels over on her beam ends, and a cascade of green water sweeps in a flood over her deck, churned into boiling foam amidst the wreckage of the fallen masts.

A cry, a glimpse of a struggling form, and one of the crew is swept to his death. Wave after wave breaks over the deck with a fury that is almost sensate, striving to wrest the battered sailors from their clinging hold. There comes a lull of a few moments, which the active Henri seizes as an opportunity to make fast a rope, which is their only means of getting back to their

boat, tossing close at hand in the trough of the broken waters. Three men and a boy, the survivors of the barque's crew, are first conveyed into safety, followed by one of the Frenchmen; Henri and Jules are left together on board.

There came a towering wave that burst over them. Jules recovered himself first. He was clinging to a portion of the shrouds with his left hand; the hold of his right hand upon a belaying-pin had given way, the pin slipping from its socket.

Before him was the bent form of Henri, his rival, the husband of Nanette. Whence came the devilish thought that was acted upon in that one flash of half a moment? It was not a thought: it was a blind instinct of murder. There was no will or mental volition in the deed. Upon the bared head of the defenceless man the iron weapon descended with a crash, and Henri rolled, stunned and senseless, into the tangled wreckage that strewn the deck. No eye of those in the boat beheld the tragedy. They saw only the wave break over their two comrades, and when it passed the form only of one stood erect, like a man dazed by the sudden shock—a



IT WAS A BLIND INSTINCT OF MURDER.

man with a pale face, who only stood and stared wildly across the water and mouthed and gesticulated like one who had lost his senses.

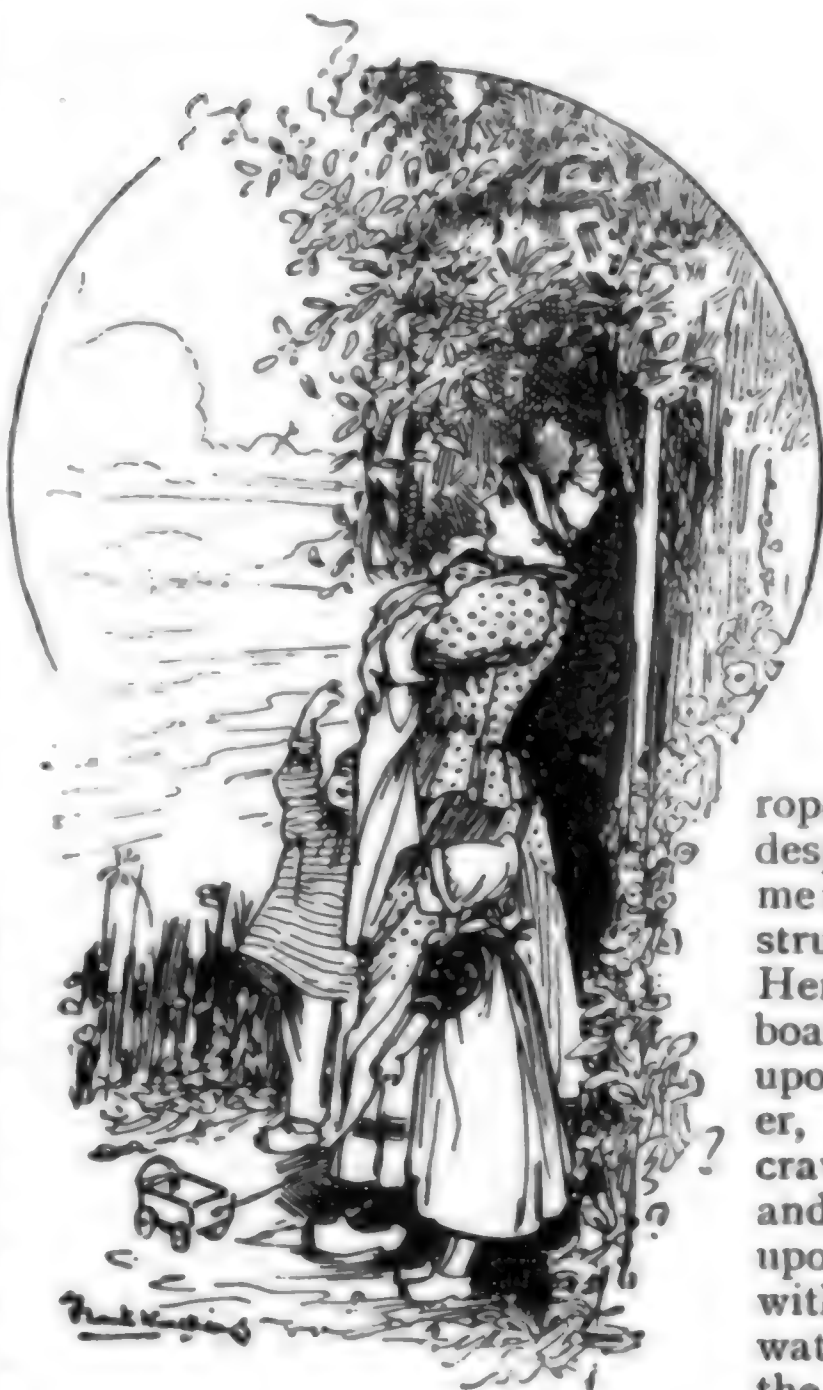
At his feet lay the senseless form of his unconscious rival, preserved by the tangled cordage of the wreck from being lost in the cruel green waves that hungrily lapped the deck and sucked at the swaying limbs of the huddled heap of senseless humanity.

Jules cast one shivering glance of dread at the huddled body, whose hands seemed stretched out to appeal for help, to seize upon him for rescue, or, terrible thought! to drag him also downward into the abyss of death. The wild beating of his heart-throbs, the loud pulsations of the blood to his ears, beating time to those dreadful words of the past—"One, two! One, two!"

It is but a few seconds, and a cry from the boat bidding him haste; then, a blinding flash of lightning tears through the sullen clouds and drenching mist and spray. One dazzling picture appears before the murderer's eyes—a fisher-wife standing by the doorway of her home, looking seaward for her husband's sail, and, clinging to her gown, the chubby, rosy-faced children.

There dwells no stronger or nobler emotion in the human breast than that great sacrificial brother-love which animates to heroism the sturdy souls of those whose daily life is exposed to constant peril. Even as Jules had acted before, blindly and unthinkingly, by an instinct of murder, so unknowingly of his free will followed the instinct of salvation. That stunned and senseless form lying at his feet is a husband and a father!

It is all the work of one brief second.



STANDING AT THE DOORWAY OF HER HOME.

Pasquelard slips the rope from the broken stump of the mast, knots it around his chest, stoops, and with the furious strength of one mad impulse, seizes the body of his rival in his arms, mounts with a bound upon the shattered bulwarks, and plunges with his burden through the coming wave.

There are cries from the boat; each man seizes upon the rope with a vigour born of desperation; a few brief moments of superhuman struggles and Jules and Henri are dragged into the boat. The latter falls prone upon the bottom; the former, casting off the rope, crawls blindly to his seat, and, seizing desperately upon his oar, swings it out with a broad sweep into the water, bringing the stern of the boat round but just in time to save them from a swamping wave.

With pale face and gritted teeth, he bends with the rest of the crew to the arduous task of propelling their frail vessel out of danger from the perilous neighbourhood of the shattered wreck and deadly surf. Then, when the sail is hoisted, and they sweep into the banks of fog and mist, plunging from wave to wave, he sinks forward, a huddled form, upon his knees, with his face buried in his hands, that he may not see the group at the stern where Henri is being roughly tended by rude but kindly hands.

All the length of the voyage home Henri lies there senseless to the rocking waves, the driving mists and perils of the deep—senseless still to the bitter cry of his wife when she sees her husband carried up the beach, and laid, with pale face and inanimate form, upon the bed.

Jules Pasquelard lives through the night with a dull stupor as of one under the influence of a noxious drug—dazed, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, knowing nothing, living a life in a dream, only con-



scious of the existence in his brain of a mechanical, harsh utterance droned in a hated voice—"One, two! One, two!"

Always silent and reserved, his family do not perceive any difference from his ordinary demeanour; but when the dawn, bright and rosy, has gladdened the earth, and they are rising from the table of their morning meal, there comes a timid knock at the door. It is opened. It is Nanette standing there in the full glory of the rosy light, an infant in her arms.

Jules, with a moaning cry, shrinks back, extending his hands as if to push her away, his face pale and livid, with a ghastly terror in his eyes. But she! she sees not anything but the outlines of his form through the blinding mist of tears that suffuse her eyes. His mother, his brother and sister also, do not notice the terrible expression of his face.

"Jules, my husband is safe and well. He himself would have come to thank you, but it is not good for him to rise yet. I have come to thank you for bringing my husband to me," she stammers.

The two toddling children, who have timidly followed her into the cottage, gaze open-mouthed at their trembling mother. Jules is smitten with such weakness that he leans swaying against the table, with his pallid face sinking towards his breast.

"You have saved the father of my chil-

dren, these dear little ones. May the good God bless you and keep you from harm, and give—and give you great happiness."

She seized one of his hands before he was aware—the hand that smote the murderous blow—and, raising it to her lips, pressed a kiss upon it, watered with a tear.

Jules withdrew his trembling hand, regarding it with shrinking eyes.

"Say no more, say no more; oh, my God!" he cried, with a voice hoarse and strange. Then he staggered from the house and so on to the beach and to the boat, while Nanette sinks into a seat and relates the story of the heroism of the brave son to his widowed mother.

There is not much more to tell. Jules Pasquelard could not face the praises of these people with the knowledge of that black crime of intention of which God alone besides himself had cognisance; so the next day he shipped aboard a vessel

for a long foreign voyage; and when time had blunted the sharp memory of that evil hour of his life, he returned once more to his native village to find the deed of rescue one of the unspoken things of the past.

And for the rest, he married the widow Bernardine, who kept a small wine shop; and there are now some children who call Jules Pasquelard "father," and things are well with him, according to the prayer of Nanette.



INTO THE BANKS OF FOG AND MIST.

# Western Magic.

## *A Chat with Mr. Maskelyne and Mr. Charles Bertram.*

**I**N ages past, and even in the present day, there are many who prefer to look to the supernatural rather than to the natural for the causation of seemingly strange occurrences. Some ascribe them to the interposition of Providence; others deem them uncanny and savouring of the powers of darkness. For the proof that we are gullible, one needs only to look around or to scan the columns of the daily papers. Palmistry, fortune-telling, or character reading by the face or one's caligraphy, is an every-day occurrence; and, in spite of the many exposures that have and are constantly taking place, there will be a large section of people who will always swear by, and implicitly trust in their favourite quack or charlatan. Mr. W. Stead has lately been enlarging on the subject, and has gone so far as to issue a magazine called *Borderland*, which deals with spooks and other visitants from the other world. It is but yesterday that we were

assured in our leading papers that ghosts were to be seen and heard regularly at Hampton Court Palace; indeed, one wiser than the rest went so far as to positively assure us that Anne Boleyn was to be seen frequently rambling about the corridors of the palace, and that she had an easy method of passing through doors, etc., without going through the prosaic formality of first opening them.

Now, at this festive season of the year,

"When the oldest cask is opened  
And the largest lamp is lit,  
When the chestnuts glow in the embers  
And the goose turns on the spit,  
When the young and old in circle  
Around the firebrands close,"

then the subject of ghosts is a favourite one, and many a blood-curdling, awe-inspiring nightmare-begging story is told and re-told.



MR. J. N. MASKELYNE.  
Photo. by A. Esmé Collings.

Far be it from me to try and upset these cherished beliefs of many, but I want to show in this article that many of the wonderful and uncanny things we see and read about are but very simple when you know all about them. Imagination is a very strong thing, but facts are more powerful. Looking round for facts, I thought a visit to that cemetery of superstition and imposture, that birthplace of optical and mechanical mystery, and a chat with its head would prove both instructive and amusing. Everyone has

heard of Maskelyne and Cooke's entertainment as given regularly in the Egyptian Hall. Now my advice to believers in the supernatural is to pay a visit to this hall of mystery, for I can assure them that by doing so many of their most cherished beliefs will receive a rude shock.

Generally speaking, by the supernatural is meant that which we cannot explain by any known laws of nature; taking





MR. G. A. COOKE.

*Photo. by Brown, Barnes and Bell.*

this as a correct definition, it is clear that what may be looked upon as supernatural by one person may be rightly understood to have a natural causation by another. For example, not long since, when the electric light was for the first time installed in the streets of Calcutta, the more ignorant of the natives rushed madly hither and thither, declaring that it was supernatural, and predicted some great catastrophe; but gradually, as the origin of the light was explained to them, they lost their fear, and began to realise that it was the result of a scientific arrangement of Nature's laws. Again, I remember some years ago I was in the heart of the Terai jungles—that dense mass of forest that skirts the foot of the Himalayas—and returning to Moradabad and civilisation, I brought down one of my servants, a hill-man I had picked up in one of the villages; his consternation and fear on beholding a railway engine for the first time was wonderful: he fell down on his knees, he salaamed to it, he prayed to it, but as it was explained to him he calmed down and came to the conclusion that we English were wonderful people.

Again, who has not heard of the spectre of the Brocken, the highest point in the Harz mountains, and how simply it was eventually explained away. I could go on for pages quoting cases of the sup-

posed supernatural that had been proved to be only natural; but that is not the object of this paper.

To return to our moutons, that is, to the Egyptian Hall entertainment. Mr. Maskelyne opened the ball by playing with some ordinary delft plates and a wash-basin. It appeared very pretty and also easy, this rhythmic twisting of the plates. I tried it when I got home. I quickly smashed a dinner plate, and got into trouble, so gave up the experiment. Then came a little sketch, entitled "The Artist's Dream," written to enable Mr. Maskelyne to display one of his illusions. An artist has lost his wife and is painting a portrait of her. He places it on his easel in the middle of the stage and falls asleep; suddenly his wife steps out from the canvas, appears to him and goes back again. The puzzle is, where does she come from? and where does she go?

With Mr. Spurr's mimetic interlude I have at present nothing to do, save to say that it was very amusing and artistic, and the recitation, with zither accompaniment, a little gem.

The next object of interest in the programme was the performance on the mechanical and automatic orchestra, rightly styled "the most wonderful combination of musical instruments in the world."



MR. NEVIL MASKELYNE.

*Photo. by Brown, Barnes and Bell.*

This electric organ was constructed entirely by Mr. Maskelyne himself, with the assistance of his son, Mr. Nevil Maskelyne, and is the growth of many years. They are constantly adding effects to it. The original idea was to construct a band of automaton musicians, with an automaton conductor, but, after making three, it was found that life-size figures would take up too much room for their small stage, so it was decided to make one combination instrument which could be controlled by one performer, and yet produce the effect of a complete band.

The subject chosen on the occasion I was present was—

*A Descriptive Selection,*  
ENTITLED

"OUR BLUE JACKETS."

SYNOPSIS.—Sailors Embarking: "Hearts of Oak."—"The Anchor's Weigh'd."—Jollity on Board.—"A Life on the Ocean Wave."—"The Sailors' Hornpipe." Night-fall: "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."—A Storm Rising: Thunder, Lightning, Hail, Wind, etc. etc.—"The Bay of Biscay." Return to Old England:—Church Bells.—"Home, Sweet Home."—"Rule Britannia."

This enabled the performer to introduce such varied instruments as the cornet, the drum, the cymbals, the bells, the piccolo, the French horn, and lightning, thunder and howling wind. These various instruments were placed in different positions throughout the hall, the electric current being used throughout.

This brought me to the last and most interesting item on the programme, entitled—

"MRS. DAFFODIL DOWNY'S LIGHT AND DARK SÉANCE."

Dr. Blade (a Spiritualist)	Mr. NEVIL MASKELYNE.
Morsel (a Spirit Medium)	Mr. G. A. COOKE.
Sir Everleigh Staid	Mr. J. B. HANSARD.
James	Mr. W. F. BROOKE.
Mrs. Daffodil Downy	Miss OLIVE ELTON.

Needless to say, in the dark séance, ghosts were called up, and wandered about apparently in space. After this, I thought it was time I consulted Mr.

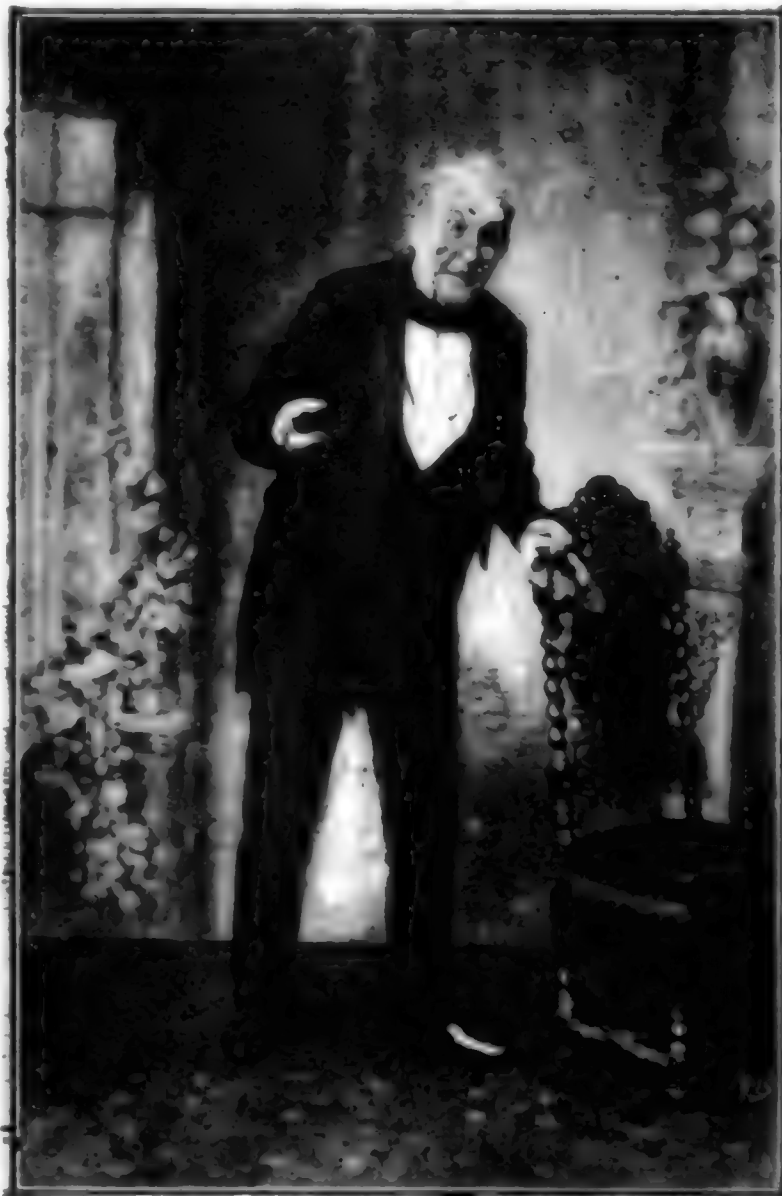
Maskelyne himself. I found Mr. Maskelyne to be a very practical and business-like man, and he imparted a lot of information to me. Some twenty years ago there were some fifty spirit mediums: their dupes, the spiritualists, were to be counted by hundreds. That this phenomenon is one that has never been properly investigated was at once admitted; but one or two simple and natural things were made to support gigantic frauds. For instance, the movements and gyrations of a table can be, and are, performed with-

out trickery. Again, with regard to thought-reading and clairvoyance, there is a certain amount of genuineness about them, but the question is, where does the genuine stop, and where does the humbug commence?

Many of my readers will remember the Davenport Brothers. The father of these two men was a detective in the U.S.A. police, and the inventor of their séance. The idea was probably suggested by a well-known rope trick performed by the Indian jugglers, and which can often be seen in the streets.

The brothers used to retire into a cabinet, and both be securely tied. The

manner in which they instantaneously became free or retied was marvellous, and for a long time it utterly baffled everyone to discover how it was done. Of course, sometimes they took longer to free themselves from their bonds than usual, though the one brother always assisted the other to regain his freedom. The delay was then usually explained away by their spokesman—who, by the way, was a parson, a Rev. Dr. Fergusson—stating that they were waiting for the spirits to manifest themselves. At last, the accidental dropping of a piece of drapery at a critical moment let Mr. Maskelyne into the secret. Armed with this and the aid



MR. J. HANSARD AS PROFESSOR CRANES.  
Photo. by Brown, Barnes and Bell.



of his colleague, Mr. Cooke, he, in a short time, was able to reproduce every item of the Davenports' cabinet and dark séance. So close was the resemblance to the original that the spiritualists had no alternative but to claim Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke as most powerful brother spirit mediums.

The Davenport Brothers, of course, then claimed that they were assisted by spiritual agency; but this is how Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke performed the same without spiritualistic aid.

They both went into a cabinet, and were securely tied (to all appearances) with their hands behind their backs; yet, in scarcely more time than it takes me to write it, Mr. Maskelyne would be divested of his waistcoat, his coat would be still on his back, and his hands still tied. The deed was mystifying surely, but the explanation was simple. Mr. Maskelyne entered the cabinet, wearing a "trick waistcoat;" Mr. Cooke would carry a second waistcoat, carefully folded up and secreted under his arm: Heigh presto! the trick waistcoat disappeared, Mr. Cooke dropped the secreted garment aforesaid, and the thing was done; and as it was warm, as if it had just been worn, there was no doubt that the spirits had manifested themselves to Mr. Maskelyne. No one suspected innocent Mr. Cooke; the spirits had passed him by. Shortly after, one of the brothers died in Australia; the other retired and became a farmer in America. Both publicly renounced spiritualism, and declared the whole performance was the result of trickery and dexterity. Notwithstanding this admission, and the public exposure of the tricks, there are people who still maintain that the Brothers were aided by unseen helpers. This is blind faith with a vengeance, and seems to show how readily fanatics believe that which accords with their own ideas, whilst one might move heaven and earth before they would be convinced to the contrary. Impostors themselves may be brought to see the error of their ways and confess their frauds, but their believers—never.

Another great impostor was the notorious Dr. Slade; he managed to gull the public for some time, but retribution came at last in the shape of a Professor Lancaster and the late Dr. Donkin, who caught the gentleman red-handed and prosecuted him. The trial took place

at Bow Street, and Mr. Maskelyne was called as an expert, and he performed the tricks in the witness-box, to the astonishment and amusement of all. The upshot was that Dr. Slade got three months.

If any of my readers are curious and anxious to learn more of this subject, let me refer them to a little book, written by Dr. Weatherly and Mr. Maskelyne, called "The Supernatural," published by Arrow-smith. They will find much to edify them in its pages.

Mr. Maskelyne, among other inventions, some years ago produced his automaton Psycho. This took him two years to make; he got the idea from a friend who had been at it for years. It was a very complicated automaton, and to protect himself when he had finished it, he took out a bogus patent, which threw all the curious off the scent. The secret is still kept. In those days Psycho used to play a hand of whist; now it has been so far improved as to play chess with ease, and when it is introduced to the public again, as it shortly will be, it will be a veritable and genuine Mahatma.

Some years ago some Japanese jugglers came over, and simply electrified their audiences with their butterfly tricks and their top spinning. Here again the marvellous was easily explained. Armed with a simple fan, and a tissue paper butterfly or two, these Japanese used to cause these butterflies to float hither and thither as they willed, wafting them about with the gentle breezes produced by the fan. Prodigious! everyone exclaimed, in the words of Dominie Sampson. Yet how simple! The butterflies were fastened to the performer's coat by a long hair.

I think I have shown that Mr. Maskelyne is able by natural causes and the aid of mechanical appliances, such as deflected mirrors, etc., placed at different angles, to perform all the tricks and manifestations practised by these so-called spirit mediums, and that he does not profess to be anything but an ordinary mortal like yourself or myself, with no converse or contact with spirits, save, perchance, it be Scotch or Irish.

There is another source of constant wonderment and amusement in the art of conjuring or legerdemain, but here the aid of the spirits is not invoked, and the public believe that the performer is really and absolutely deceiving them, though they cannot see him do it. The doyen



MR. BERTRAM AND THE VANISHING LADY.

*Photo. by the Stereoscopic Co.*

of conjurers is undoubtedly Mr. Charles Bertram, a gentleman who, besides being gifted with a fine physique and presence, has also the advantage of being possessed of an endless flow of anecdote and "patter," a most useful and necessary accomplishment to a successful conjurer.

Some little time ago Mr. Bertram used to perform a vanishing-lady trick. His preparations were simple enough. An ordinary newspaper was laid open on the stage; on this a chair was placed. On this a lady sat, and was covered with a cloth. Suddenly Mr. Bertram made a movement as if to lift the lady; and lo! the lady and the cloth, like Shakespeare's witches of old, had "vanished into thin air." Seeing the success of this, Bertram tried to get even nearer to the uncanny by quietly following the lady and cloth, and also disappearing and as rapidly re-appearing in the body of the hall several yards away.

Many will remember seeing the mysterious floating lady. Here was a lady of no mean proportions apparently floating about in and walking on the air. Look how you might, you could discover no visible means of support. Yet how

simple it was. Your stage was hung round with black velvet, and all light excluded save what could be thrown in from the front. The lady wore a peculiar belt, with a double cog-wheel action, a rod, also covered with black velvet, connected the belt with a machine at the back of the curtain, and the machine was run backwards and forwards on a trolley, and in this prescribed distance the lady meandered about. Simple, isn't it, when you know the way?

A very favourite trick with conjurers is the vanishing-cage trick. A small cage is brought on (a canary inside) held by the conjurer's two hands. Suddenly he makes a rapid movement, and the cage has disappeared. It has quietly and quickly collapsed the instant the hands are removed, and disappeared up the conjurer's sleeves.

Mr. Bertram performed this trick before H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, Her Royal Highness marking the bird by tying round its neck a piece of silk taken from the tassel of her cloak.

Mr. Bertram has appeared some scores of times before the Prince of Wales, and has also, by special desire, entertained Her Majesty. When performing before the Shah of Persia an amusing thing occurred. The Shah was wearing a very handsome and very large diamond on his breast. Bertram suddenly, while passing a card or something to the Shah, annexed the diamond. A little later he suddenly produced the jewel from the pocket of one of the company and handed it back to the potentate, whose consternation may be better imagined than described.

Another amusing incident connected with royalty and Mr. Bertram is worth repeating. Once at a party given by Mr. Alfred Rothschild, at which, among other notabilities, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was present, our tricky friend began producing from an ordinary silk hat some thousand pounds worth of presents, which he distributed among the guests. When he came to the Prince of Wales he discovered he had a silver cigarette case for His Royal Highness, which he presented to him; but quickly remembering himself, he humbly apologised for his remissness, and, taking back the case, immediately handed it back filled with His Royal Highness's own cigarettes, which were immediately recognised. Needless to say the Prince expressed himself delighted.



As this seemed beyond even the power of Mr. Bertram to be able to do, I taxed him with it and demanded a truthful explanation. He confessed to me that to perform this seemingly wonderful feat he had secretly made the acquaintance of H.R.H.'s equerry.

Mr. Bertram's dexterity with cards and his other sleight of hand performances have to be seen to be properly appreciated.

One pretty trick is that which he does with several large nickel rings. He takes some dozen or so large rings, each about eight inches in diameter, and links and unlinks them with the most perfect ease. He will hand two or three to members of his audience, but they fail to unite them or disunite them when linked, yet Mr. Bertram will easily disconnect them before your very eyes, often requesting you to assist him by blowing on them, or, if you belong to the fair sex, to gently kiss them apart. Here the mystification is easily explained. Eleven of the rings may be and are perfect rings; the twelfth one, however, is not quite a complete circle, enough space being left for the edge of any of the other rings to pass through easily.

Every conjurer must have a magic wand. He would be powerless without it; with it he causes things to appear and vanish as he wills. He requires anything from the audience; they are unable or unwilling to supply it. Resource is at once had to the magic wand. Observe Mr. Bertram, having failed to obtain a billiard ball from anyone in the audience, in the act of picking one off the edge of his wand. If he wants a second or even a third one, he can procure it from the same source, or, to add variety to the entertainment and to show how easy it is for him to obtain it anywhere else, he can pick a small piece off the ball already procured, and, by the simple process of rubbing it between his fingers, obtain a second. Of course, it is needless for me to explain that what is known as "palming" is brought into play for this trick.

Another favourite and bewildering trick with conjurers is that one of obtaining money from the air and from about the person of different people in the audience. The apparatus needed is very simple—merely a tall hat. How easy it looks, seeing the performer holding the hat at arm's length and catching the coins as they invisibly fall. "True," says he, "you can't see them, but listen to the chink as they drop in the hat." Yes, there is no getting away from the genuineness of this performance; you hear the coins fall, and you see them poured out of the hat before your very eyes. No deception this time. Isn't it wonderful? Very. Till you know the way. You would be surprised to hear the conjurer had some dozen or more florins "palmed" in his hand, and he dropped them one at a time into the hat. Yet this is how it is done.

Cards, ordinary playing cards, form an endless source of amusement, and a clever conjurer can, and does, mystify one horribly; imagination even gives him a sulphurous odour. You are given the pack yourself, asked to select the four aces, place them on the top of the pack, satisfy yourself that they are



MR. BERTRAM AND THE RING TRICK.  
*Photo. by the Stereoscopic Co.*



MR. BERTRAM PRODUCING BILLIARD BALLS.  
*Photo. by the Stereoscopic Co.*

really there ; then place them, one by one, or simply as you will, on the table. There is no mistake about this, you have done it all yourself ; yet when you look again, the four cards are not the four aces at all, and what is more strange, they are not even in the pack ; they are evidently lost ; but you are surprised when they are produced from the heel of your left boot, or some other quite as unexpected place. Well, you are assured that that is not a part of the performance ; so to business. This time you "make assurance doubly sure," and see that they are placed in a row on the table ; on each ace you place three more cards ; you put one ace and its three companions say at the bottom of the pack, one at the top, one on the lower half, and the other in the upper half ; yet, strange to say, one touch of the wand has the effect of bringing them together. Marvellous, is it not ? yet Mr. Bertram assures me this is only due to the laws of nature, acting on the principle of "birds of a feather flocking together."

Sleight of hand is another form of amusement much practised. The difference between this and conjuring proper being that in the latter you have some mechanical or other aids to assist you, more often than not concealed on your

person ; in the former, it is merely "the quickness of the hand deceives the eye."

Take, for instance, the "Faire sauter la coupe," or what is known as making the pass with one hand with a pack of cards ; here the pass is done with such rapidity before your very eyes that you fail to perceive it. When I state that

Mr. Bertram can accomplish the feat of the one hand pass something like eighty times in a minute, the reader will readily understand how deceptive his eyesight may be.

One other trick, and I am finished. Mr. Bertram will take three little pieces of tissue paper, coloured respectively red, white and blue ; these will he join together ; then produce thousands of little flags, and wind up by suddenly waving a large Union Jack, sufficient to cover his person, and from behind which he will sometimes disappear.

No doubt many of my readers will be able to at once perform many of the tricks

that before seemed so mysterious, but I may add that knowing how the thing is done is one thing, but actually doing it is quite a different proceeding. I hope in a later number to have something to say on Oriental Magic, and the mysterious doings of devotees, fakirs and dervishes.

H. FITZGERALD.



SHUFFLING CARDS IN THE AIR.  
Photo. by the Stereoscopic Co.



# *Whispers from the Woman's World*

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.



BELVOIR CASTLE.

## HISTORIC HOMES—BELVOIR CASTLE.

**O**Y first acquaintance with Belvoir Castle was made on a warm spring day in the present year, and no one approaching it on such an occasion could fail to appreciate the picturesqueness of its situation, and the beauties, natural and artificial, by which it is surrounded.

Situated on a finely wooded eminence, this handsome castellated building recalls memories of the Royal residence at Windsor. Splendid views are to be obtained from its windows of the counties of Leicester, Lincoln and Nottingham, and within a radius of twenty-six miles one can

count no less than one hundred and seventy-three towns, villages and hamlets.

On the western slope is a portion of the grounds known as the Duke's garden, and a short distance from here, in even a more secluded spot, is the Duchess's garden, a favourite retreat of Elizabeth, wife of the

fifth Duke of Rutland and daughter of the Earl of Carlisle. This lady, who was much beloved, not only by her own immediate family, but by her dependents and a large circle of friends, to whom she had endeared herself by her gentle disposition, died in 1825, at the comparatively early age of forty-five, leaving behind seven children to mourn her loss. Four others had died in her life-



HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

time, and are buried with her in the splendid mausoleum erected in the grounds by her husband. This building is in the Norman style, and is approached by an avenue of yews. At one end, lit by a golden flood of colour, is a magnificent piece of sculpture, representing the Duchess Elizabeth rising from her tomb where, as she floats towards the clouds, she is met by her four children, one of whom is placing the crown of glory upon her head.



THE ELIZABETH SALOON, BELVOIR CASTLE.

Inside the Castle there are also many memorials of this lady, who was the mother of the late and present Dukes of Rutland. The Elizabeth Saloon, a



REGENT'S GALLERY, BELVOIR CASTLE.

magnificent apartment furnished in the elaborate style of Louis Quatorze, with a richly painted ceiling, contains the Duchess's statue by Wyatt, and several portraits, including one of the Duchess which, with that of the Duke, was painted by Sanders. The walls are panelled with satin damask with a heavy gold frieze, and the furniture is upholstered in a delicate shade of blue. Among other curiosities are four Buhl cabinets inlaid with marble and Pietra Dura. One of these



holds the key of the Staunton Tower (an ancient portion of the Castle). The wards are the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew united on a pedestal. The cap of dignity, crest and ducal coronet, are also introduced.

The Regent's Gallery was elaborately furnished and decorated in honour of the visit of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. During his stay the heir of the fifth Duke and the Duchess Elizabeth was baptized, the Prince acting as one of the sponsors. The child, however, died shortly after. This apartment is one hundred and thirty-one feet in length, and is sometimes divided by curtains into three fair sized and most comfortable rooms. From these windows there is a splendid prospect of the Vale of Belvoir.

Some magnificent tapestries (as well as other works of art) are to be found here which illustrate, in a graphic manner, the adventures of Don Quichotte. There are also a number of marble columns, surmounted by exquisite busts, and some Old Masters which one would fain have time to examine carefully.

The Picture Gallery is another source of interest to those visiting the Castle, and contains many examples of the work of Carlo Dolci, Rubens, Claude Lorraine, Murillo, Rembrandt, Paolo Veronese, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Vandyck, Teniers and other foreign artists, besides specimens of those who have distinguished themselves as English portrait and landscape painters.

Singularly curious is a picture by David Teniers containing about fifty figures, each group illustrating some well-known proverb. For instance "Fools and their money are soon parted" is represented by a portrait of the son of the painter,

who is throwing gold into the river to catch fish; and "Those born to be hanged will never be drowned" is depicted by a man standing on the brink of the river and pointing out to his struggling comrade in the water the gallows near at hand. This picture is valued at £1,600, and the broad humour displayed makes it a general favourite.

The Library, too, must have many attractions for those well versed in booklore. The decorations are of a Gothic character, and there is a rare collection of richly illuminated manuscripts and theological, topographical and classical



PICTURE GALLERY, BELVOIR CASTLE.

works. Busts of Homer, Demosthenes and other classical writers guard all these treasures, and on one of the tables is a handsomely illuminated address presented by the noblemen and gentry of Leicestershire on the occasion of the fifth Duke's completing his jubilee as Lord Lieutenant.

Many Royal and distinguished visitors have received hospitality at Belvoir. The Regent's visit has been already referred to. In November, 1839, Queen Adelaide, the widow of William IV., stayed here for four days, when, we are told, she attended the meet of the hunt on horseback. On December 4th, 1843, Queen

Victoria, the Prince Consort and the Duke of Wellington were there when Her Majesty occupied the famous Chinese Rooms. In 1866 the Prince and Princess of Wales were the guests of the Duke of Rutland, and during the last visit of the Empress Frederick to England, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, she spent a few days with the present Duke and Duchess. On this occasion Her Majesty used the Chinese suite, and occupied the famous Wellington Bed, of which an illustration is given.

Those who are interested in this brief sketch, and desire to know more of the history of Belvoir Castle, are referred to an interesting book on the subject, entitled "The History of Belvoir Castle from the Norman Conquest to the Nineteenth Century," by the Rev. Irvin Eller, published by R. Tyas, Paternoster Row, London; and "Bygone Leicestershire," by William Andrews, F.R.H.S., to be obtained from J. and T. Spencer, Market Place, Leicester; and to "Belvoir Castle and its History; together with a description of Bottesford Church," the burial-place of the Manners Family, which was written by the late Richard Allen, and published by E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria Lane, London.

To the authors of these volumes I am indebted for some of the facts mentioned.

Many will be glad to know that Belvoir is one of "the stately homes of England" from the beauties of which the



THE LIBRARY, BELVOIR CASTLE.

general public are not rigorously excluded; as by the kindness of the Duke and Duchess those who wish to view their home are permitted to do so. The nearest stations are Redmile and Bottesford, on the Great Northern Railway, and conveyances are always available at the latter place.

#### THE HOME.

It was once my unhappy fate (as a penance for my sins, I suppose) to be the unwilling occupant of that abomination of all abominations—cheap furnished apartments. The dull sense of horror with which I viewed my uncongenial surroundings—the stony glare and sordid speculations of the typical London landlady, the indifferent service, bad cooking, and general absence of what I had hitherto considered the mere necessities of life—no words of mine could express. After due consideration, however, I came to the conclusion that "it is better to bear the ills ye have than fly to others that ye know not of," and brought my philosophy and ingenuity to bear, so as to make those two rooms as habitable as circumstances permitted. As my experience may afford a few hints to those similarly placed, I will endeavour as briefly as possible to tell them how the transformation was effected. The paint happily was in fair condition and of neutral tint, and the walls were covered with a buff paper (which indirectly



WELLINGTON BED, BELVOIR CASTLE.



suggested sunshine), while the shaded chrysanthemum pattern called to mind an old-world garden associated with my earliest years. The carpets, of nondescript pattern and filled with the dust of ages, were removed bodily, and the entire floors of sitting-room and bedroom were subjected to a coat of walnut stain, and afterwards beeswaxed and polished, and in the former room foreign rugs were substituted for its late antique covering. The recesses were occupied by two low cupboards. One of these was lined with paper and quickly converted into a temporary larder, while the other was a useful receptacle for various odds and ends, which have a knack of accumulating where space is limited. As there was no sideboard, I reserved the top of one of the cupboards for use at meal times, when it presented quite a festive appearance, covered with a lace-edged linen cloth, my limited supply of plate, and a fern in a Linthorpe pot, well in the background. At the other side I was fortunate enough to find four stained deal shelves, which were soon filled with my favourite authors, above which some Nankin jars found a resting-place. A centre table for meals, a cheap pine table with a single drawer in the window for writing upon, and a round one for afternoon tea, with three mahogany chairs of the usual type, were the property of my landlady. Fortunately I could supplement them with a box ottoman, couch and cushions to match, covered in chintz, a lounging chair, upholstered in tawny Utrecht velvet, a pair of cream-coloured muslin curtains, with dainty frills, chenille table-cloths of softly blended colourings, a portière of similar texture and a mantel-mat to match. Also safely packed away in the sofa-box was a duplex lamp, some brass candlesticks, jardinières and fittings for the writing-table, a black marble clock, a few specimens of ornamental pottery, including an afternoon tea ser-

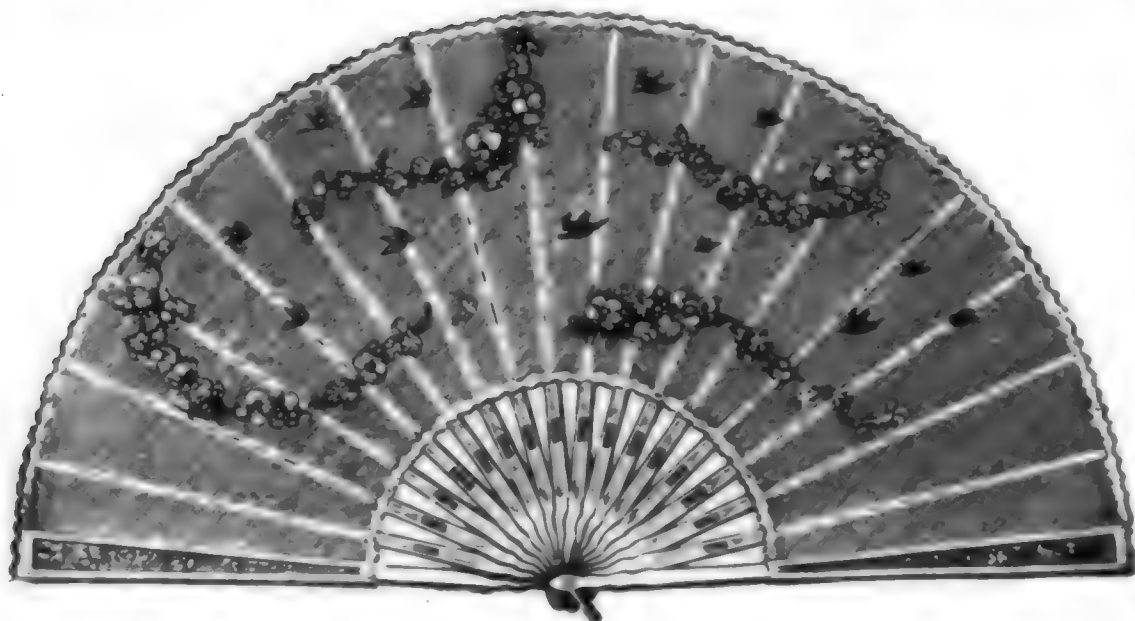
vice, a brass spirit-lamp and kettle, a trivet for the fireplace, a toasting-fork, teaspoons and knives for private use, and other trifles essential to a woman's comfort. Pictures and photographs everyone has, and they take the place of the landlady's ornaments (save the mark!) which in nine cases out of ten consist of cut glass lustres, china sheep, which are libels on the genuine article, cups and saucers bearing the impress of Margate, Ramsgate or Southend, wool-work hand screens and other atrocities of a similar character.

A good fire, a few flowers, the current magazines, with the alterations I had made, converted my room into a quiet haven, which need not offend artistic susceptibilities, and which, as a temporary resting-place, was not to be despised. Having been so far successful, I proceeded to beautify the bedroom. This was dark and small, and gave on to the leads and backs of the neighbouring houses. A pair of muslin curtains, similar to those in the sitting-room, partially concealed that pleasing aspect. A piece of Chinese matting contrasted prettily with the stained floor, and a few yards of Turkey twill, which possessed the double advantage of being cheap and washing well, was soon converted into table and box covers, and for lining a guipure lace bedspread, which I happened to have with me, and which quite metamorphosed the mean-looking iron bedstead upon which it was placed. When I tell my readers

that a sovereign covered the cost of matting, staining the boards and fifteen yards of Turkey twill, not to mention



DRESSING-CASE FOR THE KHEVIL.



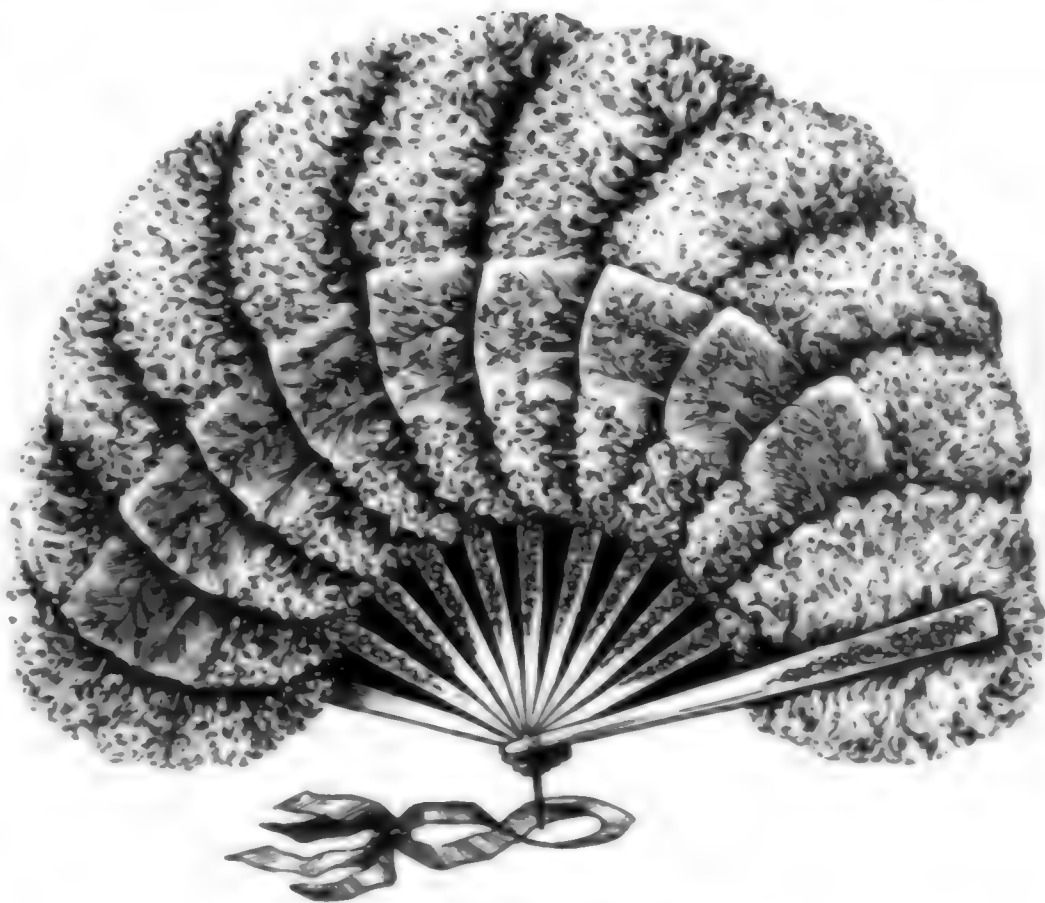
CREPE DE CHINE FAN.

plants and other odds and ends which I had to purchase, I think they will agree with me that it was money well expended for the effect obtained. I would always advise those who are compelled to occupy so-called furnished rooms, to carry with them the magic box ottoman, with the contents enumerated, an easy chair, designed for the perfect repose of the body, and a travelling bath, with cover, as these articles are seldom included in the not too-expansive catalogue of the landlady's household gods, and are things which no woman of ordinary refinement can possibly do without.

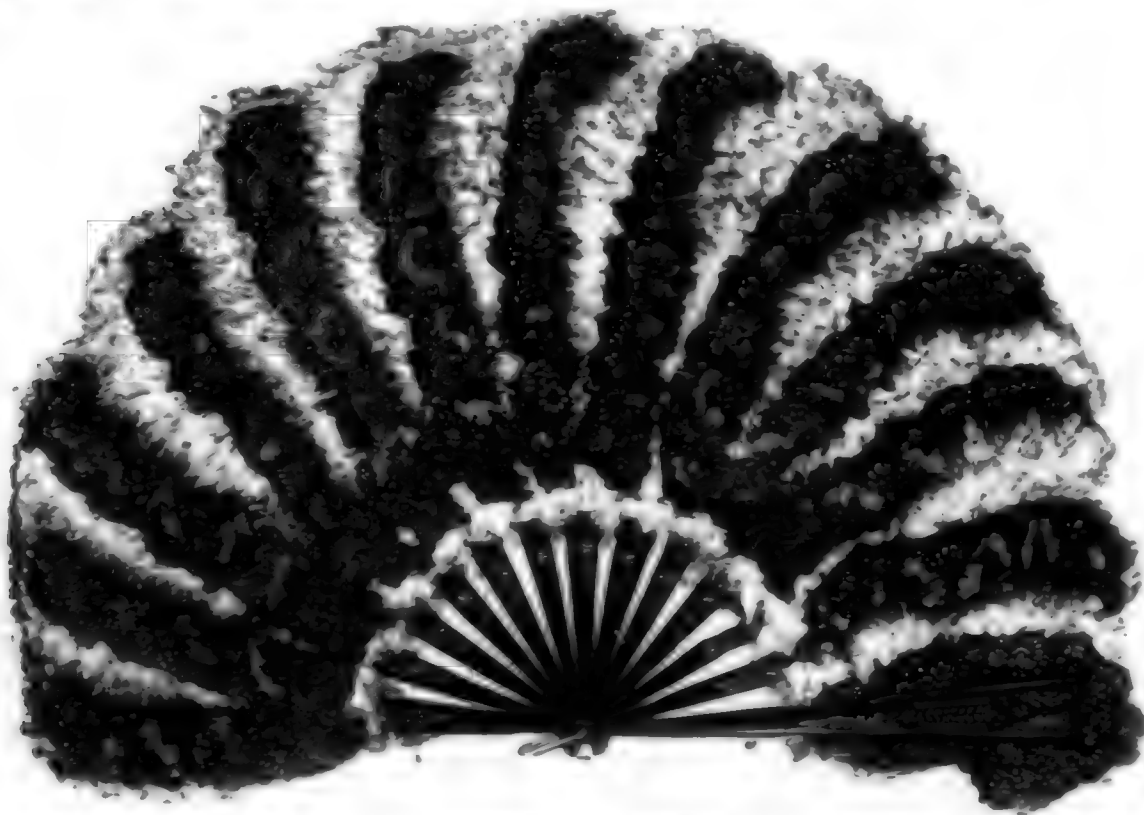
#### FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

I have quite an array of pretty and useful things to

bring before the notice of my readers this month, and the place of honour, I think, must be given to the magnificent dressing-case for the Khedive of Egypt, Abbas Helim, which has been made to the order of his mother, the Vice-Reine. To be exact, I should say the fittings have been made, for the beautiful ebony and marquetry box which contains them formerly belonged to the Khedive Tewfik Pasha. The twenty-seven articles, all of eighteen-



PAINTED FEATHER FAN.



FEATHER LACE FAN.

carat gold, delicately embossed, and in each instance bearing the Egyptian monarch's monogram—A. H. and a grand Turk's crown in diamonds—repose in their appointed places, and are thrown into relief by a rich background of royal blue velvet.

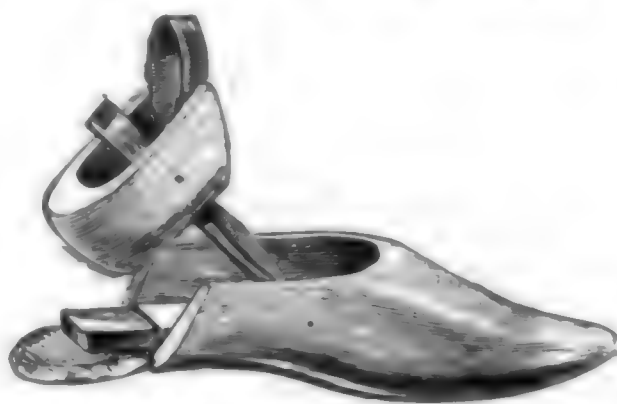
The table mirror, with its finely-wrought frame, is singularly beautiful, and surely never was such a shaving-brush made for mortal man before. The fez-stand also demands attention, and one must con-



clude that the Khedive does not despise the gentle art of making-up, for a cut crystal powder-box occupies a prominent position. Indeed, the case seems more suitable to grace some dainty beauty's dressing-table than for the use of one of the sterner sex, even if he is the ruler of an empire.

That elegant adjunct of the toilet, the fan, which has often played havoc with susceptible hearts, was first introduced into this country from Italy during the reign of Henry VIII.

though it had been commonly used in the East from a much earlier period. An Elizabethan poem speaks of "plumes of feathers framed," and in a painting I recently saw, one of the ladies of the Virgin Queen's Court holds a fan composed of seven peacock's feathers. Its appearance was much like that of a modern hand-screen, only it bore a straight handle nearly a yard in length. The latter, if



THE "COVET BOOT 1&amp;2.

rumour speaks correctly, was frequently used for the same purpose as the cane and birch of our own times—to call refractory children to order.

Folding fans of carved ivory were brought by Dutch merchants from Ceylon, China and Japan to England during the reign of William and Mary, and were the models for those in general use at the present day.

This season fans are remarkable for their elegance of design, and the very moderate price

for which they are produced. For example, one of Crêpe de Chine, hand-painted and mounted on ivory sticks, may be purchased for seven shillings and sixpence, and a similar pattern, with coloured spangle and horn mounts, costs the same. Another design is in turquoise marabout feathers, with alternate rows of cream lace, and has carved ivory sticks; while a third of



MODEL 5.



MODEL 63.



MODEL 62.

white cocks' feathers has a lovely floral spray painted across the centre. A handsome fan has been named after that graceful danseuse, Loie Fuller, and has bands of green, pink and heliotrope feathers, which blend and merge into each other with all the subtlety of the rainbow. Any of these would make charming and very acceptable Christmas gifts to members of the fair sex, or are suitable for New Year's souvenirs. To pass from the ornamental to the useful, one of the latest novelties is a boot tree, cunningly adjusted to admit of a small iron heater, intended to dry the boot when sodden with moisture, and which will retain its warmth for several hours. With this ingenious contrivance, which is warmed over a spirit lamp, one can be sure of keeping one's boots always in good shape and of avoiding all risks from damp foot gear, that very fruitful source of rheumatism, lung disease and other ills which flesh is heir to. For ordinary use the "Comet" (which is one of the most convenient trees I have seen) is made without the warmer, and only those who have used them know how essential they are to avoid the disreputable, decrepit and down-at-heel appearance which those boots that are not properly treed always assume.



FISHWIFE COSTUME.

I have been trying an experiment this autumn which, as it has turned out satisfactorily, I may as well give my readers the benefit of. Well, to cut a long story short, I had become tired of the extortions and other delinquencies of my dressmaker (I suppose that is not a unique experience) and was casting around for some device to frustrate her tiresome tricks, when a friend who has dealt there for some time recommended me to send for one of John Noble's cheviot serge gowns, which are very suitable for morning wear, and which, I was assured would satisfy my requirements.



NOBLE'S CHILD'S FROCK.

The skirt is smartly cut and faced with the same material (Cheviot serge), and it is neatly trimmed with rows of narrow black Russian braid. When I say that this costume, ready to put on, only cost ten shillings and sixpence, I know it will hardly be credited; but it is quite true nevertheless, as any lady will see for herself who follows my example, and sends for a catalogue and patterns from this enterprising firm. After the first investment I promptly forwarded cheque for Model 62, a black serge, trimmed with broad bands of velvet, the costume complete, as in illustration, costing fifteen shillings; and the myrtle green dress, No. 63, trimmed with braid of a similar shade, was twelve and sixpence only, exclusive of postage. I am delighted with these gowns, as the material of which they are made is of excellent quality, the workmanship thorough, and the wearing qualities all that can be desired.

Their children's

I certainly had my doubts on this point, owing to the cheap prices quoted, but this I found out after was to be accounted for by the firm's enormous trade, which is carried on, not only with Great Britain and Ireland, but also to a large extent with the Colonies.

Their address is John Noble and Co., 11, Piccadilly, Manchester.

My first essay was with Model 5, in navy blue serge. The bodice is of the blouse shape, with bound seams and belt attached. The yoke and sleeves are nicely lined and it is pleated back and front.



A WINTER MANTLE.



knockabout frocks are also marvels of cheapness. They are made in Cheviot serge in shades of navy, brown, grenat reseda, myrtle, black, etc., in such a variety of sizes, that there need be no difficulty about these ready-made goods fitting.

I know of no prettier costumes for little maids of tender years than a modified form of the dress worn by Newhaven fishwives. The design given has a lower skirt of blue serge, an upper one of red and white, or blue and white striped galatea, and over this again, a turned back drapery of serge. The sailor bodice shows a vest of galatea, which is also used in the sleeves which reach to the wrist, below shorter ones of serge.

Winter mantles are made much longer than last season; and though their colourings are subdued, the fabrics of which they are composed and the trimmings are of the richest description. I am enabled to show one of the latest models in the last fashion sketch. It is made of chestnut brown velvet with large puffed sleeves. The bottom of the skirt, the fronts, cuffs and cape are edged with Russian bear, and it is lined throughout with a gold and brown shot surate.

At the ball given recently at the Mansion House by Sir Stuart and Lady Knill, to the Mayors and Provosts of the United Kingdom and their wives and daughters, some very charming dresses were worn, though trains were conspicuous by their absence in dresses donned by those who intended to dance. The Lady Mayoress looked exceedingly handsome in a pearl-white brocade, relieved by a design of pale pink flowers and green leaves. The bodice was draped with finest Irish guipure, and the puffed sleeves were entirely covered with the same. Her ornaments consisted of diamonds and shaded feathers, and Lady Knill wore these in her white hair, which was turned back over a cushion à la Pompa-

dour. Lady Whitehead wore a gown of dove-coloured satin, with panels of brocade of the same tint, and trimmings of steel passementerie. The V-shaped bodice had folds of blush rose chiffon, which were fastened with a large spray of diamond marguerites; and her necklace, bracelets and pendant were of the same glittering stones. Lady Stuart was in black *poult de soie*, with low bodice and shoulder straps of the same, and berthe of ivory lace. Satin duchesse brocade, and silk of the most delicate tints, contrasted well with the Court dress, uniforms or sable attire of the gentlemen; and the Egyptian Hall (where the Coldstream Guards were stationed), the saloon and the suite of white-and-gold drawing-rooms were filled with an ever-moving and brilliant throng for many hours, who, evidently appreciated the lavish hospitality of one of the most popular Lord Mayors we have had at the Mansion House.

Among the guests, I noticed the Provost of Inverness, in full Highland costume, escorting his two handsome daughters; Sir Augustus Harris; the Mayor and Mayoress of Reading, Mr. and Mrs. Martin (the latter in pale pink broché gown, with ruffles of cream lace); the Master Cutler of Sheffield and his wife, who wore pale green satin; Lady Brunell in heliotrope Irish poplin; Sir James Whitehead, etc. etc.

For the photographs of the Duchess of Rutland and Belvoir Castle I am indebted to Mr. Froadhurst, Photographer, New Walk, Leicester. For the sketches of Cheviot Serge costumes to Mr. John Noble, the Warehouse, Manchester. The winter mantle was from Vernon et Cie, Ladies' Tailors, 191, Sloane Street, London. The fans are the latest models for the winter season from the London Glove Company, 45A, Cheapside, E.C. The "Comet" Boot-tree is sold by the London Shoe Company, 45A, Cheapside and 116, New Bond Street, and is manufactured by Messrs E. W. Belden and Co., Great Dover Street, S.E. The Khedive's dressing-case was made by Messrs. Godwin and Son, 304, High Holborn, London, who have courteously allowed me to reproduce it.



## NOTIONS FROM AN EASY-CHAIR.

By JOHN A. STEUART.

**I** INTEND to discourse from this chair as the spirit moves me. My theme will be mankind and their doings "from China to Peru," a fairly wide one, it will be admitted, but of the wider interest on that account. The attitude will be an easy and confidential one between writer and reader. I do not hope to please everybody—the fable of the miller and his ass admonishes me eloquently on that point. But it will be my ambition to please as many as I can; and I solemnly assure all and sundry that I set out with the most amiable and laudable intentions. There is just one thing on which I insist in this preliminary compact between the reader and myself—and it is this: I must have my own way. It is not much to ask; it is very little indeed to concede, and its concession will confer many privileges on the indulgent patron. For example, when I irritate him he can abuse me to his heart's content, and he will always be welcome to the opinion (well grounded, I am sure) that what I try to do tolerably well, he, with no effort at all, could do supremely well. Nothing can be fairer than that. As to tone, my pious intent is to be grave and gay, lively but *not* severe—at any rate, not *too* severe—as occasion may demand or inclination move. If called to account for the many vagaries and heresies of which I am full, I will answer with Shylock: "'Tis my humour;" and the reply, it seems to me, ought to satisfy any reasonable person. But let me hasten to say there is nothing in the world which I desire half so much as that that humour may always be in full harmony with yours. It would grieve me

exceedingly to tread on your toes, to touch your prejudices with an ungentle hand, to laugh at your little follies, to preach at your little failings—in a word, to lecture you. Nothing pleases me more than the thought that you are human and fallible. The Pope alone, of all the race of men, is above error, and his Holiness is not on the list of my intimate friends. It would awe me to come into the presence of a man who has no frailties; and, unlike Mr. Stead, I have never been anxious to obtain a confidential footing at the Vatican. As for you, my kindly reader, you have probably to sorrow over occasional iniquities like the rest of us. If so, I love you doubly. Were your favourite vices known to me I would hold them as sacred as the austere virtues of the saintliest of saints. We have a common ground of fellowship when we acknowledge ourselves sinners. In regard to aim, I shall sometimes be instructive (I hope) though never oppressively so; sometimes diverting; sometimes pathetic; sometimes tragic. I shall nod as seldom as possible, and at all times and respecting all questions I shall be eager to learn.

\* \* \*

Let me come to business, then, by asking a question. What is the philosophy of strikes? Whom do they benefit? In whose interest are they got up? Don't all answer at once, please, that they are for the benefit of the working man. I doff my skull-cap to the working man. I reverence his horny hands and that sooty, sweaty look which tells of the grim struggle for bread. I am a working man myself, and my sympathies are all on the side of labour. When I am cursed with wealth they may veer to another tack.



Time and prosperity bring many changes—the least philosophic understands that—and it may yet be my misfortune to have a carriage and a profound respect for capital. That, however, is not likely to be for some time. And, meanwhile, I am heart and soul for labour, being myself, as already hinted, the hardest working of working men. The truth is, I am the bond-slave of an imperious editor. But I rattle my chains and squirm in vain. I think I see the look of complacent contempt on his face if I were to threaten to go out on strike. He would go into Fleet Street and whistle, and five hundred black-legs would rush to secure my place. We working men have a hard lot; there is not the least doubt about it; but, all the same, let us be judicial and logical. We may rely upon it that we shall gain nothing by kicking against the pricks.

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For weeks there has been a coal strike, which nearly every man in the land, most women and many children, have cursed



with their blackest curse. Whom has the strike benefited? The miners? Ah! have not the miners' wives and children been objects of public charity while the strike lasted? Were they not starving and in

rags, and had they not to be fed and clothed? And the miners themselves, were they not hungry and thirsty, unkempt and haggard? Oh! but, says the advocate of strikes, they were fighting for principle. If the question does not imply hopeless ignorance what mought that be? Pray do not misunderstand me. Rights are rights, though kings should deny it, and justice should be done, according to the Roman adage, though the heavens fall. But what principles were the miners fighting for. At present (let us be honest with ourselves) the working man is inclined to be saucy, touchy, unreasonable, arbitrary. He uses his power with a fierce determination to make it felt. He puts his hands haughtily in his pockets, and

if he does not rejoice in seeing his wife and children suffer the pangs of hunger, he would seem to take a wicked delight in seeing his country go to the dogs. The labourer is worthy of his hire—an indisputable truth—but coercive measures to secure it are apt to end in disaster.

The working men of England do not seem to consider that every time they put on their coats in dudgeon, and blast the eyes of their masters, they are striking a blow at their own welfare by endangering and diminishing the trade of the country. Is the working man who stands grumbling at a street corner and refusing to work aware that his refusal gives competitors the opportunity for which they are eagerly striving? Every strike of the British working man disturbs and jeopardises the commerce of England and helps that of competing countries. Every furnace and factory in the country, every class and kind of industry, has been affected by the coal strike. It is not the loss in the coal trade alone that has to be faced; all sorts of industries show an enormous falling off; and what is, perhaps, harder to bear, Continental nations are clapping their hands at the foolishness of John Bull, and hurrying to pour their wares into his markets. That, broadly stated, is the result of the coal strike. And strikes in general (if the matter were seen truly) are hardly less disastrous. A fair day's wage for a fair day's work is an excellent rule, but the fairness of the wage must be dictated by the economic law of supply and demand. Even the working man is not independent of great governing laws. The trade of the country has been paralysed, and the people thrown into



confusion and distress, because miners are afflicted with principles which, to use a slang phrase, do not hold water. Principles (I am told) are very fine things; but I have never heard that the butcher, or the baker, or the grocer, or the tailor ever accepted them in exchange for his goods; the tax gatherer, I am certain, would have none of them; nor do they appear to have greatly benefited the sacrificing miners themselves. Our prayer for the future ought to be that of Goethe, "God help us and enlighten us for the time to come! that we may not stand in our own way so much, but may have clear notions of the consequences of things."

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Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, as becomes a successful dramatist, is a jealous upholder of the stage. Not content with considering



MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

it as a purely recreative agency, he insists on treating it as a prime factor in moral and mental education. In the October number of the *Nineteenth Century* he takes Dr. Pearson vigorously to task for some strictures which that gentleman had the temerity to pass on the modern drama in his book on "National Life and Character." To Dr. Pearson the drama seems to have no prospects worth speaking of: to Mr. Jones it appears to have a glorious

future. "It is most gratifying to notice," says Mr. Jones, in support of his case, "how, during the last ten years, the drama has been weaving connections with all the roots and supports of our national life—with science and religion, with art, philosophy and literature." Mr. Jones is a trifle mixed in his figures; but let that pass. What he means to say is that the theatre is strengthening its hold on the people. "The theatre is irresistible; *organise the theatre*," seems to be the gist of Mr. Jones's reasoning. What he says very specifically is that the drama is in an extremely flourishing condition, and that it is advancing in power and authority. I am glad to hear it. Mr. Jones is one of our most competent playwrights—competent

in all technical and mechanical details, a master of stagecraft and not lacking in constructive skill. He has courage, too, and has been justified of it. He has succeeded where men of genius, like Lord Tennyson, have failed. Nay, he "draws" even better than the great Shakespeare himself. He has, therefore, every right to speak with confidence.

\* \* \*

But it may be that, on its moral and intellectual side, he takes the stage a little too seriously. He has made it his particular study; and, like all specialists, he is, perhaps, inclined to the belief that his pet province comprises the world. I fancy few will dispute the truth of the statement



A HUGE DOSE OF JAM.

that not many people go to the theatre for purpose of education, and that, at present, the influence of the stage in that direction is scarcely perceptible. A good play is better than a bad sermon; but nowadays, I fear, neither play nor sermon counts for much as an

elevating, restraining, purifying power. To be quite candid, the theatre is regarded by the majority—by a majority so large that there is hardly any minority—as a place of amusement, pure and simple, and they are not disposed to take its lessons (when it happens to have any) very seriously to heart. Moreover, I venture to say that if Mr. Jones were to turn didactic his bank account would suffer. The dramatist who yearns to do good must follow the example of the Man of Ross and do it by stealth. He must insinuate his moral; he must give his pill in the heart of a huge dose of jam. Again, must not Mr. Jones confess that the literature of the drama, or the drama as literature, is just now exceedingly low. Do we go to the Adelphi for the magic of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or to the poetic raptures of "The Tempest;" or to the Criterion for the purifying passion and tragedy of "Lear" and "Othello?" No one knows better than the author of "The Bauble Shop" that a present-day audience, to be pleased, must be gently tickled,



titillated into a smile. To harass it with strong passion, or visibly to inculcate a moral, is to be summarily condemned. In spite of all Mr. Jones's protests, it is still substantially true that Shakespeare spells ruin. The recent success of one or two of his plays at the Lyceum is the exception that proves the rule. The stage, of course, is not to blame for this, the fault, if fault it be, lies with the public.

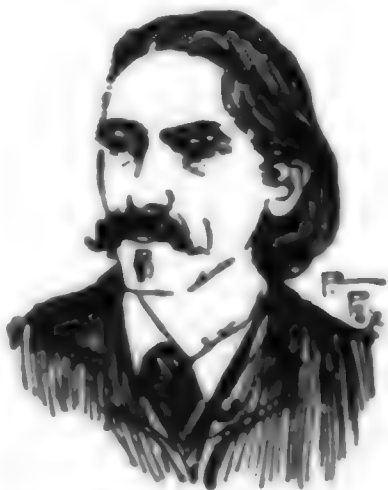
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Precisely the same influences are at work in literature as in the drama. The reader, like the playgoer, demands as a first condition of his patronage that he be amused and interested. I think his demand is fair and reasonable. I like to be amused and interested myself. A heavy author is the heaviest of all God's creatures, because he has such opportunities of boring and depressing his victims. To be didactic is not so heinous a sin as to be dull. Indeed, there are those who positively like the didactic writer when he or she contrives to be entertaining—which, unhappily, is but seldom. Carlyle's thunders of denunciation amuse if they do not convince and convert, and Mrs. Ward has preached with pre-eminent success in the three-volumed novel. Tennyson, too, one of the most moral of poets, is immensely popular; but what charms most, his precepts or his entrancing delineations of love? Let the young ladies answer. In general, the author who aims at the reader's conversion receives a wide and respectful berth. The preacher, when he does chance to be popular, is more valued for his knack of causing a sensation than for his doctrine. The age, in fact, wants to be entertained; and those who are so fortunate as to be able to understand it and give it what it wants, soon get to be on a confidential footing with their bankers.

\* \* \*

Who are the authors in whom the public most delight? The prime favourite, if one may judge by sales and editions, is still the old wizard, Sir Walter. He is more popular than Dickens, than Shakespeare, than Defoe, than Bunyan — than any secular author, indeed, who has ever

written. He is dead threescore years, yet the editions of his works multiply as if he were the latest sensation. What is the reason? It certainly is not that he writes with a purpose, for no author was ever more innocent of a moral aim than Scott. "Neither he nor the sun" says Mr. Ruskin, in speaking of Shakespeare, "did on any morning that they rose together receive charge from their maker concerning such things. They were both of them to shine on the evil and the good; both to behold unoffendedly all that was upon the earth, to burn unappalled on the spears of kings, and undisdaining on the reeds of the river." Precisely the same thing might be said of Scott. He has no concern about men's souls (though he never forgets to punish his villains), being content to be a simple entertainer. That is one cause of his popularity. Another cause is that he knew a good deal



MR. R. L. STEVENSON.

about the human heart, and has dealt with men's virtues and vices, their joys, sorrows, ambitions, fallings and risings, not as a censor, but as a brother man working in the plenitude of various delightful flowers. Publishers, ever shrewd in taking advantage of the winds of popular favour, are naturally bestowing a good deal of attention on Scott, and several new editions of his works are appearing.

The best of them are the Border edition, published by Mr. John C. Nimmo, and the Dryburgh edition issued by Messrs. A. and C. Black. Speaking for myself, I think a favourite book ought always to be in one volume, and the sole objection to the Border edition, to my mind, is that each novel is in two volumes. In get-up it is one of the most beautiful editions ever issued. The Dryburgh is also nicely produced — well printed, well illustrated and well bound. Both editions appeal powerfully to the lovers of Scott, and both would be handsome additions to any library. Another old favourite who is making his appearance in a new dress is Fielding. Messrs. Dent's pretty edition of his novels would be ideal if it were not for the introductions of George Saintsbury. New introductions to classics are generally an impertinence, and Mr. Saintsbury's hackneyed criticisms

and patronising airs are a constant irritation.

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Of new books the richness embarrasses, though there has lately been no single work of outstanding merit. The novelists have, of course, been very busy. Mr. Stevenson has given us the long-promised sequel to "Kidnapped," and, as sequels go, it is pretty well, as John Ridd would say. But "Catriona" is not up to its author's high-water mark. To say the truth, the characters are either shadowy or conventional, the plot is rather mixed, and David Balfour, whom we liked as a lad among the heather, turns out to be a good deal of a prig. Nor are the adventures particularly pleasing or exciting. The political intrigues are tedious and in many places the interest drags. But the style is as charming as ever. Mr. Stevenson may be said to be the only living author, certainly the only living novelist, who has conquered by virtue of style. He has taken extraordinary pains "to learn to write,"



DR. A. CONAN DOYLE.

and while he has produced much third-rate work — work which would be speedily consigned to oblivion if the public were not exceedingly good-natured—at his best he is exquisite. "Catriona," though disappointing as a story, contains some examples of his happiest manner. Mr. Black, too, has given us a new novel, "The Handsome Humes," which is good enough to recall the days of "The Daughter of Heth" and "Macleod of Dare." Mr. Clark Russell is on familiar ground in "The Emigrant Ship," a novel which, if its author had not already rather overdone the thing, would be a treat for its marine scenery. The freshest as well as the strongest of recent contributions to fiction is Mr. A. Conan Doyle's fine romance, "The Refugees." Occasionally suggesting Scott and Dumas, it has, nevertheless, a distinct individuality of its own, and is by far the most interesting experi-

ment in historic fiction that we have had for many a day. A work of surprising interest in general literature has been the collection of Mr. Lowell's letters, which Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co. have just issued. But to it I must return next month.

J. A. S.



MR. BLACK.

## DRAMATIC NOTES.

BY FITZGERALD ARTHUR.

Since last writing, the London County Council have been on the war-path, and have been, as usual, disgusting the public with their imbecile decisions. It is right for the Empire, the Alhambra, the Pavilion, the Oxford, and the Tivoli to have promenades. They admit that; but for that reason it is absolutely wicked to allow the Palace Theatre of Varieties to have one. Thus does this august body of old women argue. It is nothing to them that the Palace is admirably conducted; it carries no weight with them that the management is in the hands of Mr. Charles Morton, an able, well-tried, and highly appreciated servant of the public.



Photo. by]

MISS WINIFRED EMERY. [Alfred Ellis.





MISS ANNIE HUGHES AND MR. EDMUND MAURICE.  
*Photo. by Alfred Ellis.*

bring to light things that have occurred twenty years ago; particularly when all their endeavours result in such an abortive crop of information as was tendered by the police in this case. This proceeding is only in keeping with their refusal of the Palace promenade and their other objections.

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Many pieces have been produced since my last notes appeared; but, without a doubt, the pick of them all is "Sowing the Wind," as played at the Comedy. This, a new and original play in four acts, is one of the best things Mr. Sydney Grundy has yet done. No better sermon has been preached for a long time past. The title is well chosen, but might have been given in full: "Sowing the wind, but reaping the whirlwind." Critics have told us that twenty years ago many of the pieces now played would not have been even licensed. Possibly so. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," a powerful piece, dramatically played, undoubtedly had an unhealthy tone about it; and you came away from the theatre with an unpleasant taste in your mouth. "The Tempter" has had various criticisms passed upon it—some lauding it

All these facts, that would convince any right-thinking person of the reason and justice of the request of the Palace authorities, have no weight with these modern mushroom Solons. The MacDougalls, and others of that ilk, turn up the whites of their eyes, purse their Chadbandic mouths, and protest, in pious horror, against such an iniquity as a promenade in the Palace. The thing that surprises me most is that the public stand it. Again, with respect to the Trocadero. Mr. Didcott satisfies the Court of Chancery that he is a fit and proper person to run the Trocadero. He has spent years in catering for the public, in supplying the management of the majority of our halls with the highest and best talent; and the only natural sequence is that he should wish to go into management himself. Yet this precious pack of busybodies must instruct the police to find out everything they can against him. They say, in reply, that some twenty years ago a charge was brought against him and withdrawn. Now, I am not defending Mr. Didcott. No doubt he is perfectly capable of taking care of himself; but I do protest against these quidnuncs, otherwise County Councillors, being permitted to stir up and



MR. BRANDON THOMAS AND MR. CYRIL MAUDE.  
*Photo. by Alfred Ellis.*

up to the seventh heaven; others condemning its moral tone. One and all must be agreed as to the effect "Sowing the Wind" leaves. The plot, briefly, is how one Mr. Brabazon, in his young days, fell in love; his friends, one and all, objected to the union; but nothing could be said against his choice until a certain Lord Petworth, one of those pests of society, one of those cankerous growths whose breath exudes contaminations, comes forward, and, by lying, destroys the lady's fair name simply to gratify his own lascivious ends. Years pass on. Mr. Brabazon has married, and been left a childless widower; he adopts the child of his friend Annesley, and lavishes all the father's love and affection on Ned Annesley. Helen Grey, his cast-off mistress, who was to have been his wife, has a daughter, who, in spite of her surroundings, has learned to live a pure and honourable life, nay, more,



Photo. by] MISS ROSE LECLERCQ. [Alfred Ellis.

has carved out a name for herself, and has become a popular singer, the idol of the hour—Rosamund. Ned Annesley, up in London, meets Rosamund, and asks her to be his wife. He returns home to his adopted father at Barchester, full of love and hope for the future, to ask his parent's consent. This is refused in all kindness and love, and the sorrowful father tells his son his own sad history. Youth, ever honest and impetuous, will not be stopped; he believes in his choice, and is prepared to stand by her in spite of the world. Once more this parasite, Lord Petworth, comes on the scene, and tries to ruin Rosamund; he has tried, and found the

girl ready to repulse all these endeavours, and now beaten, he tries to traduce the woman he failed to seduce as the girl. Mr. Brabazon, failing to sway his son, seeks an interview with Rosamund and tries to persuade her to give him up. She is no fit wife for him, she is told. Thus, even do the sins of the fathers visit the children. A long scene takes place, and Brabazon ultimately discovers that Rosamund is his own child, the daughter of Helen Grey, his own first love. Naturally his better nature asserts itself, and he allows his son to do what he himself had been persuaded from doing. No words of mine can describe the charm of the whole piece. The literature throughout is of an exceedingly high order and character.

The cast is an exceptionally strong one. Miss Winifred Emery as Rosamund has made gigantic strides in her profession. Never has Miss Emery appeared to such advantage; never has she played with such force and power. The pathos of the third act is given its full effect in her rendering of the lines; and he must, indeed, have a heart of adamant who can sit through the act and remain unmoved by Miss Winifred Emery's powerful and pathetic acting. Mr. Brandon Thomas as Mr. Brabazon



MISS WINIFRED EMERY AND MR. SYDNEY BROUGH.  
Photo. by Alfred Ellis.



has astonished all his friends by his very excellent and skilful rendering of the part. Mr. Cyril Maude gives one more of his very clever character sketches in Mr. Watkin, the old bachelor friend of Mr. Brabazon, while Mr. Sydney Brough makes a manly and handsome Ned Annesley. Miss Rose Leclercq and Miss Annie Hughes as the Hon. Mrs. Fretwell and Maud Fretwell show us that sixty years have not managed to wear off the venom and scandal-mongering of some women's tongues. Mr. Ian Robertson's Lord Petworth also deserves a word of praise. With such an excellent all-round cast, in a beautiful piece so admirably played, it would be invidious to single any one out. The play has to be seen to be appreciated, however, and no one will, I am sure, come away dissatisfied.

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Great was the acclamation that greeted the appearance of Sir Arthur Sullivan when he appeared, with bâton in hand, to conduct the music of "Utopia, Limited." Everybody that was anybody had foregathered within the walls of the Savoy to welcome back Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan. Everyone was good-tempered and prepared to give the piece a most generous reception. "Utopia, Limited; or, The Flowers of Progress," enables Mr. Gilbert in his old satirical way to have many sly but good-tempered prods at many of our customs and ways. Paramount, King of Utopia, an island some-



Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

where in the Pacific, has jogged along very comfortably, but is suddenly struck with the idea that it would be good for his people if he Anglicised them. So he sends his daughter, Zara, to England, and the piece opens as she is due to arrive back after several years' residence in England.

The curtain on going up discloses the inhabitants of this isle lolling about in a lotus-eating fashion, when enters Calynx, who exclaims:—

— "Good news! Great news! His Majesty's eldest daughter, Princess Zara, who left our shores five years since to go to England—the greatest,

the most powerful, the wisest country in the world—has taken a high degree at Girton, and is on her way home again, having achieved a complete mastery over all the elements that have tended to raise that glorious country to her present pre-eminent position among civilised nations!"

The King introduces his two daughters, who have been finished by an English lady, a grave and good and gracious English lady, that all may learn what, from the English standpoint, is looked upon as maidenly perfection. The King's two daughters—Nekaya and Kalyva—



CHARLES KENNINGHAM.  
Photo. by Alfred Ellis.



JOHN LE HAY.

thereupon sing the following characteristic duet :

Although of native maids the cream,  
We're brought up on the English scheme—

The best of all

For great and small

Who modesty adcre.

For English girls are good as gold,

Extremely modest (so we're told),

Demurely coy—divinely cold—

And we are that—and more.

To please papa, who argues thus —

All girls should mould themselves on us

Because we are,

By furlongs far,

The best of all the bunch,

We show ourselves to loud applause

From ten to four without a pause—

Which is an awkward time because

It cuts into our lunch.

Oh, maids of high and low degree,

Who's social code is rather free,

Please look at us and you will see

What good young ladies ought to be !

And as we stand, like clockwork toys,

A lecturer whom papa employs

Proceeds to praise

Our modest ways

And guileless character—

Our well-known blush—our downcast eyes—

Our famous look of mild surprise

(Which competition still defies) —

Our celebrated "Sir !!!"

Then all the crowd take down our looks

In pocket memorandum books.

To diagnose

Our modest pose

The Kodaks do their best :

If evidence you would possess

Of what is maiden bashfulness,

You only need a button press—

And we do all the rest.

Line upon line teems with the old Gilbertian wit. Lady Sophy, in expressing surprise to the King that the Society papers are maligning him, asks, "Have you taken steps to slay the scrib-  
bler?"

The King answers, "No. After all, it's the poor devil's living, you know," to which Lady Sophy promptly replies : "It is the poor devil's living that surprises me."

The Princess Zara in due time arrives, escorted by Lifeguardsmen and six representatives of the principal causes that have made England what it is. The six causes are the Military, the Law, the Lord High Chamberlain, the County Councillor, a Company Promoter, and a Naval Officer. When the Naval Officer

was presented, and was explaining to the King and his courtiers who he was, and what his object was, he suddenly burst into the old familiar music of "H.M.S. Pinafore." Needless to say the audience yelled with delight at the few bars, "Then give three cheers, and one cheer more," etc. This brings us to the end of the first act. Act II., to which all London is flocking, is one of the prettiest sets ever seen on a stage. The Drawing-room being most realistic, and the costumes being something for the ladies to admire and talk about afterwards.

The reform and progress of Utopia upon the English principle goes on so rapidly that Utopia is at a standstill. No one will go to war with them, the sanitary laws are so good that doctors starve for lack of patients; the laws are so excellent that lawyers starve, and the jails are empty, and the people are growing discontented. In haste the King refers to Zara for the cause, who suddenly remembers she had forgotten to introduce the most important, the most vital, the most essential element of all, that is, Government by Party ! Introduce that great and glorious element—at once the bulwark and foundation of England's great-

ness—and all will be well ! No political measures will endure, because one Party will assuredly undo all that the other Party has done; inexperienced civilians will govern your Army and your Navy; no social reforms will be attempted, because out of vice, squalor, and drunkenness, political capital is to be made; and while grouse is to be shot, and foxes worried to death, the legislative action of the country will be at a standstill. Then there will be sickness in plenty, endless lawsuits, crowded jails, interminable confusion in the Army and Navy, and, in short, general and unexampled prosperity !

The music is as tuneful as Sir Arthur Sullivan can make it, and ample justice is done it by the cast. Miss Nancy McIntosh is a new comer to the Savoy, but she is an acquisition; she met with a



MISS FLORENCE PERRY.

Photo. by]

[E. Kay Bolton.



hearty reception, which she well merited. Miss Rosina Brandram is an old favourite, and the part of Lady Sophy was in safe hands when in her charge. Mr. Charles Kenningham, who already is well known at the Savoy, and before that at the Palace Theatre, when "Ivanhoe" was produced, scored heavily as Captain Fitzbattleaxe, his song "A Tenor can't do himself justice," being vociferously encored. Of course Mr. Rutland Barrington, as the King was, as he always is, highly amusing. Mr. Denny and Mr. Le Hay as Scaphio and Phantis, judges of the Utopian Supreme Court, did yeoman service in their parts, Miss Emmie Owen and Miss Florence Perry making a charming pair of sisters as the younger princesses, and Mr. Scott Russell as Lord Chamberlain and Mr. Scott Fishe as the Company Promoter both do themselves justice, and help to make "Utopia" the success it undoubtedly is, and will continue to be.

I have to thank Mr. Comyns Carr for the excellent character photos of the artists

in "Sowing the Wind"; they are taken by the electric light process by those well known photographers, Messrs. Alfred Ellis and Co.

I must apologise to some of the artists on account of the non-appearance of their photos. They instructed their photographers to send me copies and wrote me to this effect. The photographers coolly demanded four guineas, which we refused to pay; they then reduced the amount to two guineas, and on our again declining to pay, and informing the artists of the conduct of their photographers, the said photographers send along the photos for my use, of course about three weeks too late. We, in common with many other illustrated papers, are constantly having trouble from *some* photographers, and it would save a lot of annoyance if our friends would stipulate to be allowed to have their pictures reproduced. We are always willing to give the photographer a gratuitous advertisement by acknowledging the source of the picture.

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**A Cablegram** has been received at MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Peckham, S.E., from the American Agents stating that

**MELLIN'S FOOD**  
FOR  
*INFANTS AND INVALIDS*  
HAS BEEN AWARDED

**HIGHEST HONOURS**

viz., THE MEDAL AND DIPLOMA at the

**CHICAGO EXHIBITION.**

—•••••—  
*Samples post free on application to the above Address.*

# ❖ Puzzledom ❖

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78. A Word Square.—To tinge.

A fruit.

A kind of cloth.

Public.

Leases.

79. The following letters form a well-known proverb:—

a a c e e e f f h h i i i i m n n o o o p r r s s t t t t t.

80. An Enigma.—With thieves I consort,

With the vilest—in short,

I'm quite at my ease in depravity;

Yet all divines use me,

And savants can't lose me,

For I am the centre of gravity.

81. Why is a dentist likely to be a melancholy man?

82. Which agricultural fair do you like best?

83. What four letters would frighten a thief?

84. Why is a camel the most ill-tempered animal?

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Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th December. Competitions should be addressed "December Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 53, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

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## ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES.

71. (1) *Christianity.*  
 (2) *Sweetheart.*  
 (3) *Penitentiary.*  
 (4) *Matrimony.*  
 (5) *Punishment.*  
 (6) *Funeral.*

72. *Gadfly.*

73. *Oats.*

*Ague.*

*Tuft.*

*Sets.*

74. *When it is pointless.*

75. *When it is one-sided.*

76. *The Elder.*

77. *Whiskey.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our October Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—Miss Burch, 16, Warwick Gardens, Kensington, W.; Miss B. Cutler, 1, Grand Avenue, Brighton; Mrs. Clarke, Bentley Heath, Barnet; Mrs. Hartley, Monkholme, Brierfield, Lancs.; W. J. Lavers, Fortescue Hotel, Mutley Plain, Plymouth.